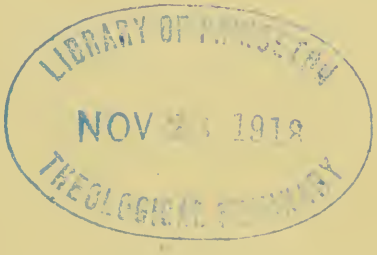

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A memoir of the Rev. C.

with the Author's
very kind regards.

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A MEMOIR

OF THE

REV. C. COLDEN HOFFMAN.

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OF THE

REV. C. COLDEN HOFFMAN,

MISSIONARY TO CAPE PALMAS, WEST AFRICA.

BY THE

REV. GEORGE TOWNSHEND FOX, M.A.

OF DURHAM;

AUTHOR OF "A MEMOIR OF THE REV. H. W. FOX,
MISSIONARY TO THE TELOOGOO PEOPLE, SOUTH INDIA."

WITH A PREFACE

BY THE HON. AND RIGHT REVEREND

SAMUEL WALDEGRAVE, D.D.

LORD BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

LONDON:

SEELEY, JACKSON, AND HALLIDAY, 54 FLEET STREET.

NEW YORK: A. D. F. RANDOLPH, 770 BROADWAY.

1868.

TO

THE RIGHT REV.

JOHN PAYNE, D.D.

MISSIONARY BISHOP

OF THE

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH OF AMERICA

AT CAPE PALMAS,

WHO,

BY THIRTY YEARS OF UNWEARIED LABOUR

ON THE SHORES OF AFRICA,

HAS PROVED HIMSELF

A TRUE FRIEND OF THE NEGRO RACE,

This Memoir

OF HIS DEAR FRIEND AND FELLOW-LABOURER

IS

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

BY THE

AUTHOR.

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PREFACE.

'JOSEPH is a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough by a well; whose branches run over the wall: the archers have sorely grieved him: . . . . but his bow abode in strength.' Such was the dying patriarch's inspired description of that 'son of his old age,' who had been so long 'separated from his brethren.' And herein, surely, we trace the spiritual lineaments of all the children of God's adoption, even to this our day. For they, like Joseph, have living union with the true Vine, they are 'fruitful boughs;'—they, like Joseph, give evidence of life by undoubted growth, their 'branches run over the wall;'—and they, like him, have to suffer manifold temptations, 'the archers grieve them;'—yet are they also, like him, stedfast, unmoveable, their 'bow abides in strength.' And what is the secret of their vitality?

It is that, like Joseph, they are planted 'by the well.'

No one, I think, can read the very interesting pages which follow without feeling that such, at least, was the case with that 'Barnabas of Africa and the Africans,' whose story they rehearse.

Colden Hoffman was indeed a fruitful vine-bough. Truly he had, according to God's holy ordinance, been brought to Jesus in the initial sacrament of the Christian Church. Man had applied the scion to the stock. The outward ligaments of baptism, and education, and confirmation, and communion, and profession, had effected all that human instrumentality could accomplish. But more than this had been wrought. The quickening sap had entered the young branch. Real, living incorporation into the mystical body of God's dear Son had been effected by the Holy Spirit of our God. The biographer cannot, indeed, name the year, the day, the hour, when the friend, whose memory he holds so dear, passed from death unto life. But the fruits of the Spirit, as distinguished from the mere amiabilities of nature, full clearly proved 'that Jehovah, the Giver of life,' had tabernacled in that bosom.

Reader, how is it with thee? Hast thou been born again? 'No salvation,' saith old John Berridge on his tombstone in Everton Churchyard; 'no salvation without the new birth.' Do not, I entreat thee, rest satisfied with sacramental privilege or evangelical profession. Give no sleep to thine eyes, nor slumber to thine eyelids, until thou art well assured, and that on scriptural evidence, that thou art among the branches which, having living union with Immanuel, bring forth fruit, and though pruned, it may be severely pruned, still abide. Oh, remember well the word, 'The wind bloweth where it listeth, and *thou hearest the sound thereof*, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth; so *is*,' not ought to be, 'so *is* every one that is born of the Spirit.' 'That which is born of the Spirit *is*,' not ought to be, but '*is*—Spirit.' 'If any man be in Christ Jesus he *is*,' not ought to be, but *is*, 'a new creature: old things are passed away: behold, all things *are*,' not ought to be, but *are*, 'become new.'

And Colden Hoffman was one whose branches ran over the wall. Having learnt how to walk and please God, he abounded therein more and

more. It is far too much the way, now-a-days, to speak as if the fruits of an increasing and holy service of love to God and our neighbour were confined to the devotees and the imitators of Rome. The unostentatious, the peaceable fruits which the Gospel of the grace of God brings forth in rich abundance wherever it is faithfully and prayerfully preached, are utterly ignored, and the unstable and the unwary are beguiled by bold assumption into an admiration and a following of so-called Brothers and Sisters, who are not ashamed to exhibit the Papal livery in the cities and villages of Protestant England. Should these pages fall into the hands of any such, let them learn from them how grievous the imposition that has been practised upon them. Let them trace the path of Colden Hoffman while yet a youth and a layman, and see him, without forsaking the secular calling in which he had embarked, without renouncing the hallowed associations of home, still ministering in the week-day hours which he could call his own, to the aged, the sick, the dying—still, as each Lord's day returned, going forth, after preparation and prayer, to the honourable, but self-denying service, of a

Sabbath-school teacher. Or, passing onward in the story, let them notice the long mental conflict which preceded his vocation to the ministry — a conflict not so much with the love of the world and of the temporal advantages it was spreading profusely before him, as with his own strong sense of personal unfitness and unworthiness. Let them observe how, when every doubt was removed and his desire was granted, he applied himself to the task of preparation. Once more, let them mark the readiness with which he responded to the appeal of the solitary missionary, who from the sultry coast of Africa cried eagerly, 'Come over and help us!' And then let them watch his footsteps as, ever obedient to his Master's call, he moved from station to station, scattering the Gospel seed and all its blessings amongst the ignorant, the young, the sick, and the blind, on every side. And all this was done by one who loved our Church withal, and loved her so well that, even in Africa, he could not endure that David should dwell in an house of cedar while the ark of God remained under curtains.

No, reader! thou needest not to abjure the Bible in its supremacy, the Reformation in its sim-

plicity, and the Church of England in its Protestantism, before thou canst become a fruitful bough, whose branches run over the wall. Thou hast but to act up to the privileges, the priceless privileges, which in respect of each and all of these are thine; and thou shalt add, by God's grace, one more to the countless proofs, which may be seen by any who do not deliberately close their eyes to the fact, that there is nothing which can really 'establish the law,' but 'faith;' that it is 'they which have believed who are careful to maintain good works.' Yes, let thy life add one more to this cloud of witnesses. Oh, remember well the word, 'Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.'

But we pass on. Joseph was not without his large share of persecution. 'The archers shot at him.' 'Tis true that Colden Hoffman is not recorded to have suffered much from the enmity of the world. Doubtless that enmity did fall upon him. For it is written, that 'the disciple is not above his master,' 'neither is he that is sent greater than he that sent him.' But be this as it may, afflictions did abide him. The loss of wife and child in the land of

the stranger; the repeated uprooting, as soon as he had seemed to be prosperously settled in one station, and the translation to another; these were no slight chastisements to one of his delicate sensibility and his warm affection. 'We must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God.'

Reader, what know you of trial? Are you without that of which all true sons are partakers? Above all, what know you of witnessing for Jesus through evil report and good report? Alas, that some should affirm that the days of suffering and persecution are ended! Let them rather speak the truth and say, that in such cases the days of living, or even being 'willing' to live, godly in Christ Jesus are ended. But is it thine experience that it is not so, that he that is born after the flesh still persecutes him that is born after the Spirit? Dost thou feel it in thine own person? 'Rejoice, inasmuch as thou art a partaker of Christ's sufferings, that, when His glory shall be revealed, thou mayest be glad also with exceeding joy.' Is it in the person of thy Pastor that thou witnessest it? 'Faint not,' he would say to thee, 'at my tribulations for you, which is your glory.'

Yes, verily, 'faint not'—the bow of Joseph 'abode in strength.' Stability of endurance distinguished the patriarch. And so it was with him whose memoir lies before us. For seventeen years he steadily held on his way as a missionary—death alone terminated his labours. And for more than seventeen did he faithfully adhere to the truth as it is in Jesus. It is, now that I am writing, not two years since he fell asleep. The conceited rationalism, the bewitching superstition, which have infected so many members of the Church of our land, and which have not left the daughter communion of the United States untouched, had no charms for him. He was not the child tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine—far from it. He was the man who spake the truth in love, and grew up into Him in all things, which is the Head, even Christ. The doctrines of grace which he had learnt on his mother's knee; the glorious Gospel of the Blessed God, which he had drunk in from the lips of his pastor Manton Eastburn, at the Church of the Ascension; the distinctive truths which, when studying for the ministry, decided him to become a pupil at the Alexandria Seminary; these were the

principles, the doctrines, to which he clave to the end. 'I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ,' was his motto till the day of his departure.

Reader, does thy bow abide in strength? Art thou 'stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord?' Recall, I pray you, the words of warning: 'No man having put his hand to the plough and looking back is fit for the kingdom of God;' 'he that endureth to the end shall be saved.' Mayest thou be, not 'of them who draw back unto perdition, but of them that believe to the saving of the soul.'

But how can this be? Thou art foolish and feeble; the world and the flesh are mighty; and he, the adversary, who marshals them against thee, is malicious, experienced, versatile. Truly thou art no match for such foes; and yet shalt thou be more than conqueror through Him that loveth thee.

For notice the inspired word concerning Joseph once more. Was he a fruitful bough? Did his branches run over the wall? Did his bow abide in strength? What was the secret? He was by a well. Yes, verily, he was one who kept close by the fountain of life. Thus has the traveller in the East oft-times

seen a vine luxuriant in foliage, abundant in fruit, while all around was parched, fruitless, and dead. Has he investigated the phenomenon? There exists not far off some deep and unfailing reservoir; the vine-roots have found it out; hence the boughs, the foliage, the clusters. 'Abide in me and I in you: he that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit.'

Reader, wouldst thou learn how to keep near the well? This memorial will teach thee. It not only speaks of the missionary toil, the ministerial faithfulness, the personal fruitfulness of Colden Hoffman, but it also unfolds to thee his inner life. That inner life was lived in the flesh by the faith of the Son of God. Note well his constant habit of early prayer; note well his systematic study of Holy Writ; his hiding of the word within his heart; note well his companionship with all them that feared God and kept His commandments; note well his delight in the ordinances of Jehovah's house, prayer, preaching, the bread and wine which the Lord hath commanded to be received. Truly there is no undervaluing the means of grace here. No! there was diligent, increasing improvement of them

all, even while he looked through them all to the Master: they were joints and bands by which nourishment was ministered, and, therefore, even while he confessed that all came from the Head, he prized them well.

But I must conclude. At the early age of forty-six Colden Hoffman fell asleep. He was taken from the evil to come. Reader, the Lord will come for you, for me, at His own appointed hour. May He find thee, may He find me, as He found him, with our loins girded about and our lights burning, like unto servants that wait for their Lord.

SAMUEL CARLISLE.

Rose Castle, 23*rd November*, 1867.

A MEMOIR,

&c.

CHAPTER I.

1819—1839.

BIRTH — EARLY LIFE — FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF RELIGION — CONNEXION WITH THE CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION, NEW YORK.

CADWALLADER COLDEN HOFFMAN was born in the City of New York, December 15, 1819, and was the son of the late Martin Hoffman, Esq., a descendant of one of the old settlers of that city, when it belonged to the Dutch. He was a gentleman greatly loved and honoured by all who knew him. He died suddenly, when the subject of this memoir was a child.

He was twice married: his second wife was the daughter of the late William Seaton, Esq., of New York, and Colden Hoffman was the eldest son of a family of three sons and six daughters.

I cannot make mention of this lady's name without a passing tribute to her memory, having had the privilege of an intimate friendship with her for several years. In her were combined those varied endowments, which peculiarly qualify a mother for bringing up a family wisely and well. To a sound understanding and a refined mind, was added great mildness of disposition tempered with firmness and decision, whilst her natural qualifications were elevated and sanctified by the grace of God, in the development of an earnest, well-regulated, Christian character.

Such was the mother of Colden Hoffman, and to her influence may be traced the early manifestation of piety in her son, as well as the future development of decided Christian character in so many of her other children.

We have thus another instance added to the many that have preceded, tending to show that the Church of Christ, from age to age, is mainly replenished by maternal influence; and that if, in times of persecution, the blood of the martyrs be the seed of the Church; in times of peace and prosperity it is a mother's prayers, a mother's early influence, a mother's careful teaching, a mother's consistent example, to which we are indebted for the development of personal piety in the rising gene-

ration, and for the noblest characters which adorn the age.

After the death of Mr. Hoffman, his widow retired from New York to the quiet and beautiful village of Stratford, Connecticut, where the early education of the family was carried on till they were sent to New York for the benefit of schools.

It is not often that the period of childhood furnishes much material for biography, though the germ of the future character is sometimes early developed. Colden Hoffman's childhood was chiefly distinguished by his great amiability, gentleness of disposition, and tender consideration for the feelings of others. When at school in New York, the monthly characters sent home by the master uniformly bore testimony to good conduct, though there would seem to have been some want of energy in his nature at that time.

I extract the following from a book commencing March 1833 :—

'Good as usual, and beloved by his teachers for his kind and honourable demeanour.

'A good scholar, but if he will make some further exertion he shall not want encouragement.

'General character excellent.

'Diligent and exemplary.'

These lists continue till September 1835, when, somewhat too early for the completion of his mental culture and development, he was removed from school and placed in the office of his half-brothers, Messrs. L. M. Hoffman and Co. of New York. At this period he took up his residence in the house of his half-brother, Mr. Martin Hoffman, in Walker Street, where he resided during the whole of his mercantile career, and was thus sheltered from many of the snares incidental to a great city, and enjoyed a happy home under his brother's roof, together with the benefit of intimate associations, counsels and example, from intercourse with his sister-in-law, Mrs. Martin Hoffman, whose matured piety and distinctive principles must have been of great service to him during that period of his life. And though he was now separated from his mother and sisters, who had taken up their residence in Goshen, Orange county, New York, yet he had frequent opportunities of visiting them, and of keeping in active exercise those warm affections, and strong ties of family love, which are amongst the purest and most healthy influences that can be brought to bear upon a young man's heart; especially when those influences are under the control of sound Scriptural religion, and all tend to stimulate the soul to a higher and holier life.

Mrs. Martin Hoffman, referring to this period of his life, says:—

'You know he was the godchild of my dear husband, and after his father's death resided chiefly with us until the commencement of his theological studies.

'I love to think of his gentle childhood; so tractable, so amiable, and withal so conscientious.

'During all this period my dear husband filled the place of both father and brother towards him, seeking, with untiring devotion, to advance his interests.

'I love to think of the time he passed under our roof, and feel grateful that I was permitted to add to his daily comfort, and, in my poor way, instruct and guide one who in after years taught me.'

It is a mistake which persons sometimes fall into of substituting amiable dispositions for true religion. This comes from overlooking the fundamental truth that man is a fallen creature, with a heart turned away from God, which requires to be regenerated by the Holy Spirit, and to be born again, before ever its owner can become a child of God and an heir of glory.

As the natural disposition of Colden Hoffman was remarkably mild and amiable, I am desirous that no one should fall into this mistake, whilst reading these records of his early life; and I think the following pages will abundantly prove, that a

very deep, though gradual and progressive work of grace upon his heart, was the true source to which we must trace the noble development of Christian character, which took place in his maturer days.

I should like to have traced the stream to its fountain-head, and to have been able to produce a record of his first impressions and original convictions in his earliest days; for I believe it was at a very early period of his life that his heart began first to be turned towards God, and under the influence of his mother's instruction became the subject of Divine grace. But these records do not exist, and beyond the general testimony of his friends, that whilst he was residing in Stratford, and before he went to school, he had given his heart up to God, and conceived some early desires of devoting himself to the Christian ministry, I have nothing to produce relating to this period of his life.

I cannot call to mind exactly the date when I first made his acquaintance, but it was not long after his having entered his brothers' counting-house.

I shall never forget his appearance at that early period of my acquaintance with him. I cannot find any expression better calculated to describe it than that of an ingenuous youth; there was great simplicity in his manners, combined with a pleasing mildness of demeanour, and respectful affection in

his behaviour. He was at that time very shy and taciturn, but there beamed in his eye a lively intelligence, when drawn out by the conversation of those he loved and respected, and he seemed to drink in instruction from others, though he said nothing.

My first acquaintance with him was formed in connexion with the Sunday-school of the Church of the Ascension, he having become a teacher in it as well as myself.

This takes me back to the palmy days of the old Ascension Church in Canal Street, New York, of which the Rev. Manton Eastburn, now Bishop of Massachusetts, was then rector.

The Ascension Church of that day formed the centre and rallying point of the distinctive evangelism of the Episcopal Church in New York, and might be termed a model of what a church ought to be.

From the pulpit there sounded forth the clear distinct notes of the message of the Gospel, which proved edifying to many souls. Many were the seals of Mr. Eastburn's ministry which signalized those happy days, and numbers are now assembled around the throne of God and the Lamb, who were first awakened to a sense of their sins within the walls of the Ascension Church, and afterwards enlightened and

instructed in the distinctive principles of the Gospel of the grace of God.

Our Zion had not then been disturbed by the superstition and infidelity which have since been the fruitful source of so much trouble and mischief; but there was abundance of irreligion, worldliness, and ignorance of revealed truth in that great city. Against these the whole tenour of the ministrations of the Ascension Church bore unflinching testimony, uplifting the standard of the Cross, opposing all unhallowed compromises with the world, and sounding forth the invitation to all who were willing to follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth; 'Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty.'

The result of such ministrations during a course of some years, was the gathering together from out of the mass of ordinary church-goers, and nominal worldly Christians, a noble band of devoted followers of Christ; who had experienced under the power of the word and the teaching of the Holy Spirit, a real work of Divine grace upon their souls; so that the congregation of the Ascension became prominent in the city for its active benevolence and large-hearted liberality.

In connexion with the Church of the Ascension there was the most prosperous, effective, and interesting Sunday-school, with which it has been my privilege ever to be connected, out of the many with which I have had to do, both in England and America, during a long and chequered life.

The teachers in this school formed a very interesting band of earnest Christians. I now confine my remarks to the male teachers, who were, for the most part, young merchants and lawyers, who had been brought to a sense of religion under the influence of the Ascension Church, and were devoting their energies to the service of Christ.

I call to mind the names of Van Rensselaer, Freeman Clarkson, Titus, Parker, Newman, Colden Hoffman, and several others, who used to assemble together every Friday evening at my lodgings in Franklin Street, to study the portion of Scripture which formed the lesson for the following Sunday in the school. More hallowed, happy, or profitable meetings than these were, it has never been my privilege to enjoy; and here it was that my friendship with Colden Hoffman commenced, and ripened. I very well remember with what regularity he used to attend, what interest he showed, and how he seemed to drink in all that was said; yet for a length of time, he hardly, if ever, opened his own

lips, though no one could mistake the interest he felt.

This taciturnity continued till, I think, the year 1843, when his heart, during the services of Easter, became so powerfully impressed and excited, that his whole nature seemed stirred from its innermost depths; the energy of his spirit burst the bands which his natural reserve and shyness had imposed upon him, and out of the abundance of his heart his mouth spake.

This was a very interesting period of his life; it was a crisis in his spiritual experience of a very marked character. For some little time, I was alarmed lest the remarkable transition, the warmth of feeling, the mental excitement, might prove of an unhealthy character, and lead to unsatisfactory results; but the teaching which he had received had been of so thoroughly sound and scriptural a character, and his own religious principles had been so long established, that instead of proving to be merely a transient period of unhealthy excitement, that 'crackling of thorns under a pot,' which so soon dies out, it resulted in establishing him in a more earnest devotedness to Christ than ever, imparted to him a livelier sense of eternal realities, gave him a tongue and utterance which before he lacked, and sealed him by the Spirit for the great work of his

life, by making his consecration of himself to the Lord, more entire, simple, and complete.

I have rather anticipated, however, the record of his early days, by referring to this passage of his life, which did not take place till the year 1843.

I must return, therefore, to an earlier period, to make one or two further remarks, which it would be well for my younger readers to lay to heart.

It is a law of our spiritual nature that feelings by repetition grow weaker, whilst habits strengthen. And this is one reason why the impressions produced upon many persons by the preaching of the Gospel prove so transient; the serious thoughts which are excited, the alarm, the conviction of sin, the feelings of gratitude and affection to the Saviour, are not followed up by any corresponding habits, calculated to lay the foundations of a religious character, whilst every time the same sensations are produced, they become weaker, so that at last the soul sinks into that dead state, which may be termed 'gospel-hardened,' and hears the most affecting truths and the most solemn testimony of God's word without the slightest feeling.

This sad state of things may be traced to the neglect of forming habits, when the first early religious impressions were produced; so that the seed, like that which fell by the wayside, easily becomes

a prey to the Wicked One, who catcheth away that which was sown in his heart.

The conduct of Colden Hoffman when he was a youth of nineteen, was precisely the opposite to this. He formed plans and rules for the regulation of his life: instead of living at random, the creature of impulse, he endeavoured to walk by rule, and to form habits of devotion, which might maintain his soul in a state of habitual communion with God.

The following memorandum is found amongst his early papers:—

RULES. OCTOBER 1839.

1. Rise at a quarter before six; dress in fifteen minutes. Devotion, one hour, to seven o'clock. Pursue some study, or read, till half-past seven. Breakfast. Prayers.

2. Leave for the Store at eight o'clock. Strive to give my utmost attention to business till a quarter before three. Prayer before dinner. If I have time, read a portion of the Bible.

3. Leave for the Store at a quarter past four. My own business must not interfere with these hours.

4. First hour after tea to devotion, prayer, and reading of the Bible. This hour will generally be from half-past seven to half-past eight.

5. Second hour, reading religious books: half-past eight to half-past nine.

6. Third hour, study: half-past nine till half-past ten.

7. Fourth hour, as I like: either reading or writing letters till half-past eleven.

8. Retire at a quarter before twelve. Prayer and a chapter of the Bible before retiring.

The same systematic regularity and discipline of mind and heart show themselves in the following

QUESTIONS FOR SELF-EXAMINATION. MARCH 1840.

1. Did I rise at the hour appointed?
2. Did I exclude vain thoughts whilst dressing?
3. Did I profitably employ my mind at that time?
4. How were my morning devotions performed?
5. Was I temperate at breakfast? Was I cheerful?
6. Did I repeat the Scriptures or meditate whilst walking to the Store?
7. Did I lift up my heart to God on going into the Store?
8. During the day, was my conduct honest, just, and straightforward? Was there any partial deviation from the truth, or was there anything in my dealings which I have to condemn?
9. Was I affable, mild, gentle, and patient? Did I find fault unnecessarily or hastily, or without proper self-restraint?
10. Did I remember the golden rule?
11. Was I temperate at dinner?
12. Did I check worldly affection in the first rising of desire for worldly things, and all vain thoughts and dreams of imaginary success?

13. How have I spent my money?

14. How were my intercessory prayers performed?

15. How has my heart been towards God and my Saviour?

16. How long did I pray?

17. How long did I read the Bible?

18. What is the state of my heart? Do I love God?

I append the following scheme for spending the Sunday also, not merely to give further illustration of the same principle of self-government, and of walking by rule, but more especially to show how he prized, thus early, the sacred rest of the Lord's day, and how he aimed at consecrating it exclusively to spiritual purposes.

I am the more anxious to direct the attention of my younger readers to this subject, because I fear so very few persons prize as they ought, the precious leisure of the Lord's day, or turn it to good account. How many, even of those who have some respect for the day, and attend public worship, do nevertheless very much waste or secularize the other hours, instead of spending them in private prayer, self-examination, meditation, the study of God's word, or other religious books. To a very large class of the community, the question, whether they shall remain ignorant of the Scriptures, formal and unfruitful in their lives, or become intelligently acquainted with

Divine truth, earnest and devoted followers of Christ, turns practically upon this hinge,—whether they spend the Lord's day merely in going to church, and the rest of the day unprofitably, or whether they dedicate the whole as a religious day to God's service and the edification of their souls.

October, 1842.—I propose to pass the Sabbaths as follows:—

Rise at six.			
Dressing . . .	½ an hour	— 6 to	6½
Morning devotion .	1 hour	— 6½ „	7½
Breakfast . . .	½ an hour	— 7½ „	8
Main subject of study the evidences of Christianity	2 hours	— 8 „	10
Morning church . .	2½ „	—10 „	12½
Prayer over some passage of Scripture . .	½ an hour	—12½ „	1
Dinner . . .	½ „	— 1 „	1½
Reading: resume main study	1 hour	— 1½ „	2½
Afternoon church .	2½ hours	— 2½ „	5
Intercessory prayer .	½ an hour	— 5 „	5½
Meditation . . .	½ „	— 5½ „	6
Tea	½ „	— 6 „	6½
Reading the Bible as a study and devotional reading .	3 hours	— 6½ „	9½
Evening prayer . .	1½ „	— 9½ „	11

Though I may not be able fully to carry this out, yet I want it for a guide.

Another feature in his early life, to which I would desire to call attention, is the great blessing which the preaching of the gospel proved to his soul.

It was his privilege, at this important period of his life, when his mind was just opening out, to attend the ministrations of the Church of the Ascension, at that time under the charge of the Rev. Manton Eastburn, and thus to enjoy the great advantage of hearing the Gospel faithfully preached, and to drink in those precious truths of free grace and redemption by blood, which formed the solid foundation on which the whole of his Christian life was built.

As it is only too common a propensity in the present day to cast contempt on the Divine Ordinance of preaching the Gospel, I am desirous of giving prominence to the fact, which I have discovered by examining his private papers, that the Gospel of Christ, faithfully preached and devoutly listened to, was a very marked and precious means of grace to his soul in his earlier years. I am also desirous of pointing out the reason why this proved such a blessing to him, whilst it so signally fails in many other cases. It too frequently happens that persons attend on the public ministrations of God's house without any suitable pre-

paration of heart, and without any anxious desire to profit by the prayers offered up and the word read and preached.

It was not so with Colden Hoffman; the Lord's day, from a very early period of his life, was greatly loved by him, and its sacred hours were exclusively devoted to spiritual purposes. Thus he went up to the house of God with that preparation of the heart which is from the Lord, and hence he was in a suitable state of mind to receive a blessing. Moreover, he went thither expecting and seeking for that blessing, looking for edification and instruction, which he laid up as carefully in his mind, as the bee does the honey it gathers, in its cells.

I have by me several volumes consisting of notes of the sermons which he heard in the Ascension Church, and which he seems to have written out carefully on his return home. This formed his custom for many years. It would not be interesting to produce these at any great length, I shall only give a few brief extracts to illustrate his practice, which I would strongly commend to the imitation of all young persons.

If such would more frequently note down what they hear, meditate over it at home, and compare it with the word of God, the gospel when faithfully

preached would prove a rich blessing to their souls; for the clear exhibition of divine truth, set before them by one spiritually enlightened, would impart knowledge to their souls; whilst his ripe experience in the department of experimental religion, would edify, instruct, and refresh them.

I am well aware, that the ministrations of many pulpits are not such as I have described, and are channels for the circulation of error instead of truth; that some substitute natural religion in the place of revealed; that others would palm off upon their hearers ritualistic superstitions and Romish corruptions in the place of the precious gospel of the grace of God, whilst only too many, who do neither one nor the other, have unhappily never been either taught or called of God, and have neither distinctive doctrine to preach, nor the deep wells of spiritual experience from which to draw healing and nourishing waters for the souls of their people. But when this is unhappily the case, if the individual be in earnest, as Colden Hoffman was, he will soon learn to discern between such unprofitable, unscriptural teaching and that which is according to the mind of God; and in many cases, especially in large cities, will be able to find elsewhere such ministrations as shall be edifying to his soul.

EXTRACTS FROM NOTES OF SERMONS.

April 1st, 1838.—*Sunday Morning.*

Sermon by Mr. Eastburn, from Heb. ix. 11, 12.—'*But Christ being come an high priest,*' *&c.*

Christ being come, by a greater and more perfect tabernacle, meaning the body of our Lord, not a building made with hands, as the old temple of the Jews, neither by the blood of beasts, has He come to cleanse us, for this could never take away sin, but by His own blood.

The ancient priests entered into the holy place to sprinkle the blood upon the mercy-seat as a sacrifice for the people once a-year, being a type of our Saviour's sacrifice on the Cross. But He entered once only that holy place, meaning heaven, where He ever remains to make intercession for us. He is the only offering needed for man's acceptance, there He remains for ever to plead the merits of His death for ruined man, &c.

Dec. 23rd.—Afternoon, Mr. E.

Rom. v. 6.—'*For when we were yet without strength.*'

Too apt are we, alas! to forget man's utter inability to have saved himself from the just punishment of his sins; too apt to forget the love which caused the eternal God to take upon Himself the form of man, and die for us, even when we were lying in our sin. I am by nature a child of wrath, but Jesus has died that I might no longer be in bondage to sin, but be at peace with God through His atoning merits, &c.

The following letter which relates to this period of his life, and is the first he addressed to me, refers to his having received the Lord's Supper on the preceding Christmas day, for the first time, and also to the loss of a sister, which had deeply affected him.

January, 1839.

My dear Mr. Fox,

It is with feelings of deep love and gratitude that I now address you, in acknowledging the receipt of your book and affectionate letter. I feel I am much privileged in having you as a friend; for what could I possess of more value than the friendship of one who has my soul's eternal interest so near his heart?

I feel the step I have taken, on which you congratulate me, to be a very solemn one; and I humbly trust that He who has begun a good work in me will continue it to the end, daily increasing in me the graces of His Spirit, and enabling me to lead a new life, crucifying the corrupt lusts and affections of my sinful nature, that I may live wholly devoted to the Lord. But, alas, how little do I know of my deep depravity, and through how many dangers and temptations does my path lie! Yet He is faithful who has promised, 'I will never leave you nor forsake you.' In Him, therefore, do I trust; and that I may have a more lively faith, I would ask of you who are strong to remember me in your prayers at the throne of grace. I feel it, indeed, to be a great privilege to be allowed to set out in life aright, and it

is of God's merciful kindness that I have been permitted to do so. It is He who has preserved me from the assaults of the enemy, and not permitted me to be led astray by wicked men. The temptation to which you refer I shall, through God's grace, endeavour to guard against, that I may escape the deep waters, and rejoice in the Lord always.

Yes, I have indeed entered upon my new life while drinking of the cup of sorrow; and cannot I see in this especially the hand of God? The Apostle has told us that our light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work for us a far more exceeding weight of glory. In the death of my dear sister I have heard the voice of my heavenly Father, I have been warned to prepare for death myself, and have seen more clearly the uncertainty and vanity of life. That both you and I may receive the crown promised to the faithful is ever the prayer of

Your sincere friend,

C. COLDEN HOFFMAN.

Colden Hoffman, like many other eminent Christians, kept a journal during his early years, for his own guidance, and to be a private record of the state of his soul; the benefit of such a practice it is not necessary for me to dilate upon; but I shall conclude this chapter, which is intended to contain the record of his early days, with a few extracts from his earliest journal, and which will impart to the reader the conviction, that he had already made consider-

able progress in the Divine life, had buckled on his spiritual armour, and was engaged vigorously in the secret conflict, of which every true Christian knows somewhat by personal experience.

EXTRACTS FROM HIS EARLY JOURNALS.

August 6th, 1839.— Throughout the day my heart has been raised to God for His blessing: for this and all other mercies I desire to be thankful. I was enabled last evening to overcome a powerful temptation, through prayer; may it incite me hereafter to vigorous exertion.

7th.— My thoughts have often been on heavenly things. May God direct my goings. I wish to feel more in the Spirit when I pray, and when I read the Word; yea, at all times.

8th.—'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me; bless His holy name.' I have often thought of God throughout the day; and often amidst its busy occupations has my heart been lifted up for strength and guidance. I long to feel that sweet confidence and sure trust which should fill the Christian's heart. I long to realise the promises in the Gospel as my own, and to abide satisfied. To feel that God loves me, and that He orders all things for my good; to have a holy indifference about earthly things, having my treasures in heaven.

Doubts have often distressed me. I do not feel sufficiently in earnest about heavenly things. All the family are out of town, and I am alone in the house; this I look upon as a privilege and providence, whereby I have

more time for reflection and meditation; may the season be blessed to me.

9*th.*—By the mercy of God I am spared till this hour. Visited old Lewis and read the 1st Epistle of St. John to him. He seemed thankful to me. Oh, that I could have read it with the Spirit, could have felt more fully that love of God! This evening spent with Dr. Fitch, conversation, sacred music. A chapter in Isaiah was read, and we parted after he had prayed for God's blessing upon us and our friends. These seasons of grace should be more precious—who enjoys the social Christian friendship that I do? My heart has been too grovelling; I have not attained that Christian elevation of character that I long for. May God bless me for Jesus' sake. Amen.

10*th. Morning.*—Have enjoyed my devotions, and committed myself to the keeping of my heavenly Father. I find consolation in remembering the gradual growth in grace in the Apostles. Also in that passage in the Proverbs, 'The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.'

Evening.—Have felt but too dead to spiritual things through the day. Visited Lewis—read the Bible to him. Oh, that I may feel its truths more! O God! give me Thy Spirit; a spirit to understand and a spirit to delight in Thy law. The evening has been spent, not (as it ought to have been) to the glory of God, but in conversation too trifling. I should have passed some time alone with my Bible.

11*th.*—I feel that God has graciously forgiven my

sins, and granted me His Spirit. How precious a privilege is this precious day of rest! It gives us power to call back those wandering desires after the world and unsanctified pleasures, which the intercourse with our fallen fellow-creatures for the previous few days had made us indulge in. We are allowed time to buckle on our armour on that day, and to prepare for the assaults of our enemies, the world, the flesh, and the devil, for the coming week. To worship God in His holy temple — how sweet a privilege! to unite our prayers with the prayers of many of His children, within the walls of His sanctuary; to sing His praise, and seek His grace, and feel His influence from above, how delightful! When I rose this morning I felt very dull, but was enabled to pray with some earnestness and faith, and received His blessing. * * * In looking back on the past week I feel that I have increased in wisdom; may I progress through His blessing; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.

12*th.*—I have had doubts to-day whether I was really a child of God, or have ever experienced a real change of heart. This was from reading one of Newton's letters on the growth of the Christian. 'First the blade, then the ear,' &c. I think it is now God is working a great change in me. May His glorious will be done. God be merciful to me a sinner.

August 13*th.*—Another day has gone. I am one day nearer my eternal destiny. I have experienced many blessings this day, often felt the comforts of the Spirit, teaching me to look above for joy and peace, and not to the world. My heart has, too, been at times filled with

gratitude to God for all His mercies. I feel my own weakness, and pray God to bless me. I plead not my own works, but the merits of my Saviour. I have entered this day upon a plan of giving a tenth of all my money to my Master's glory. I hope throughout my life to continue this plan. I feel now glad to give it.

16*th.*—Alas, alas! how very cold have been my feelings with regard to holy things! I seem not to desire the way of peace. Still I long for a closer walk with God. I attended our usual Friday evening meeting, but I was very languid.

17*th.*—Still excessively dull and heavy. Oh, when shall I stand strong! when shall my feet rest upon the Rock of ages—I am very much depressed. Oh, save me, O God! lest I go down into the pit of despair! My bodily health has not been very good for the last few days; perhaps that has affected my spiritual. I have no comfort — who can know the bitterness of my heart? I read the Bible, and cannot feel its power. I strive to meditate, but worldly thoughts distress me. How unable I feel to go forth into the world to my daily duties. O my soul, take comfort. 'I will never leave you nor forsake you.'

And is this promise to me? Flee then, my soul, to the rest held out. Trust all to Christ. Strive to believe and apply to myself the promises. I have wasted much time to-day. * * * Remember, my soul, the Christian's life is a *continual* warfare.

18*th.*—Another sacred day of rest has come. * * * I felt much depressed this morning, but was much revived

by reading the 54th chapter of Isaiah. It comforted me much, but then I so soon forget it; when surrounded by the world, I forget I am a Christian pilgrim, a soldier of Christ, and must fight my way to heaven. But remember, O my soul, that thou hast no power of thine own; God alone is able to save thee. * * * I think my greatest trial is want of assurance and acceptance. I feel the alienation of my heart from God. Oh, how far off am I! May the day be not far distant when I shall look upon these trials, as the means of bringing me nearer to God.

CHAPTER II.

1839.

DECIDES ON STUDYING FOR THE MINISTRY — MENTAL ANXIETY IN CONNEXION THEREWITH.

It is not surprising that a young man whose thoughts had been so absorbed by sacred things from his childhood, who had made so much progress in religion, and whose heart was so deeply in earnest, should have felt a desire to devote himself to the high and holy office of the ministry of the Gospel. Accordingly I find the early journal from which I have already quoted, much occupied with thoughts on this subject.

It was a very difficult question for him to solve; he seems to have dreaded opposition from his friends, to have shrunk from the ridicule of the world, to have distrusted his own qualifications, and to have been afraid lest the amount of study requisite to

qualify him, might be more than his health could stand. All these considerations, combined with his naturally shy and timid disposition, made it extremely difficult for him to come to a decision; his thoughts were working in his own breast alone, for a long time before he ventured to divulge them to any one, or to come to the important decision, which was to change the whole course and bent of his life.

The first notice of this subject is to be found in his journal, August 6th, 1839, where he says, 'The subject of the ministry has occupied my thoughts.'

I shall now endeavour to trace the progress of his mind in connexion with this subject, and the steps to which it led.

EXTRACTS FROM HIS JOURNAL.

August 19*th*, 1839.—The ministry has almost continually been in my thoughts. I have been revived by remembering that the Lord has led me from strength to strength thus far on my way to heaven. I have prayed that His Spirit might enlighten me and cause me to choose the way most suited for His glory and my eternal good. I have felt strengthened at times for the work; sometimes its difficulties rise up before me; sometimes its delights. At once the laborious study required, the fear of slothfulness, the sneer of my companions, my

advanced age, and many like temptations. But I am taught in His holy word to trust in Him. He will give the conquest to the weak, He will keep all those who trust in Him. My heart now says, Am I called to this work? May God answer the prayer I now put up. Are the souls of perishing men of no value? Shall I read the word of my Maker and hear Him say, I will put my Spirit within you, that ye may go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature; that all may know the goodness of the Lord to guilty men, so that many through me may be saved;—and shall I refuse to say, 'Here am I, send me?'

Now that I have determined, or rather have been enabled by His Spirit to resolve, to become His minister, I must take means to make my desires known to my friends. Who knows the issue? May God grant me strength in the day of trouble.

August 19th.—This has been a day of thought. So far have I purposed to carry my design of studying for the ministry into execution, that I even wrote a letter to my mother to tell her of my determination. I have not, however, sent it. I was prevented this morning from the design of giving it to my brothers, and thus breaking the subject to them. I now think I shall write a new one. What struggles I have had about showing it to my brothers! I could imagine giving it to them with confidence, but when I actually took it in my hand, my courage failed. The thought of the whole current of my life being changed; the duties and responsibilities incurred; their surprise at so unexpected an event, the fear that I had not

sufficiently considered the subject: these things made me tremble.

I think I shall now make known to them that the ministry is my desire, and write to the same effect to my mother. I think there is a voice within me that tells me that my excuses are but temptations of the enemy of my soul. How could I better spend my life than by winning souls to God? He has promised His aid to all who ask, and in the darkest hour He will not forsake me; He has given me the means to carry on the work, and all seems ready. Self must be sacrificed. I have not that all-constraining love of Christ and of His word that I think I ought to have. Oh, I trust that as I grow in life I may grow in grace; that as I advance in age I shall advance in holiness. How can our short life be more profitably spent than in our Maker's service?

21*st.*—An excessively fatiguing business day. Was enabled to send the letter to my mother.

The letter to his mother above referred to, and written, be it remembered, by a youth of only nineteen, announcing his decision of giving up secular business and studying for the sacred ministry—a decision to which he had come without consulting any one—was as follows:—

New York, August 20th, 1839.

My dear Mother,

I received your letter yesterday. It came on a day which I hope will long dwell in my remembrance, as it was the day on which the occupation of my future life in

this world was decided. But not knowing the thoughts of my heart for the last few months, you will naturally ask, 'What does this mean?' I have decided upon studying for the ministry. This has long been in my thoughts, but never before made known, but at the throne of grace. I have prayed that that God who has led me from strength to strength would so fill me with His Spirit as to enable me to persevere in the work to which He has called me. And shall I doubt that He, who has guarded my youth from the dangers which have surrounded me, will also keep me in all my temptations, give me His Spirit as He has promised, accept me at last through Jesus Christ, and make me the means of leading some to repentance? Alas! how cast down am I when I trust to my own strength — to Him alone must I look to be established in every good word and work. I know not how my decision will be looked upon by my brothers; perhaps they had anticipated a different occupation for me. In all my previous life, I think I have seen the overruling hand of Providence, and I cannot doubt but that He alone has given me in this *His time* these desires. May His glory be the sole object of my life. * * * *

In reply to this letter he received the following deeply interesting and affectionate one from his mother:—

Goshen, August 22nd, 1839.

My beloved Son,

My heart dictated an immediate answer to your inter-

esting letter, but I was so overwhelmed with gratitude and praise, I could only commune with our God and be still.

It has ever been the height of my ambition to be the mother of a son who might proclaim, both far and near, the love of our precious Saviour, in redeeming us from eternal death. That you have been inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost, to undertake the great work, you best know. You say your decision is made, but are you quite sure it has not arisen from your 'first love?' The feelings of youth are ardent, long before judgment is ripe to decide. My trust is that you have been truly called, and I can only pray, that our God may guide, direct, and sanctify you to His service. *My blessing rests on you.*

Before this, you have doubtless informed your brothers; they cannot possibly make objections. Your previous education has been so deficient, you will find very much to surmount; the necessary studies for the ensuing three or four years may be more difficult to master than you know of, and your health may be the sacrifice. Your sisters tell me you looked delicate and thin; if this is the case you had better come immediately home and recruit. My wish is that you should stay here till the spring, and then commence with good health. Still, make no decision without fervent prayer; my own are constant for you, at the morning and evening sacrifice; in my closet; as I walk through my house; in my garden; by the way-side, wherever I am, there is my heart lifted up for my beloved son. * * *

Notwithstanding his receipt of this very encouraging letter from his dear mother, and the fact that when his change of plans was made known to his elder brothers, they offered no objections, and, contrary to his fears, acquiesced in his wishes in the kindest manner, yet he does not seem to have received the encouragement which might have been expected from these circumstances, for in his journal he writes as follows :—

JOURNAL.

August 26*th.*—Mother's letter has come, and oh, the maze and distress I am in! I know not how to act. I think I ought to feel more sure and confident before entering on so important a work.

Oh, that His Spirit would be with me! I cannot read the Bible and gather that peace and strength which I long for; my prayers are cold, and oh, where shall comfort be found?

27*th.*—'God moves in a mysterious way.' Sore distressed and troubled have I been; full of doubt and apprehension as to the course I have taken.

On Saturday wrote to mother to tell her that she had better not make my views public until I had become more settled in my plans, and taken the subject into deeper consideration.

Then the fear I had turned back and refused to go on with the work—oh, how distressed I have been! I trust God will not suffer me to go to this work unless He

alone has led me to it. May I now resign myself to Him alone.

29*th.*—Have concluded to wait a month before taking further steps, that I may make it a continual subject of prayer, that my way may be clear before my face. I trust God will make me know the way wherein I should walk.

Let me not hastily decide on this all-important subject, for on it depends not only my own happiness, but the happiness of many people.

I wish to feel that I am in the way of God's appointment, and to wait till God reveals the path of duty to me.

I hope I shall not form plans and then look to God to assure me that my plans are duty, but patiently and humbly trust in and wait upon Him.

I passed a dreadful hour of distress and anxiety after dinner whilst reading my Bible and praying. Oh, the solemn duties and great responsibilities of a Christian minister!

I fear I have never been truly converted, never experienced true repentance, and not feeling the weight and burthen of sin sufficiently, have never been able to appreciate the preciousness of Christ. These thoughts distress me.

31*st.*—More peace to-day than for many days previous. Have felt more calm in view of the ministry and of giving myself wholly to it. I make it a continual subject of prayer, and am looking daily for an answer. This day's comparative peace is a prelude, I trust, of greater assurance. Till this day I have had my dark hours. I have felt more freedom in prayer.

September 1*st.*—What a week of darkness and anxiety and distress has passed! Is it natural to suppose I could have had other feelings? So young in Christian grace, about taking a step by which my whole life is to be determined, leaving the course of life which others have assigned for me, and entering a perfectly opposite one, where labour and time and study are required; coming out from the world and devoting myself, soul and body, to the service of my Maker! If I were an experienced Christian, perhaps I should have felt differently.

I have been blessed with more light to-day. I trust I shall soon be filled with zeal and love for God's honour and glory, and see my way clear before my face. Now when I attempt or think of speaking to others on this subject, I feel a maze of doubt surrounding me. I hope this feeling will daily decrease, and that the love of Christ will constrain me wholly. I enjoyed much peace and comfort in the Sanctuary this day. My heart rebels often when I read my Bible, or visit the sick or poor. Why is this? it distresses me. I have been enabled to pray with much more fervour to-day than usual. I trust God will in great mercy answer me. There is a feeling of pride in my heart sometimes when I think of preaching: I want to feel lowly and humble.

2*nd.*—This morning felt much peace, but in the afternoon fear and dread. Oh, that God would reveal His way to me! My Bible I read, but seem not to comprehend. Oh, for a closer walk with God!

3*rd.*—Oh, what a heart I have! truly Solomon said, 'The heart knoweth its own bitterness.' Others see me as I

appear, but who sees but my Maker what passes within? Oh, that I could pour into His ear my grief; but my prayers are so cold. I read my Bible in such a lethargic spirit that I almost despair. Oh, that He would reveal Himself soon unto me!

4*th.*—How shall I describe my feelings? At times through the day I have suffered much distress. After dinner prayed with some trust. Felt much relieved, and went forth to my duties with a cheerful heart. The ministry at this time seemed not to occupy my thoughts. I felt as if I had resigned it to God's will.

5*th.*—My heart seems to be getting worse and worse.

6*th.*—I am still in darkness. Have been much depressed all day. Refreshed this evening by our meeting. Though very tired, and I might appear unfit to go, I enjoyed our exercises. I read the 12th of Hebrews. Would I could fully realise its blessed promises, and feel it was God who was afflicting me in mercy! How can it be any one else? Job says, 'Afflictions spring not from the dust.' He alone must order them.

8*th.*—Another week passed,—a week of darkness and distress. My trials have been great. Was in much distress and doubt this morning, until afternoon service; since which time light has dawned faintly: may it be the breaking of day to my soul! I have been enabled to read with more confidence the Word, and take some of its promises to myself. I long to feel that Christ is mine and I am His. Before and after communion I was much distressed; felt so cold, and weak in faith.

9th.—Have enjoyed much quietness of mind throughout the day. Saw Brother Murray this evening; talked on the subject of the ministry. He mentioned to me the exceedingly laborious study required; the length of time thus employed; my duties to my mother and sisters. He thought I could be as useful in mercantile life as in the ministry, by my example and honourable integrity. He spoke of my religious character in high praise, but, alas! he knew not the vileness of my heart. And now I fear, if I go not onward, I shall have refused to take up my cross and follow my Master. I fear I have not trusted in His grace. I fear His Spirit will cease to strive with me.

CHAPTER III.

1839 AND 1840.

WITHDRAWS FROM HIS DECISION TO STUDY FOR THE MINISTRY—SEASON OF SPIRITUAL DARKNESS.

THE records of the last chapter furnish us with a very deeply interesting insight to the condition of Colden Hoffman's mind at that period.

What a contrast do they present to the state of most young men's feelings and affections at the same period of life! Instead of having his mind taken up with frivolous pursuits, or bent on selfish indulgence; instead of being ardently desirous of getting on in the world, and having no thoughts, cares, or desires, beyond the present life, whether its riches, pleasures, or honours, as is only too frequently the case with persons at his age, we find him deeply in earnest about religion, highly prizing the glad tidings of salvation, his heart under the powerful constraint of love to Christ, and the one great anxiety of his mind,

to know what God would have him do; and whether, by giving up his worldly prospects and devoting himself to the sacred ministry, he might not more effectually promote the glory of God.

Such singleness of mind, purity of motive, and simplicity of heart, such devotion to God, and earnestness in his service in one so young, are, alas! only too rare in this fallen and sinful world.

There is not, perhaps, a more pleasing object, nor one more cheering to an aged Christian, than to see the features and lineaments of Divine grace thus beautifully displayed in the character and life of a young disciple. To behold him seeking after God, if haply he may find Him, with a sensitive conscience and tender affections, all going forth in the freshness of their youth, not to earthly objects, but towards our gracious God and Saviour. To see his opening mind with all its earnest vigour, bent on the acquirement of Divine knowledge, valuing the means of grace, loving and consecrating to God's service the sacred day of rest, putting honour on God's word, making it 'the man of his counsel,' deriving from it clear views of Divine truth and much spiritual enlightenment; prizing the throne of grace, learning the Divine art of true prayer, attending with great regularity on the services of the sanctuary, partaking of the Lord's Supper, seeking the

friendship, counsel, and sympathy of God's people, engaging in works of active benevolence, thus showing that the whole nature, in all its youthful freshness, vigour, and energy, is enlisted on the side of God and of His truth.

Such a sight as this is not commonly to be met with, but when it is, there is not a more delightful picture than it furnishes to such as are able to appreciate it; and I can truly say that I have never, but once, seen it so completely illustrated and so pleasingly displayed, as it was in the life, character, and person of Colden Hoffman at the period of his history to which we have now arrived.

Making all allowance for the partiality of friendship, and that distance of time, which sometimes, like distance of space, 'adds enchantment to the view,' I can most truly bear witness, not merely from the documents which have come into my possession since his death, but from the intimate friendship and personal contact which I had with him during those early years, that a more beautiful character, with all the fascinating freshness of youth around it, I have never seen but once. And this, not from any personal charms, though his exterior was most pleasing, nor from any superior gifts of nature, which he did not possess, but from the simplicity, reality, and purity of his character, the result

of Divine grace which had thus early changed his heart and made him a new creature in Christ Jesus.

After these remarks, the statement with which I have headed this chapter may perhaps somewhat surprise the reader;—namely, that he should have withdrawn from his decision to study for the ministry. It will have been seen, however, that this decision was rather hastily made, that he took no counsel with his elder friends or relations; and that even with regard to his mother, who so richly deserved his confidence and affection, his first communication to her was not to ask her advice, or to seek the benefit of her mature judgment, but to announce the decision at which he had arrived without consulting any one.

In this we may trace somewhat of the haste and self-confidence of youth; but when we consider that he was barely nineteen years of age, it is not difficult to make allowance for the mistake he fell into, of forming a decision before he had fairly ascertained his own mind, or had sought counsel from any of his friends or relatives, in whose wisdom and judgment he could repose confidence.

We have seen the result, that though the opposition he feared, and the difficulties he anticipated, did not occur, yet he immediately fell into a state of doubt and darkness in his own mind, and was

now unable to decide whether he ought to draw back, or persevere in his intentions; nay, was unable to satisfy himself what God's purposes for him were, of which he should fully have made up his mind before he came to so grave a decision. No one, however, can censure him for having been influenced by improper motives; and well would it be for the Church of Christ, if all who venture to become aspirants for the sacred office of the ministry, could produce testimonials as unimpeachable before the bar of God, of the purity of their motives, their devotedness to Christ, or their fitness to preach His Gospel, as Colden Hoffman, even at this early period of his life, in the crudity of his first aspirations after the office of the ministry.

From the records of his journal, of which the following are extracts, it would appear, that doubts of his fitness for the office, and his inability to satisfy himself that he had been called of God, induced him to abandon his intentions and to resolve upon remaining in business.

JOURNAL.

September 11*th*, 1839.—Had allowed myself almost to decide upon not studying for the ministry—suffered much at the thought of being unwilling to take up my cross and follow the Lamb. Spent some two hours this morning in writing to my mother; told her of brother Murray's con-

versation. She must gather from that, that I was wavering.

18*th.*—With regard to the ministry my mind is still unsettled. I do not feel that confidence in its being my duty. I fear that if I should give up all thoughts of it, I should reproach myself for refusing to take up my cross.

23*rd.*—Ought I not to have a more fervent love of Christ? I trust I may daily grow in grace, and that God will make me more and more His child by adoption and grace. How is the subject of the ministry now viewed? I do not feel that burning zeal for Christ, that love of souls, that faith and hope which would enable me to triumph over all my difficulties. I hope God will make my way clear before my eyes. The distress and trials of the past month and the present will, I trust, work for my good. May I know myself better and trust my Maker in all things.

26*th.*—I daily pray for guidance as to the course I shall pursue with regard to the ministry.

October 2*nd.*—I saw N—— to-day; he advised me no longer to delay a determination on the ministry. With my present feelings I cannot think of embarking on such an ocean of uncertainty. Doubts arise as to whether I shall glorify my Maker more in the ministry than I should in business.

3*rd.*—I humbly trust that I am growing in grace, but I seem not to have given myself up soul and body to His service. I feel sorry I set so poor an example to men, of what a Christian should be. Mentioned to sister this evening my intention of no longer looking upon the ministry

as my sphere of duty, and therefore judge God has been pleased I should yet remain in the station I am now in.

This is nearly the last reference he makes to the subject in his journal; and it would hence appear, that, having been too hasty in his original decision, he had come to the conclusion, after much anxious thought and prayer, that God had not called him to the ministry of the Gospel.

It might be supposed that this was the result of a period of backsliding, such as many Christians are, unhappily, subject to; and that he had drawn back from a feeling of dislike to the work, or a fear of the self-sacrifice which it involved; but of this there is no trace; so far from it, his journal for some time after he had arrived at this decision, breathes a more healthy, cheerful tone than it had done during the time that his mind was oppressed with the anxiety of deciding on his future course.

It is true that a period of darkness and great spiritual despondency overtook him some months after, but this is not traceable either to a spirit of backsliding, or to remorse for having drawn back from his intention of devoting himself to the ministry; but was one of those mysterious seasons, of which most real Christians have had some experience, when God, for His own wise purposes, withdraws the light of His countenance, leaving the soul in darkness

and dismay; which is quite compatible with an earnest seeking after God, though under deep oppression, much sorrow and heaviness of heart.

In illustration of this I shall give some further quotations from his journal, showing the more cheerful and hopeful state of his mind immediately after his decision to remain in business had been made; and then some passages showing the gloom that settled upon him in the year 1840.

JOURNAL.

Sept. 27*th.*—Enjoyed much peace and cheerfulness of spirit all day.

28*th.*—I desire to feel that I have chosen God as my portion, that I may seek for pleasures that He has provided.

Oct. 4*th.*—How highly should I value the hour spent in my room at my morning devotions: it is then I ask for strength for the day. God has blessed me with many temporal comforts; may I fully value and realise all His spiritual ones.

P.M.—I have great cause for thankfulness. Attended our meeting, and remember none at which I experienced more comfort. In the middle of the day I retired to the loft at the store, and prayed to God for a blessing and strength. He blessed me, and enabled me, before going to our meeting, to approach Him in prayer. He blessed me while waiting on Him. Oh, may He keep me! His is the power. Felt that the law was my schoolmaster to

bring me to Christ. Rest upon Him, my soul, and look daily to Him for the bread of life. Have enjoyed much comfort and peace this evening.

5th.— Rose in a peaceful frame of mind. May God increase in me the graces of His Spirit. Happy in mind. Felt my need of spiritual food. All day confined to business. May the coming Sabbath be blessed to me. May I be strengthened at the Lord's table, and receive the bread of life.

6th.— *Sunday.*— Enjoyed comfort in the temple of the Lord. I begin to feel, I trust, the blessedness of grace. Sweet comfort and peace after the sacrament. While kneeling at the table, eating the bread and drinking the wine, my heart did not seem to realize the privilege sufficiently; before, was fearful and timid at times; after, peaceful and calm.

Oct. 8th.— Let me look forward to my devotion as a time of refreshment, and come to God as a kind Father, who knoweth my frame. Strengthened at devotions. May God watch over me through the day and bless me.

P.M. He has watched over me; praised be His holy name. To feel that I am His; to be able to make mention of His goodness, and to have His honour dear to me; these things I would have. But, alas! how weak am I!

9th.— Peaceful. Refreshed and strengthened by devotion. I feel my weakness. Ought I not to feel contented and happy in my business? Many are my temptations there; may God deliver me. Wrote to mother my decision about the ministry. At times enjoyed very peaceful moments in prayer and contemplation.

10*th.*—Peaceful. I desire to feel the love of Christ constraining me. My prayers seem to be without power. My soul, wait thou upon God.

I trust I am growing in grace. Woke with a hymn upon my lips. May the Lord keep me; give me a heart to love Him, and sanctify me to His service.

11*th.*—The Lord is very merciful to me. May I know and love Him better. Much refreshed by our meeting; took one of the clerks with me. May God bless them to him. He was much gratified.

16*th.*—God has granted me some peace and comfort this evening. May I grow in grace. Are not these trials working my good? Surrounded by all temporal good at home, my soul was barren; here, where trials and temptations beset me, I am strengthened. Take heed and see the workings of His power. What good have I done to-day? What evil? Alas! my sins are many. Inward corruption!

17*th*, A.M.—Weak in faith. Watch.

P.M. Cheerful through the day. I wish to feel the love of Christ constraining me, to be jealous of His honour, to love Him, and have my affections set on things above. I want a realizing sense of eternal things. I feel my own corruption and barrenness to be so great that I cannot realize that I have any participation in the peace of God's children. I know it is alone through Christ's merits; but *practically* to feel these truths is different from a mere knowledge and confession of them.

18*th.*—Attended our meeting. Mr. Fox not at home. These are precious privileges. The Holy Spirit I felt.

was with us to bless us. A realizing sense of the great truths of the Gospel I wish to feel. I have a feeling of dissatisfaction with myself often; the work of grace seems to go on so slowly, if, happily, I can feel it is going on. Doubts of this often distress me. Oh, may God in mercy patiently enable me to wait, and enlighten my eyes to see the way in which I shall go; that I may lead a Christian and useful life here, and be fitted each day for a better one above.

19*th.*—Have enjoyed more comfort and peace than usual to-day. I feel God's mercies to me are many. More trust in God.

20*th.*—Rose at twenty minutes before six, with a remembrance of God's mercy. He gave me His Spirit, and refreshed me at my morning devotions. May He watch over me and bless me this day, which He has set apart for His glory.

P.M. Praised be the Lord for all His mercies. Much comfort and calmness enjoyed. I long for fuller assurance, for victory over my corrupt nature, and livelier views of God's goodness, mercy, and long-suffering.

Nov. 17*th.*—The Lord's day, and a day of many mercies. Would that I had a heart to praise God for them, and to feel them as I ought. He blessed me in the sanctuary, among my friends, and in the retirement of my room. Yes, at all times He has dealt bountifully with me. How little gratitude do I feel; how little do I realize the love of Christ. Even in the midst of all these blessings, I feel as if I had not given myself up wholly to the Lord.

Let me more frequently contemplate the great love of Christ. I am now in the midst of prosperity. May I, by God's blessing, be enabled to acknowledge the author of every good gift, and in the midst of His favours not forget by whose power I enjoy them. I feel a desire to serve my Maker, and also a strong power within, as it were, keeping me bound down to the things of sense. I do not feel this corrupt nature with sufficient sorrow. My heart has been at times filled with a blessed hope of life eternal, through the merits of my Saviour.

Dec. 13*th.*—For the last two days have felt more deeply my need of a new heart. I have earnestly prayed to God to grant it, which, in His goodness, may He do, that I may hereafter live to His glory.

16*th.*—I feel an inward struggle. I hardly know how to describe it. I have such imperfect views of my own sinfulness, Christ's love, and eternity. My faith is so weak that I seem to doubt the realities of spiritual things. And yet I go on; the world calls me righteous; but, oh, where is that living Faith, Hope and Love? May the Lord grant His face to shine upon me, that I may count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord.

I have not the slightest doubt that the decision at which he arrived of abandoning his intention of studying for the ministry was a wise one; and I am as fully persuaded that his loving Father, who knew the end from the beginning, did graciously

guide and direct him, in answer to his earnest and anxious prayers; for it is evident that his mind had not reached that maturity, nor his soul obtained that spiritual experience, which they afterwards did; and that God was about to lead him by a way that he knew not, and after giving him much deeper views of his own weakness and depravity, to bring him up out of the valley of humiliation, qualified both for the enjoyment of great peace in his own soul, and far more efficiency as a minister of the Gospel of Christ. The following extracts from his journal, however, will show how 'hard put to it' he was during his spiritual conflicts in this valley, and how true and real was the warfare in which he was engaged, against his own corrupt nature and the power of Satan.

Let not those who have never experienced such spiritual conflicts themselves, who have never known such seasons of darkness, who have never—like the Apostle Paul and his Ephesian converts—wrestled against the powers, the wicked spirits, and the rulers of the darkness of this world, criticise, judge, or condemn those who have; out of such conflicts there comes forth a Christian of nobler dimensions, deeper experience, higher attainments, and more fervent love to Christ, than is to be found amongst those whose convictions of sin have been less deep,

and whose spiritual struggles and warfare have been less arduous.

So it was with Colden Hoffman. We shall see, as we advance, that this season of darkness, discouragement, and conflict, which continued for many months, was succeeded by such freedom and deliverance from the power of sin, by such love to Christ, and such joy and peace in the Holy Ghost, as shone forth more and more brightly in his life, to his dying day.

JOURNAL.

Feb. 26th, 1840.—I feel my heart to be turned away from God. Doubts distress me. I fear some intermediate steps in my conversion have been omitted, and that in my outward Christian walk and conversation I have been influenced by improper motives.

28*th.*—I attended this evening our Sunday-school meeting at Mr. Fox's. The subject of our study was the latter part of the 18th chapter of St. Matthew, 'Forgiveness.' How much does God forgive us! and should we not be ready to forgive those who trespass against us? How shall I describe my inward feelings? Oh, I am weak. I do not feel as if I could teach a child, or heartily recommend from experience to my friend the comfort of the Gospel. Now I feel so weak; but I trust the Lord will strengthen me and make me to know the love of Christ—to feel that His blood cleanseth from all sin. I am continually encompassed and tried with temptations. Each

desire after holiness, each attempt to pray, each space of time given to the reading of the Bible, while in God's holy temple, while united at the family altar, and while talking and writing on religious subjects, I feel a powerful influence in my heart opposing and striving against these means of grace. I trust the Lord will keep me, and fight against those who fight against me, and at last give me victory.

29*th.*—I have allowed my appetite to overcome me. I feel sorry. Conscience told me I was eating too much, as it ever reproves me when I do wrong, but I would not listen; the same sin I commit day after day, and always feel the same contrition.

Oh, when shall I overcome my infirmities? let me ask pardon of the Lord and pray for His aid.

March 9*th.*—Dreadful darkness am I in, prayers cold, heartless. After studying four verses of Scripture for some time, say half-an-hour, I could hardly remember them. I hate almost to go to bed feeling in this sad and wretched state. But cannot I trust in Christ who taketh away the sin of the world?

I received a gift from Mr. Fox, a letter, &c.: may I be thankful to God for his friendship.

13*th.*—Dark, sad, desponding, fearful. Alas! Oh, what a wicked heart I have; oh, how often I sin; oh, that the Lord would lift upon me the light of His countenance, but I deserve it not. Lord, increase my faith.

15*th, Sunday.*— Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the bondage of sin?

Heard a powerful sermon from Mr. Eastburn this afternoon, from the text 1 Cor. xvi. 22: 'If any man love

not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema, Maranatha.'

What shall I do?—for St. Paul says, he that loveth not the Lord Jesus shall be accursed. God will not accept half my heart, and I feel I have not given it all wholly to Him. Mr. E. said there was no point on which men more frequently deceived themselves.

16*th.*—I feel I must have a new heart before I can be saved. I daily pray for it. Because I have it not I am sad and sorrowful; I have no power of my own to love God. How can I pray to Him that my whole life may be spent to His glory, when I do not feel His love constraining me?

19*th.*—I feel a disinclination to seek after God, a vital principle seems to be wanting; a blank is within my heart. I do not think I pursue heaven as the great end and aim of my life.

Passed the evening in reading the Bible and prayer; feel strengthened and refreshed.

20*th.*—Attended our meeting, saw others rejoicing in the Lord, and I, to all appearance, rejoiced also. But I felt within my heart as if I was not one with them; an indescribable sort of feeling of darkness, distance from God pervades my heart. Yet a whisper from within says, Fear not, and I know not whether it is the Spirit's voice, or my wicked heart tempting me to rest satisfied with my low attainments. I do not go to my prayers with the joy and confidence of a child addressing a kind father; when on my knees a mist seems to enshroud me.

25*th.*—Oh, how far from God! How cold my love,

sadness and gloom fill my heart; my way is dark; prayers cold. I read my Bible without the spirit of devotion. But come, must I give up? Oh, that I loved God and could put all my trust in Him. I feel at times as if I should be overtaken with sudden ruin.

26*th.*—I do not seem willing to use the means of grace, and *strive* and *labour* after holiness. Would I felt more delight in prayer; but often now when I end I seem weaker than when I began.

April 10*th.*—Great alienation from God. Oh, what do I suffer! I sometimes think I am almost crazy. No faith, no love, no warmth in prayer; forgetfulness of God, overcome by temptations, sin openly against my judgment. What shall I do? A heavy weight rests on my heart—its burden is intolerable. Will the Lord cast off for ever?

Mother and sisters came into town to-day. They say, 'You look well,' and to all appearance I am well. But within!— blackness, darkness, sin.

11*th.*—Still in darkness. I can lift up my soul to God now and then at my business, but the door seems to be closed, and the spirit fled when I enter my room.

April 16*th.*—For the few last days have felt, I think, the power of religion. What is it? Is not man brought to know and love his Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier, by it? It unites to Christ the living Head. Sin often overcomes, it dwells in me, I see it in myself and in others. The heart is turned away from God. He is a God of love.

20*th.*—Wretchedly cold and dead to spiritual things.

21*st.*—Miserable, heartless, and dead.

22*nd.*—Still far from peace.

23*rd.*—Have less sadness, but may not be in a safer state. I have not a deep love to my Saviour.

24*th.*—How little power I have to overcome temptations! May I pray for more grace.

May 9*th.*—Light seems to be shining into my soul. I am justified by faith. For some time past I have felt as if I had not entirely resigned myself up to God; this has given me much fear and doubt, but can I expect to have this feeling of blessed trust and dependence on and in God at once? Is it not a progressive work? As I grow in age may I grow in grace and in the knowledge of God.

18*th.*—What shall I say? That darkness surrounds me? My soul is indeed dark; I seem to lack knowledge; I am subject to despondency. Do not feel that I am Christ's. Pray that I may be so in my room, but too often holy things are forgotten amidst the world's occupations.

24*th.*—I feel more the necessity of a change of heart, life and affection. Take great pleasure at Sunday-school. Listened to two sweet and comforting sermons. See sermon book, *May* 24*th.*

July 29*th.*—I fear I am not in a safe state. I do not love God with all my heart; and am continually disobeying His commands. My forgetfulness of Him, my coldness and deadness to all His mercies, convince me of condemnation. And now, who shall deliver me from this state? Jesus Christ. Ah! but where is my faith? Where is my deadness to the world? Reading the Bible is too often a task. Such is my unhappy state. May

He make me sensible of my wretched condition, and grant me faith and peace through Jesus Christ.

31*st.*—Have not read a line in my Bible to-day. Alas! I find my heart utterly turned away from serving the Lord. Would I seek Him by prayer? A sense of my sinfulness and my coldness of heart in a measure unfits me for the privilege. The Bible I have not taken as my treasure.

August 1*st.*—Perfectly wretched! Never, never have I experienced such dreadful coldness of heart towards God.

16*th.*—Sunday. Have just returned from Mr. Fox. Before I left he read a chapter in the Bible and prayed for God's blessing upon me, and also gave a book, *Witherspoon on Regeneration.* I was moved in his prayer, and I pray God to hearken and bless us. Returned home; prayed for a new heart, for I feel I need it. A heart to love God.

23*rd.*—The words of Jesus to His countrymen I fear apply to me, 'Ye will not come to me that ye may be saved.' I have not peace of mind. When in the house of God I feel a deadness to pray, and coldness of heart to Him. When teaching my Sunday scholars I find my heart is not (shall I say it?) truly touched with the love of Christ; when I feel a reluctance to confess Christ before the world, I groan in my spirit and fear I am undone. Thus my way is dark, I do not rest in Christ. He is not precious, because I do not *feel* the truth of the Bible. I cry daily, Lord, Lord, give me a new heart. Give me understanding and I shall live. But is it with my whole

heart that I cry; or is it only to satisfy conscience? Mr. Fox gave me a letter of advice this afternoon in answer to a note I sent him last Monday. I have read it over twice, and prayed to God to bless it to me and to bless him. I am a fallen creature; Christ, the Son of God, has died for me to save me from the wrath of God. God is in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them.

27*th.*—It is hard for me to write or think of the state of my soul, darkness overwhelms me. The conviction that I have no part in the religion of Jesus comes like a blight over my spirit. When I rise in the morning I feel such a languor that I with difficulty bring myself to the throne of grace, and then it requires exertion to pray for those things that are for my soul's good; it is a continual struggle, often. And when I have prayed, it is like a task that is done. I go forth to business, but I fear none would know me for a Christian by my works. I come home to dinner, and when I go into my room I fall down to thank God for His mercy in keeping me. With my lips I thank Him, but too often my heart is far from Him.

31*st.*—Desiring to know and love God more and better. I saw Mr. Fox this evening, but would not tell him my feelings. I think my heart is not truly converted. And notwithstanding this solemn thought my heart is cold. I seek the Lord earnestly.

Sept. 1*st.*—Have been reading again in *Witherspoon on Regeneration.* I fear I have not experienced a change of heart. Would that I had! I feel myself to be in great darkness. I desire to have a right apprehension of

God: that my duty may become my pleasure. When I went to see Lewis and prayed with him and read with him, the motive was not from true love to God, or else how could I feel such coldness? When I am in business, I am often ashamed to introduce religion to my friends.

I have been committing to memory the first part of the Gospel of St. Matthew. Almost every evening when I come home from the store, though tired, I go to my room to study it and pray. But often when I rise from prayer I am weaker than before.

4th. — Since I received Mr. Fox's letter I have been more diligent in the study of the Bible and more zealous in prayer, and I feel the effect in my daily walk. My thoughts are more heavenward; but alas! too earthly. In the morning I generally rise between five and six; learn a few verses in the Gospel of St. Matthew, and read and repeat that which I have before learnt; from fifteen to thirty minutes pray, and for half an hour for some days past; and I thank my Creator I have been permitted to pray in sincerity. So when I go forth to business I feel fresh, and glad, and light of heart. Then I am surrounded by vanity all the day long, and the fair and peaceful calm within is ruffled; so that I forget I am a stranger on earth, and I forget my Creator; so that when I come again to my room at evening, tired and weary, I am almost ready to give up in despair, that I should day after day seek God in the morning, deny Him in the day, or at least forget Him, and feel estranged from Him in the evening. But lately I have not felt so estranged from Him when

night came, but have gone to my room to ask Him to sanctify and bless me.

23*rd.*—The world seems to have got such a hold upon me that I am not able to tear myself from it. The example of others with whom I am daily thrown in contact so unfits me for my Master's service. My heart grows cold and cannot realize the promises.

Dec. 14*th.*—To-morrow, if I am spared, I enter my twenty-first year.

CHAPTER IV.

1841—1843.

GROWTH IN GRACE—ILLNESS—DECIDES FOR THE SECOND TIME TO STUDY FOR THE MINISTRY—REMARKABLE OUTPOURING OF THE SPIRIT DURING PASSION-WEEK.

THE season of spiritual darkness with which the last chapter closed, continued for some time, but was succeeded by a period of greater peace, and his journal during the years 1842 and 1843 furnishes evidence of a pleasing progress, though neither rapid nor thorough.

In the winter of 1841 he was attacked with typhus fever, and brought very near to the borders of the grave. The illness continued for some weeks, during which time I had the opportunity of being with him daily, and the privilege of nursing him at nights. From this illness he slowly recovered, and shortly after, his thoughts of the ministry revived,

but I prefer allowing him to speak for himself in his own words. The following is an extract from a document which he wrote, and which contains a brief but interesting record of his early life, as well as his thoughts on the important subject of the ministry. I should like to publish it entire, but having the wholesome fear before my eyes of falling into that common error, the making biographies too long, I must content myself with such extracts as are likely to be most useful. I cannot but think that the following passages ought to be very instructive and edifying to any young man who has thoughts of studying for the ministry:—

THOUGHTS OF THE MINISTRY.

* * * * *

I think it was want of faith which made me give up my previous plan; I felt my weakness and inability, and did not feel assured I was called of God; and now I do not feel assured within, that it is the course of Providence. When I do, oh, may He give me grace gladly to leave all to follow Him!

I continued in business till the early part of November 1841, when I was taken with a severe sickness, which brought me near the grave: for more than a week I was dangerously ill. I recovered very slowly, and remained in the city till the first of February, when I came to Goshen. During my recovery I had thoughts again of giving up business and studying for the ministry; these

thoughts were strengthened by friends who visited me. From this time to the present the subject has been on my mind a source of anxiety. I spoke of my thoughts of the ministry to Mr. Fox and my sister, Mrs. Lindley Hoffman; felt much more cheerful, and returned with an intention of endeavouring to ascertain if the ministry was my course of duty. * * * My spiritual condition gives me more cause to doubt my duty to study than anything else. I feel a want of an intelligent belief in the truths of the Bible,—a belief that shall affect my heart and my understanding. I want to be enabled to say, 'I *know* whom I have believed,' 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' No matter what others may think of me, I must have this inward witness, before I can have peace. This I desire to have, and have earnestly prayed for it; but till I have it, till I feel the love of Christ constraining me, I have fears that it is presumption in me to dare to presume to preach the Gospel: and yet at the same time the thought arises, study and the necessary preparation, evidences of Christianity, yes, all the preparatory studies before ordination would, I trust, settle my mind, confirm my faith, and be a blessed means of enabling me to preach from my heart the Gospel of Truth. Now I feel so ignorant and weak in faith, as often scarcely to be able to teach a scholar, or recommend religion to a friend. Even in partaking of the communion I have suffered much distress of mind from my little faith; fearing I was an unworthy partaker, and that God would visit me with some grievous judgment, and that I might be eating and drinking damnation to myself.

In visiting the poor I could not talk and point to them the way of peace, and tell them where to find true riches. In affliction, too, the Christian's part is to comfort the mourners and console the afflicted; but I have felt great need of power and strength so to do,—to speak from a heart feeling the truth it was speaking. I wish to have a burning love to the Saviour; to have a realizing sense of what He has done for my soul, and for all the world, and long to tell others of it, and lead others to Him, and then I should feel better able to preach, warn, and exhort. When I was in business I used to think, if I had more time I would increase in holiness, study the Bible more, and pray more. But I look back to those days as days of far more peace and joy of heart and heavenly-mindedness than I have now; for notwithstanding I have the whole day at my disposal, my time is squandered away, and the hours bring remorse to my mind as they pass away unimproved. So I find that a removal from the cares and duties of business is not sufficient to ensure us peace, we must have the *heart* to love God and do His will. * * * The preparatory study required also gives me trouble lest I should be unable to accomplish it. The Latin and Greek I have lately commenced,—in the latter having been somewhat interrupted—besides studying frequently. When I felt great languor of body I have found it difficult to make progress. I have felt a fulness about my head, and much languor of the whole body, and dulness of mind. * * * It is true the study would be long and difficult, but if I am thus enabled to do good in the world in after life, more

than perhaps in any other station, though it cost seven years if I live, what a moment is that, compared with eternity; and if there is no doubt but that in that time, I may be fitted for the ministry, shall the required labour prevent?

This study will also bring its own reward, of improving my mind. I think I have a heart that is easily touched with the wants of others, and if I had but the ability to relieve others, it is always my pleasure to do so; so that in the ministry if I felt the great spiritual wants of my people, I think my heart would be fully drawn out towards them, to lead and guide them to the Saviour; if I only feel and realise in my own heart the Saviour's love, and God's goodness and mercy, which I trust diligent study of the Bible and other means will impart to me through God's blessing upon them. I do not think I shall ever make a preacher of talent or one to stand high in literary attainments, but I rather hope to do good in a quiet way, by a humble walk and conversation and steady perseverance to win souls. Study would require much self-denial: at my age to be going over the rudiments of the languages, and day by day passing my time mostly in my room in study, when I have been for so long a time accustomed to be out in the open air and in active business would be very trying. But if I can keep in mind the *end*, the greater ability to serve God my Creator, and remember the reward of them who turn many to righteousness; if I can feel I am advancing in knowledge temporal and spiritual, then I shall not be likely to be cast down, or easily discouraged.

If I have a firm conviction in my heart, that God has called me to this work, and that I seek it not from any other motive than that of glorifying Him, I shall do well, and this will be a support, and shield me in and from temptation. * * * The study for the ministry would be more congenial to my feelings than the business of life. Its studies would all tend to the great end of life,—knowledge of God, and preparation for eternity. In business I am labouring day after day for money: mind and body are thus occupied. But in the ministry I seek not the wealth of this world, but that treasure which endureth to eternal life. In business I am surrounded by the ungodly, and their spirit is contagious; I must hear the name of God blasphemed, and mingle with many who are spending their lives in trifles. In the ministry I shall be delivered from these drawbacks. I have now little knowledge, and small ability to argue, reason, and resist the mighty current which meets me in business. My prospects if I do not study for the ministry are very fair. * * *

At present I imagine that neither my mind nor body is in a robust or healthy state. My constitution would be more tried in the ministry than in either of the other spheres. I do not know exactly the amount of labour it would require for the ministry, and therefore am unable to judge whether or not I could bear it. Certainly not having a strong constitution is an objection. * * * But is it likely I shall have an understanding heart after study? Have I not neglected, and do I not now neglect, many opportunities of improvement? Yes; and if so, what reason have I to hope I shall be more zealous hereafter?

* * * * When I look at myself, and my own weakness for the ministry, I am completely discouraged, and my heart fails within me. And supposing I had commenced my studies, I imagine the thought will arise, 'How much more useful you might have been in business, if only you had used the means of grace, and consecrated all your goods to God; that was a sphere more fitting for you; it was the sphere for which you were educated, and for which your abilities were more fitted;' and St. Paul says, 'Let every man abide in the same calling wherein he was called.' On the other hand, if in business, I imagine myself saying with regret, 'See how the years are passing away; all this time you might have been cultivating your mind, and improving your understanding; and though without brilliant talents, would you not, by study and patience, have acquired sufficient knowledge, and your mind become settled and habituated to study: so that in time you would have become a useful minister, having an understanding heart?' Also, my own ease and my own comfort being on the side of business, if this should be my decision, I should fear that the cross had been refused, and if I had chosen I might have overcome the difficulties in my path to the ministry, but I thought it too hard, and I loved my ease and comfort too well; and I remember the words of Christ, 'He that leaveth not all and followeth after me, is not worthy of me.' I fear I have loved the world too well to give up all.

So I am pulled first one way, and then another, and come to no determination.

July 28th, 1842.—The foregoing I gave to Mr. Fox to read to-day. He said I had expressed my views fully, he expressed his satisfaction, and saw no objection to my studying for the ministry; and that once having decided to do so, I should give myself no further anxiety, but look upon my way as ordered by God, and that I was called by the Spirit.

Sufficient time has now elapsed for me to decide. I have prayed for God's guidance; no obstacle prevents; but, on the other hand, my own feelings, and the circumstances of my former life, all seem to point to that road as the path of God's appointment. Let me, then, set apart next Sunday as a day of final decision with regard to this weighty matter. The opinions of others should not weigh too much upon me, but let me rather look to God my Creator. 'The ways of man are before the eyes of the Lord, and He pondereth all his goings.' 'Trust ye in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.' 'He that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal.' 'If God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?' 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee. The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me.' (Heb. xiii. 5, 6.) 'Seeing Him who is invisible.' As an immortal being, and as I shall be judged in the last day, let me look at the subject before me. The Bible declares we are not our own, we are bought with a price. God so loved the world, as to give His Son to die for us that we might live. Then, as a Christian, my life should be de-

voted to my Saviour, who has bought me with His own blood. I am God's by creation and redemption — I think from my youth I have seen, and can trace, the leadings of Providence. In my early youth I heard a call to the work, throughout my boyhood it was heard; and now at manhood, and with these feelings, can I, dare I, draw back? Though blind, and ignorant, and weak, and sinful, as I feel myself to be, if it is the will of the Most High, He is able to strengthen, and mighty to help. His will be done, not mine.

The circumstances of my life seem so to direct, as I said: In childhood, and youth, and manhood, I have heard this call. The way seems open before me, and no obstacle of sufficient importance to prevent, opposes itself. My friend, Mr. Fox, thinks the spiritual condition of one who has this holy office in view, ought to be deeply considered, and to be a question of the first importance. With regard to my own case he has answered it satisfactorily; so also has the Rev. Mr. Spencer, who said he had no doubt of it. For myself I trust I shall feel more deeply the truths of the Bible, and as I grow in age grow in grace.

My health I have considered, and also consulted with friends, and do not think this should prevent. My studies, though long and difficult, should not prevent; for let me remember the reward of those who turn many to righteousness. And then, besides, life is short, and labour is the doom of man; and here I labour for the Lord; here I am spending my life in a good work, working out my own salvation, and helping others; and what though I have not the ease of the man of wealth; what though many a

sad and bitter hour is past in labour of study, and constant exertion through life is required, time is short, and 'there remaineth a rest for the people of God?'

I have considered the claims of my mother and sisters, and the duties I owe to my family, and do not find that they interfere with my study for the ministry.

I look upon my present profession (a merchant) as one in which success was quite uncertain: it is uncongenial to my feelings, and with my thoughts and feelings towards the ministry as they have been, I feel an instinctive dread of going again to it.

I have the temporal means to prepare myself, as far as learning goes; my mother and friends make no objection.

So I see not but that the way is clear; I have prayed for direction, my friends have done so, and I know not anything to prevent my deciding for the ministry, trusting to God.

Such was the spirit and such were the motives under the influence of which Colden Hoffman devoted himself to the sacred office of the ministry of the Gospel. Here were no worldly aims, no mixed motives, no self-seeking, but a simple, entire surrender of himself to the service of Christ, involving much self-sacrifice, a loss of good worldly prospects, and a life of trial; the first instalment of which was, the laborious study it required to prepare him for the sacred office.

It will be seen, however, that with all his sin-

cerity, deep piety, watchfulness over his own spirit, and singleness of eye, he had never yet obtained that settled peace for which he so greatly longed. During the whole of his past life, he had been striving and struggling, warring against inward corruption, seeking after God, but he had never obtained full assurance, either of his having been born again or of his being a child of God. He had not yet received the spirit of adoption whereby we cry Abba, Father; he had not been thoroughly delivered from the spirit of bondage.

The time, however, was now approaching when God was about to vouchsafe to him this blessing.

There are many persons who profess to believe in the Holy Ghost, who never expect anything from Him; this is practical unbelief, under the cover of a nominal profession of religion: and when God does pour out of His Spirit, in a marked and unmistakeable manner, into the hearts of any of His people, such persons are the first to make an outcry of enthusiasm, weakness of mind, and so forth. But wisdom is justified of her children, notwithstanding the carping spirit and ridicule of the world.

Colden Hoffman, from the period of dedicating himself for the second time to the ministry, on the 7th August, 1842, had been going on steadily with his studies, and the records of his journal present

us with a much more cheerful and satisfactory tone of mind. He resolved, during Lent 1843, and more especially in Passion-week, to devote himself very much to the study and contemplation of the person and work of the Lord Jesus Christ, especially His sufferings and death, set forth at that time.

On the 14th March he writes :—

Great peace, indeed, has been granted me for some time past—great comfort in the Bible. Enabled to speak and talk of the love of God, and on religious subjects, with more freedom. My heart and mouth have been opened.

But it was at the conclusion of Passion-week, that he seems to have been most conscious of the precious gift which had been conferred upon him by the Spirit of God ; he then writes :—

Saturday Night.— Oh, how wonderfully has my mind been enlightened this week ! I sought the Lord ; He has been near to bless me. How much more I know of Christ than I did when the week commenced ! Sure never before has Christ been so near. He is verily at my right hand. In prayer, He listens : the enemy He casts down under my feet, that he rises not up. In prayer, I hold communion with God. What ! the world give any peace like this ? They are blind, foolish, ignorant. Christ has redeemed me ; and He who has redeemed me will also guide me unto death. Be still, my soul ! my mouth is filled with joy, my lips with rejoicing. Let my mouth be

filled with Thy praise and with Thy honour all the day. 'I will lay me down in peace, for the Lord maketh me to dwell in safety. I will make mention of Thy righteousness, even of Thine only.'

On Easter Sunday he writes:—

Peacefully, yea joyfully, I walked to church, joined with fervour in the praises and prayers of the service, and went to the Sacrament which Jesus commanded to be received joyfully and peacefully. I wept to see so many turn away. I stretched out my hand to receive the bread, and drink of the wine: it was sweeter than honey to my mouth, I felt too it was the blood of the testimony. Christ has bought heaven for me with His blood. This is a means of santification, Christ will bless it; to us He has said, Do this in remembrance of me. * * *

Oh, how wonderfully are the Scriptures opening to me!

Spent the evening till eight in my study in sweet religious conversation about Christ, talking with E——. Then spent three-quarters of an hour with an old woman; in her room were four others with whom I went over the account of Christ's sufferings and death, talking plainly to them of Christ's love; some wept, I then prayed extemporaneously. So wonderfully did the Lord strengthen me; then some time at Fox's, spent in sweet conversation and prayer, in which my soul was much drawn out. This has indeed been a joyous day.

Monday.—Rose at half-past five. Church as usual; still advancing. After church occupied three hours in collecting Scripture together; full of hope, joy, love, faith,

knowing that Christ has died to save me! I am indeed a new man. I cannot keep my joy within myself.

Tuesday.—Wonderful indeed is the work of God. Rose at half-past five; was bold, and gave glory to God. Ran, as it were, as soon as dressed, to prayer; peaceful and happy, heaven seemed open to my veiw.

Four months after this gracious experience had taken place he wrote the following record :—

A year ago yesterday, I chose, and I humbly believe God's own Spirit led me to choose, the ministry for my profession. Like Abraham of old I knew not what was before me, but trusted in God; pursued diligently my studies in the winter and advanced well in them, and towards the spring God most graciously and wonderfully revealed Himself to me; opened my eyes to behold His love in redeeming me; teaching me what man could never teach me; giving me the spirit of adoption to cry Abba, Father; and so was I filled with joy and peace in believing, that my body could not bear up against the raptures of my love, but sunk in weakness under them, so that I was obliged to go to the country and recruit my strength.

I have no hesitation in giving utterance to the conviction, that this was a real and very effectual work of the Spirit of God upon his heart, a gracious and experimental revelation of Christ to his soul. It was attended, it is true, with a degree of excitement, which I well remember made me somewhat

uneasy at the time, and I find amongst his papers letters from both Bishop Eastburn and myself, with cautions to him, which at that time seemed expedient.

But if it be admitted that there was somewhat of human infirmity mixed up with the remarkable shower of Divine grace which descended upon his soul at that time, what is this but to recognise the truth, that the crystal fountain will partake of the impurity of the earthy channel through which it flows?

Looking back upon this deeply interesting period of his life, with the advantage of being able to study it in connexion with the subsequent years of his life, I would give the following reasons for the conviction I have expressed, that the very remarkable change which took place in his feelings and experience, and which was looked upon at the time with suspicion by many and with contempt by others, was a true and most precious outpouring of God's Spirit upon his soul.

I. In the first place, he had long been seeking for it by earnest prayer. He was conscious that there was a want in his soul which had never been supplied; a craving which had never been satisfied. He doubted whether he had ever been born again of the Spirit; communion with God and the means of grace yielded him not that comfort and refresh-

ment which he desired; he was deeply conscious of the alienation of his heart from God, and the power of sin over his soul. He felt that he had never received the Spirit of adoption; that the Spirit had never witnessed with his own spirit that he was a child of God.

For these things he earnestly and perseveringly prayed; and what is it but unbelief to express surprise, that our prayer-hearing God should vouchsafe them to him, in His own way and at His own time?

II. In the next place, I express my conviction that this was a work of the Spirit of God, because he kept so close to the written word. Colden Hoffman ever reverenced and loved 'God's word written.' And when this wonderful illumination lighted up his soul with new life and light, it was not the strange light of his own heated imagination or enthusiastic temperament, but the light was the light of God's word, and the truths he rejoiced in were the old truths written therein. Both for the doctrine which he held, and for the rule of his life, he kept close to the Scriptures.

Thus was he preserved from self-sufficiency, from fanaticism, from the delusions of the enemy of souls, and from straying into false paths.

III. In the next place, the source of it was real.

He was not carried away by any foolish fancies or wild imaginations, but that which stirred his soul from its innermost foundation,—that which overwhelmed his spirit with such an ecstasy of joy, was a cause worthy of it. For it was first a believing view of Christ, crucified and slain, and then of his own sure interest in Him, which imparted such joy to his soul. And I would ask, Is not this a cause worthy of the greatest joy? Shall we set any bounds to that gladness of heart, which flows forth when the Spirit takes of the things of Christ and shows them to the soul; when he who has long gone mourning, obtains for the first time that sense of pardon and peace through the blood of the Cross, which gives him the assurance of faith; and when the Spirit of adoption is shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost given unto him?

IV. And, lastly, the impressions which he experienced at that time were not transient; although the excitement which he felt passed off, as was natural,—nay, necessary, yet the blessing remained with him, even to the end of his days. It produced solid, substantial, and abiding fruits of grace; instead of complaining as in times past that the reading of the word was a burthen, that it yielded him no comfort, henceforth he was able to exclaim with the Psalmist, 'Oh, how love I Thy law, it is my

meditation all the day; how sweet are Thy words unto my taste, yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth.' No one charges David with enthusiasm for this language, yet the words and the feelings of Colden Hoffman were very similar; instead of feeling the alienation of his heart from God, and complaining of coldness in prayer and his unwillingness to approach the throne of grace, he now henceforth found his chief joy and comfort in real communion with God, for he had received the spirit of adoption, and was able to cry to Him Abba, Father, with the tender affection and simple confidence of a child.

Henceforth, moreover, all the graces of the Spirit shone more brightly in his life and conversation; even his countenance was lighted up with joy and peace; it imparted to his features a heavenly expression, and to his conversation a refreshing unction, which made all who came in contact with him realize that he was indeed a man of God, and one who had been much in close intercourse with Jesus.

Such was his happy experience, and it ought to encourage every anxious and mourning soul, every one who feels an aching void the world can never fill, every one who is discouraged by wearisome and unsuccessful contests with sin, every one who has no assurance of pardon and reconciliation with God; every one who is longing for closer communion, and

a nearer approach to him, every one who sighs for the Spirit of adoption and a gracious revelation of God's love to his soul, to keep on praying and striving more and more, till the day when God shall be pleased to reveal Himself as He does not to the world; and which, as sure as He is a prayer-hearing God, as sure as He is the God of truth, He will vouchsafe in His own way, measure and time, to every soul that seeks Him perseveringly and with the whole heart.

I may here mention, that having left America in the spring of 1844, my communication with Colden Hoffman was for the next sixteen years confined to correspondence.

CHAPTER V.

1845—1848.

ENTERS THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, ALEXANDRIA — HIS CAREER AND CHARACTER WHILST THERE — TESTIMONY FROM HIS FELLOW-STUDENTS.

COLDEN HOFFMAN, having gone through a preparatory course of study, entered the Theological Seminary of Alexandria, Fairfax county, Virginia, in the autumn of 1845.

Apart from the Collegiate institutions for secular studies in the United States, there exist, in connexion with the Protestant Episcopal Church, a number of theological seminaries, for the preparation of candidates for Holy Orders. The most prominent of these, from its numbers and locality, is the Theological Seminary, New York. A strenuous effort was made by the late Bishop Onderdonk to constrain Colden Hoffman to pursue his theological studies at that seminary; which he re-

sisted, however, from the conviction he entertained, that in the College at Alexandria he would find more sympathy, and fewer impediments to his progress in the divine life.

As is natural, nay, almost unavoidable, each of the theological seminaries is more or less tinged by the pervading influence of some particular school of theology: that of Alexandria has always been distinctively Protestant and Evangelical, and on this account Colden Hoffman deliberately selected it, as being in harmony with his own maturely-adopted principles of religion. There is another feature by which this institution used to be distinguished, and which will speak more loudly in its praise than words could do; and that is, the striking fact, that nearly all the foreign missionaries in connexion with the Episcopal Church were graduates of the Alexandria seminary. There prevailed in that institution a remarkable missionary spirit, which exercised a powerful influence on the students; so that many of them were led, whilst there, to select the self-denying office of missionaries to the heathen before they were ready for ordination.

When we consider how great is the tendency of educational institutions to degenerate from that high tone of spiritual religion which ought to be aimed at, especially in theological seminaries; how

often the errors of the day, whether in the direction of superstition or infidelity, take root there, poisoning the fountain-head from whence we have to draw our supplies of men for the ministry; the high standard which the theological seminary in Alexandria maintained during so many years, and, I believe, still maintains, is both remarkable and greatly to be admired.

At the time when Colden Hoffman entered this institution it was presided over by the Rev. Dr. Sparrow, Professor of Systematic Divinity—a man well qualified, by his intellectual and spiritual attainments, for the post which he filled; and to his earnest and wise administration may its remarkable prosperity at that period be mainly traced. He was not content with a merely perfunctory discharge of duties; much less with a course of dry and formal theology; but whilst he aimed at imparting sound learning, it was always in connexion with experimental religion, fervent piety, and distinctively evangelical teaching. His aim was to send forth into the Church men wise to win souls; workmen that needed not to be ashamed, able rightly to divide the word of truth. And he well knew that dry theology alone would never qualify them for this; that they must have an unction from the Holy One, which could only be obtained by living

Word. Satan would love to have men deceive themselves, and trust that all is right, when the one thing is wanting; and it is a cunning device of his to mingle his followers and the Lamb's together; so that, through his manifold snares and temptations, their souls may be ruined. The line of demarcation is plainly marked out in the Word. 'If a man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of His.' 'To be carnally minded is death:' 'Ye must be born again,' &c.; but in the world you hardly can tell who are Christ's and who are not, for they who profess to be His are so frequently found among the ranks of His enemy. May it be our aim to live, as St. Paul did, by faith in the Son of God. May we be enabled to say with St. Peter, 'Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee.'

It was one o'clock before church was over; the sermon was long, powerful, and interesting. What a blessing such a man is to the Church and to the world! Dinner at quarter past one, only vegetables, potatoes, rice, bread, &c. Have been in my room since. To love Jesus more; to have more faith and love; to be more conformed to His image, is my desire. The means whereby this is to be effected is the Word of God, through prayer and the teaching of the Holy Spirit. Thus am I taught by that Word; may I have grace to follow its teachings, or I shall be condemned, and left without excuse. * * * Thus, dear mother, have I spent some of the hours of the day. I have kept the fast, not by wholly abstaining from food; and it has been blessed to me, and I trust to others. Our private class-meeting had a good effect on us, and I should not be surprised if we held one weekly after the Faculty Meeting. * * * * *

Theological Seminary, Oct. 23rd, 1845.

My dear Mother,

I am expecting the bell to ring in a few minutes for the Faculty Meeting, and these few minutes I give to you. * * * Just come from the Meeting, it was very solemn; Dr. Sparrow first spoke on the utter blindness and ignorance of those who sought the ministry merely as a profession. They know not what they ask. To the spiritually-minded man it is a work akin to angels', but it is anything but a life of happiness to him who has not been converted and born of the Holy Ghost, and called of God to His work. The motive of self-aggrandizement, too, often influenced men; it did James and John of old, when they came asking to sit on Christ's right hand and on His left. If such was the case then, how much more likely now! Dr. May followed, and continued to speak of James and John; their ignorance of the sufferings they were to endure, the baptism of sorrow, and the cup of bitterness they were to drink—humility how desirable! Mr. Packard enlarged on the latter head with very much power, force, and energy, bringing many texts to bear on it, and many examples for imitation; chiefly Him who, being rich, yet for our sakes became poor. It is an eternal truth, that God resisteth the proud and giveth grace to the humble. Closed with a hymn and prayer by Mr. Packard.

During his collegiate course he kept a very voluminous journal, consisting of several volumes of manuscript: the following extracts will further illustrate his life and character at this period:—

JOURNAL.

Dec. 18*th*, 1846.

Theological Seminary, Virginia.— Have risen this morning in peace, with a thankful sense of God's mercy. Yesterday in Mr. Packard's recitation the doctrine of election came up. It seems taught in Scripture, and yesterday afternoon I occupied myself for an hour and more in collecting texts on the subject. When I look back at my own life, the commencement and progress of my religious walk seem most satisfactorily accounted for by God's calling and choice of me above. It seems difficult to account for it on any other grounds: and if so, should I not take courage; for whom He calls, them He also justifies; and whom He justifies, them He also glorifies? But let me give diligence to make my calling and election sure.

19*th.*— The close of the week finds me in health and peace. To-morrow I visit Mr. Bolton's station, and address the coloured school, and perhaps take charge of it permanently. I ask God's direction, and shall hope for His blessing. I desire to live for Christ. I feel I have a sinful nature, and would be wholly renewed; would have more of the spirit of adoption, confidence, and love.

Sunday, Dec. 20*th.*— God has upheld and blessed me to-day. Went to Arlington station; taught a class and talked to the assembled coloured school. Oh, that I could feel more deeply what I say and teach! Received an invitation to address a Sunday-school in Georgetown at Christmas; almost fear to accept, but yet would not decline. May God direct me, and strengthen me. If I

am His, and this invitation is from Him, will He not uphold and bless me in it?

Dec. 21*st.*—God gave me grace to propose this morning, to the members of my class, a prayer-meeting, to be held in the evening, as the session was near its close, and some were going away. All met at a little past seven in my room. Quick conducted the meeting, and we were truly blessed. Wiley, Quick, and myself, made some remarks. Wheeler, Smith, and myself, led in prayer. I proposed at the close that we should open the session after our recess with a similar meeting, which was acceded to. God blessed me in three visits to the poor this afternoon. I must trust His strength to address the children at Georgetown at Christmas.

* * * * Have been on my knees and asked God's mercy and blessing. To know Jesus in His holy life is of great value. I think of taking a certain portion of that life and looking at it, meditating upon it, and writing out my meditations. Perhaps the best time will be early in the morning; let me rise at five. I could then have a full hour. (O Lord, grant me Thy grace.) I am apt to fall into these things as matters of business; without deriving real spiritual life from them. Oh, that I might walk with Jesus, knowing and loving Him! My heart is ready to break; it cries out, it groans. I find a law in my members warring against the law of my mind. O Jesus, help me; may I walk humbly with Thee! * * *

Monday, Jan. 4*th,* 1847.—Rose at half-past six, and pursued with comfort and satisfaction my plan of writing and meditating on the Saviour's life. At half-past nine had

an interesting meeting of our class for prayer and religious conversation, in which we were blessed.

* * * * *

5th.—The Lord has given me His grace to-day. I have felt comforted and blessed. Rose at five o'clock; enabled to discharge my duties.

7th.—Rose at six. Have been upheld in my duties, but want a sense of God's presence, a peaceful mind, faith and confidence.

Sunday, 10*th.*—Corruption has the advantage; my sins are too strong for me. I have made little preparation for my important duties in the Sunday-school. In myself I am perfect weakness; to whom but to Jesus shall I look? It is Communion Sunday. Half past-nine P.M. Spoke with no unction in Sunday-school; was unfeeling and dead in church. * * * Started late to my station at Arlington, going with a heavy heart. When a mile on the way fell through the ice, and returned. Spent the afternoon in my room, reading and meditating on the Word; and here my strength revived, and I was comfortable. I called on God and He helped me. Enjoyed the evening prayers. I pray that the Lord may strengthen me to walk uprightly this week; without Him I can do nothing.

Saturday, Jan. 30*th*, 1847.—Rose at six. God has blessed me this day; yea, all the week, putting into my mind good desires, and giving me grace to bring them to good effect. He blessed me with regard to the Sunday-school; in my visits to the poor; at the Professor's; in my daily duties; in health; in intercourse with my

brethren. May I rise in peace on the Lord's Day, strengthened for my duties.

Feb. 11th, 1847.—I am thankful to have risen at five minutes after five, and thus had time to seek the Lord by prayer and His Word. Lord, grant me Thy peace. God has blessed me to-day; found the Word very precious while meditating on it with Johnson in the afternoon. Very solemn Faculty meeting. A private Missionary meeting was held in Storr's room before it.

Sunday, March 14th.— Rose in peace at six; not early enough; performed my duties in Sunday-school with some satisfaction, but should have felt more warmth and zeal; and in church too, too cold. The Lord gave me His grace and blessing in going to Arlington, while there in Sunday-school, and in returning.

Friday, March 25th.—Again found pleasure in prayer on my return from Church. O Father, make me to rejoice in knowing that Thou art my Father, and my portion for ever!

Easter Morning, April 4th, 1847.—'Bless the Lord, O my soul!' Woke at three, and rose to pray to God. Woke again at twenty minutes to five and rose, and found sweet pleasure in prayer and praise. My heart is attuned to the day. I find that of others is not so; and mine is saddened; it requires grace to exercise charity to them, and keep my own spirit calm and peaceful. God blessed me yesterday in all my ways,—morning, noon, and night. In the afternoon visited some poor families.

10 P.M.—Have felt greatly blessed all day; had freedom and self-command in Sunday-school, and spoke

with some earnestness. Blessed in church: could have desired more warmth of feeling at the communion.

April 13*th.*—I feel that sin dwelleth in me. A day or deed can scarcely pass without my perceiving things undone which ought to be done, or done which ought not to be done. Sin mingles with all. Should I not learn then to look out of myself for justification, to Jesus? The law says, 'Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them.' 'I know that in me,' says St. Paul, 'dwelleth no good thing.' 'The just shall live by faith.' The law calls me cursed, but Christ has redeemed me from that curse, being made a curse for me.

April 15*th.*—Rose at half-past five. The Lord has blessed me to-day in all things. Had a missionary meeting in my rooms; about a dozen of the students present. J. A. Stone read a letter he had received from Mr. Payne in Africa, in which he speaks of members of the junior and middle classes coming out as catechists, pursuing their studies, and then being ordained, thus trying their qualifications of mind and body, and the climate. I have spread the letter before the Lord, and asked His guidance and counsel. I feel a willingness to go if duty so directs.

16*th.*—Rose about five. Found pleasure in my devotions. God blessed me in my ways; and in the prayer-meeting this evening at Mr. Southerland's, enabling me to open my mouth and speak.

17*th, Saturday.*—A day full of sweet mercies. My soul has been upheld by grace. Rose at a quarter to six. Blessed and directed in all my ways. My enemy has

been watchful, but the Lord has not let him triumph. Especially blessed in visiting Mr. D. who promised to seek the Lord. Yet imperfection marks all I do:—to show me that in Jesus alone is my righteousness to be found.

April 23rd.—Have risen for two or three days past at a quarter past five, much to my peace and comfort. God has upheld and blessed me to-day; went to the prayer-meeting as usual at Mr. Southerland's, and felt much freedom in speaking and prayer. I would I could feel the truth I spoke more deeply and more seriously. * *

June 17th, 1847.—Though I have not had that sweet sense of God's favour and love for some days past, yet His providence and grace to me gave me no reason to doubt it. It is my own infirmity, not the failing of His love. Was in town this afternoon, and felt myself peculiarly blessed in two or three special respects. Overtook Dr. Sparrow and rode back with him; reached in time for our Missionary meeting, and God gave me grace to say a word in season that warmed our hearts. With one exception the meeting was composed of members of our class. The Faculty meeting followed, and the Spirit of the Lord was with us. Dr. May and Mr. Packard both spoke with great unction on the subject of giving ourselves to the Lord: 'They gave *themselves* unto the Lord,' says St. Paul. On returning to my room I again offered myself to the Lord and prayed Him to accept me; to make me, and do with me, as seemed good in His sight.

Goshen, August 4th.—Rose at twenty minutes past five. Oh, that I had more peace and quiet trust in God!

Have commenced to be active in His service; though I have been here only a week, I am invited to the Society to-night. I am not exactly clear as to the propriety of my going, fearing it will be gay. I pray for grace to glorify God. I feel so weak in faith and knowledge, so unfit to be a minister and teacher of the will and Word of God; so much sin, pride, selfishness, and unholiness in my heart, such dulness, and sloth, and inactivity of mind that I am sad and sick at heart. God be merciful to me and direct me. I fear I have been deceiving myself in preparing for the ministry; so weak and unfitted do I feel for its responsibilities. If I dared to make my own plans bright ones, I could make and seek, but I leave my ways and lot to God. O God, have mercy upon me and lead me, and grant me grace to serve Thee.

6*th*.—Have experienced much uneasiness of mind and melancholy during the past week; have taken so little interest in reading the Scriptures, in prayer, and in the active duties of visiting the sick and poor; planned very well, but how to perform I found not.

December 15*th*, 1847.—My twenty-eighth birthday—twenty-eight years! May all their sins be washed away in Thy blood, blessed Saviour! May all their mercies be gathered together; that I may behold their abundance and be melted to love, strengthened in faith, and confirmed in hope!

Notwithstanding all my sins and ill deserts, great indeed have been the blessings I have enjoyed; nothing but blessings, of health and wealth, social blessings—in respect of my teachers and their love and confidence—

sweet intercourse with Christian friends—the abiding love of all at home—privileges and opportunities of mental improvement, of spiritual growth. The Lord has made me His messenger to the sick and dying, and permitted me to speak a word in season to those who were weary. My mind is enlarged, my influence increased, I am enabled to discharge my duties in study and writing; as my day, so has my strength been.

In the missionary cause my influence has been felt; the little meeting before Faculty meeting is more fully attended than ever; Sunday-school prospers; the Religious Improvement Society flourishes, a spirit of brotherly love pervades the Institution—many a sweet hour of prayer have I enjoyed with my brethren. Many a time has the Lord met me on the road, and, revealing Himself to me, said, Fear not, I am with thee. Dear Saviour, forgive my ingratitude, my murmuring, my doubts and fears; may Thy blood be for my atonement; seal me with Thy Holy Spirit; forgive my pride, and make me humble; help me for the time to come; I am not wise enough for my own direction, guide me by Thy counsel, I need it now: prepare me for Thy service and appoint my lot for me. Not my will but Thine be done; and may I have this spirit, and be contented with the position Thou shalt give me, saying, It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good. Thou art full of love, and I know I am safe in it. Thy favour is life, hold me in the hollow of Thy hand. * * * * Lord, let Thy presence go with me: Thou orderest and rulest all things, and Thou canst make my way plain before my face. Oh, may I be wholly given to

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Thee and Thy service. Hitherto hast Thou kept me, still guard me; oh, preserve me from all my enemies, let me not perish, give me grace and wisdom.

Give me a right judgment in all things. Give me that earthly portion which Thou seest best. O Lord, Thou knowest my wants, I shrink from trouble; Thy love will not shrink to lay it on me; no, no, do not, blessed Lord. I desire sweet temporal comforts:—Thy love will not grant them if hurtful; no, withhold them, blessed Saviour. Make me to see Thy truth plainly; enlighten my mind with the full blaze of the Gospel, and give me heavenly wisdom, and, at the same, a due and abounding portion of humility and meekness; that I may lay all at Thy feet, saying, 'Not unto me, not unto me, but unto Thy name give glory.' Thy grace and power are great, and Thou canst bring strong things out of the weak. Keep me unspotted from the world; bear as Thou hast ever done with my infirmities, and let me not doubt Thy love. Be Thou precious, and make Thy word sweet, Thy children dear, Thy work pleasant, Thy service a delight. Great is Thy love that bears with such a polluted servant as I. Jesus! lay Thy hand upon me, and assure me still of Thy dear love; come and abide with me. Forgive my pride and root it out, and make me humble like Thyself. * * * *

January 4th, 1848.—Determined by the grace of God not to go to Washington, but keep the day by fasting and prayer, and waiting on the Lord. Rose at half-past five, and found liveliness and faith in prayer, and I seem to feel that the Lord is with me. To-day I would return from my wanderings to the gracious Shepherd. I would ask His

guidance for my future life. He knoweth all things; all places are before Him, all people, and He knows me, my nature, abilities, qualifications, dispositions. Whereas *I* am as a little infant,—so ignorant, not knowing what is best for me, and where I can be most useful; yet I say, O Lord, direct, O Lord, guide me as Thou didst Thy own people in the wilderness; for as they would have lost their way, suffered and died, hadst not Thou guided and fed them, so now I, O Lord; guide and feed me therefore.

While thus supplicating the Lord, my eyes fell on the passage in the Psalms: 'Tarry thou the Lord's leisure, be strong, and He shall comfort thine heart, and put thou thy trust in the Lord.' It seemed an answer from the Lord, and brought peace to my soul. So the Lord will open my way before me, and direct my path, in His own leisure and His own good time.

MEDITATION DURING PASSION-WEEK.

Passion-Week, March 29, 1847.—What event in the world's history is more deserving our serious consideration than the passion of the Lord? What one to be contemplated by the Christian more fraught with comfort to his soul? Where can he learn so much of himself, of his own fallen and lost state? Where can he find so much comfort, and gather so many glorious hopes? Where can he see the love of God more fully manifested, or Jesus' love shine half so bright? The cross is like the sun, radiating beams of light; each life-giving and healthful to the soul; or like a fountain sending forth many streams of cool and

refreshing water. It is a central point in the Bible; a focus where its lines meet. For Christ's sacrifice men waited from the days of Adam, and after it was made all eyes have looked back to it. Oh, it is good to look at Jesus on the Cross! It is right that we should. It is intimated that we shall, in the words, 'And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me.' 'Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth.' And thou, my soul, knowest it to be a good thing to look to Jesus on the Cross—to go with Him thither, and be a witness to His sorrow. Again, blessed Jesus, I would follow Thee; teach me more than ever I knew before; manifest Thyself to me, and as I journey, draw nigh and open my understanding, and make Thyself known to me; so that I shall be able to run and tell Thy disciples I have seen the Lord, and be able also to guide the wanderer to Thee, and tell Thy excellencies to all people. Jesus, I want to *know* Thee;—not see Thee afar off, but to know Thee, dear Saviour. Thou art all-sufficient to fill the soul. He who drinks from Thee desires no other water. From this pure fountain let me drink, and my soul shall live, and be fat and well liking.

And who ever sought the Lord and was disappointed, or found Him not? 'Let the heart of them rejoice that seek the Lord.' 'Every one that asketh receiveth, he that seeketh findeth.' 'While they are yet speaking, I will hear.'

The earth, O Lord, is full of Thy mercies. All nature speaks of love and wisdom. To man that love overflows; it is an abyss without bottom or shore; passing know-

ledge. It was manifest in God giving His Son for us. Shall He not therefore freely give us all things? May I not then confidently expect His blessing at this time, when I purpose with His help to withdraw myself and my thoughts as far as practicable from the world, and to seek the Lord, looking unto Jesus? Come, thou blessed Spirit, thou only Teacher of poor ignorant man; come, order my steps in Thy Word; come, take of the things of Jesus, and show them unto me. Lead me into all truth, and bring Thy word to my remembrance. And blessed be Thy name, O God, that Thou hast inclined me thus to seek Thee, and hast so ordered things that my circumstances are such as they are;—a place of retirement is afforded me; no duties are more pressing than those in hand. Lord, grant that, like Thy servant Moses, I may ascend the mount, and wilt Thou hide me in the cleft of the rock whilst Thou passest by, declaring Thy great name; and may I have a humble spirit, and yield myself to Thee as a little child, giving Thee my hand and quietly walking with Thee, not seeking my own way. I am far too weak to resist the temptations that will daily assail me; but, Lord, may I find Thee so precious and Thy word so sweet that from such insipid waters I shall turn aside. I desire to be the servant of Jesus Christ and the child of God. Now, my soul, expect a blessing, for thou shalt have it.

The proper object of biography, however, is not panegyric, but a truthful exhibition of the character; and it is not the duty of a biographer to cull out all

the fairest and most pleasing features of the life, whilst omitting the faults and defects. In regard to both the one and the other, his aim should be the edification of the reader. The biographies of Scripture are, in this respect, models which it should be our endeavour to follow;—therein the drunkenness of Noah is recorded, as well as his obedience;—the grievous sins of David find a place in the sacred page, as well as the records of his ardent faith and love;—the cowardice of Peter is narrated by the same author who describes his confident boldness;—and the worldly ambition of the sons of Zebedee is put on record, as well as their subsequent self-denial. These things were written for our learning, to warn us. In like manner I feel it my duty to mention an infirmity of Colden Hoffman's, which, though it was a transient error, and exercised no abiding influence on his future life, may yet prove a useful note of warning to some in the present day.

It will be remembered, that the great crisis in Colden Hoffman's religious experience sprang from his deep contemplation of the sufferings and death of our Lord. He was in the habit every year of renewing the same course during Passion-week and Easter. Amongst his papers I find many voluminous harmonies of the various events narrated in the four Gospels, connected with that period. Now this was

a practice highly commendable, and of great spiritual benefit to his soul. In studying theology, there is apt to be far too little of this personal and affectionate contemplation of the Saviour; and though all the doctrines of the Gospel cluster around the cross of Christ, yet, when studied intellectually and dogmatically, the personal view is apt to be lost sight of in the doctrine. It is well, therefore, that we should not content ourselves exclusively with the doctrines of justification by faith, the divinity of Christ, and the other great topics of sacred truth, but likewise turn aside to contemplate Christ, as we see Him in the narrative of the Gospels, and endeavour to realise His personal sufferings and cruel death, as well as the doctrines which spring out of them. All this Colden Hoffman did, and with great benefit to his soul But he went beyond this, and indulged in some practices very far from the simplicity of God's Word, which might have had a very injurious effect upon his mind permanently, if the real depth of his spirituality had not led him to see and abandon his mistaken course. I refer to an attempt which he made to stimulate his devotional feelings by external symbols: in so doing, I believe he was merely giving way unconsciously to a propensity of our corrupt nature, which Rome has worked upon to such a grievous extent, and with

such mischievous results. I mean, the attempt to excite the feelings by external objects; to which source we trace her crosses and crucifixes, her pictures and statues, her painted windows, ecclesiastical millinery, elaborate music, and various other devices, too many to name; the effect of which is to degrade and carnalize religion, and to substitute for spiritual worship a religion of the senses and the imagination, stimulated by an appeal to the eye, the ear, and the other organs of sense.

The same attempt is being made by many in our own Church at the present day: it is doubtless captivating, especially to the young and the romantic, for it is an easy substitute for the higher standard of true spiritual-mindedness; but it is to be traced to a corrupt principle of our fallen nature, which loves that which is sensuous and carnal, and turns away from the unseen and spiritual.

There is a mental and spiritual phasis, through which many young persons of warm feelings pass at a certain stage of their religious experience, which has a tendency to develope into an unhealthy condition of romantic and imaginative pietism. I need not point out how much has been done, in these latter days, to stimulate this vicious propensity, and to ensnare such persons by the combination of false

doctrine with ritualistic practices; and how frequently with success; for the corrupt heart is ever prone to go astray from the old paths laid down in God's Word.

It is an axiom, however, tested by the experience of years, that no person will ever be perverted to the superstitions, either of Popery or Puseyism, who highly reverences and closely adheres to God's Word written, making it 'the man of his counsel,' putting supreme honour upon it, and upholding it as the sole rule of faith.

Every case of perversion which has occurred has ever been preceded by dishonour done to God's Word, by setting up some human authority as co-ordinate with the Divine — either tradition or priestly dictation. And when once a man's feet are off the rock, there is no telling into what quicksands and quagmires he may not be led. Now Colden Hoffman had a true, honest, Protestant love and reverence for God's holy Word; and though for a little season the ardour of his feelings and the liveliness of his imagination, tinged somewhat with youthful romance, did lead him to indulge in some extravagances, which might have led him astray into the silly puerilities of Ritualism, yet he was preserved from all this by his love of the Bible and the real spirituality of his mind. His religious experience

was far too deep to allow him to be long entangled in the meshes of so carnal a cobweb.

Wishful as I am to keep myself in the background, and to let the subject of this memoir speak for himself, I am constrained for once to deviate from this sound principle, and to produce a portion of a letter which I wrote to him on this important subject, because I cannot find his own letter amongst the papers in my possession:—

Trinity College, Cambridge,
May 22nd, 1846.

My dear Colden,

* * * * You know that I claim the privilege of a censor, grounded on our long friendship and close affection: and though I have seldom occasion to use it, there is a passage in your last letter which very much surprised me, and on which you must allow me to make a few remarks. It is as follows,—'Before retiring last night, I put my room in order, took away the branch of thorns I had had over the picture of the Saviour, and in its place hung some white blossoms.' I should not have given credit to this statement, had I not had it from your own hand; and I do assure you, that it has very much astonished me, and given me no little anxiety. Is it possible, dear Colden, that you can have recourse to such devices to excite devotion, or to manifest your affection to Christ? Are you not aware that such practices have led the Church of Rome into all its idolatrous sins, and that

the reasons which might be adduced in favour of such a practice are the very arguments by which the Romanists justify their pictures and images? I know that you did it in the innocency of your heart, and from feelings of lively affection to our dear Lord, but let me give you a friendly warning of the danger which may arise from attempting to do so in so unscriptural a mode. You are, I have often thought, somewhat romantic in your turn of mind, and you must beware of departing from the manliness of a true and healthy devotion. I assure you, for my own part, I shrink with an instinctive dread from everything like an attempt to reach the feelings through such external means, and look on Christianity as a peculiarly spiritual religion, which neither needs nor allows such factitious aids. The spiritual nature of love to Christ is remarkably pointed out by St. Peter, where he says,—'Whom having *not seen*, ye love; in whom, though now ye *see Him not*,' &c. Here the apostle lays all his stress upon the fact of their having no visible object before them, and commends their faith, in thus loving one whom they had never seen. A similar remark is made by Moses in regard to God, 'Ye saw no similitude.' There is another reason why I should be sorry if you gave in to such practices, viz., that it is sanctioning one of the tendencies of Tractarians, wherein they symbolize with Rome; and though you, having a deeper religion in your heart, might do it from better motives, be assured it is too often in these men a substitute for spirituality, and a most dangerous symptom. Now it will be your business as a minister of Christ, to advocate the simplicity and spirituality of the

religion of our Bible, in opposition to the Romanizing party, and you must not give them a handle, even in appearance. Oh, dear Colden, in times like these we have need to walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise; we must on no account depart from the simplicity of faith and practice, which we see in the Apostles. However, I have, perhaps, laid more stress on the matter than I need, but excuse me, if I should be jealous over you with a godly jealousy. * * * *

I shall not dwell any longer upon this subject, because it has no further connexion with the memoir, seeing that Colden Hoffman very soon discovered his error, and for ever laid aside such meretricious stimulants; having realised, that from the time of our Lord's ascension the hour had come when the true worshippers should worship the Father in spirit and in truth; and that such unscriptural devices were childish and effeminate, dishonourable to God, and degrading to the soul of man.

Some years after, when he visited England, and I once more had the pleasure of personal intercourse with him, I found him full as ever of spiritual life and love, with a mind manly, vigorous, and more completely matured, rising far above the childish frivolity of ritualistic symbolism, and maintaining the most healthy and heavenly intercourse with the Saviour, whom he loved so dearly, and with whom,

though unseen, he held the closest communion; developing a character which, for holiness, spirituality, and heavenly-mindedness, I have rarely, if ever, seen equalled or excelled.

The following extracts from a communication made by the Rev. J. H. Smith of New York, who was a fellow-student at the Alexandria Theological Seminary, are valuable, as conveying a lively picture of his own impressions: and they fully coincide with my own observations of Colden Hoffman's character during the time that I enjoyed the privilege of his friendship in New York:—

From the Rev. J. H. Smith.

I think all who knew him in the Seminary would justify me in making prominent

I. HIS PRAYERFUL SPIRIT AND HABITS.

He was pre-eminently a man of prayer. I do not think I have ever known so prayerful a man as he. His life was in this respect 'hid with Christ in God.' He seemed to live in an atmosphere of devotion. His Bible, which was his constant companion both in his room and when he walked and ministered among the poor in the neighbourhood of the Seminary, was habitually read and studied on his knees. Our rooms during one year being only a few feet apart, our visits were mutually without ceremony. I have gone into his room and found him

writing on his knees; his face and manner revealing an apparent consciousness of the immediate presence of his Saviour. Before our walks his uniform custom was to propose prayer. In our prayer circle his very presence seemed the expression of our ideal of calm, trustful, earnest devotion. It is to this prayerful habit, more than to any other one thing, that I trace the large influence he exerted. We felt, we saw that not only when on his knees, but during most of his time, his spirit was consciously with his Lord. We felt deeply the fact that he was never seen in a state of mind that we would not be glad to die in; and hence we cherished toward him a kind of instinctive reverence, and could not think it safe to dissent greatly from the views or actions of one who was all the time taught of God. Hence, too, the quiet decision with which he habitually acted. He was never much perplexed in questions of doctrine, or casuistry, or even of expediency. That indwelling Spirit of prayer, the unction from the Holy One, enabled him to 'know all things.' He always seemed to know the right thing to do, and the right time to do it. I have never known a man who showed less doubtfulness, or less feeling of uncertainty as to the proper course of action, in what to most persons would be difficult circumstances. Intimately associated with this prayerful spirit that distinguished our brother, was

II. A REMARKABLE SINGLENESS OF AIM.

His life in the institution was one of greater variety and detail of action than that of most others. He was connected with all the Societies and faithful to the duties

involved. He was diligent in preparing for all the recitations of the course. He was superintendent of the Sunday-school that met in the Seminary Hall; and in connexion with this became a visitor of all the poor in the neighbourhood; he regularly walked for exercise through the quiet paths that branch off from 'the hill.' And yet in all this variety of occupation the conviction forced itself on those who observed him, that he had one commanding object, never lost sight of, to which every other interest, aim, or claim, was consciously and ever subordinate, viz., the honour of his Lord in the conversion and edification of men. If he appeared in the Literary Society, though thoroughly appreciative of the distinction between its proper exercises and those of a religious meeting, never introducing subjects or modes of discussion offensive to literary taste, he yet always contrived to have his speech 'seasoned with salt.' Even there he was the Christian man, seeking to do good to his brethren. If he went to the poor and sick he went as the messenger of grace; and it was touching to observe how careful he was to make his message acceptable by delicate little attentions such as that class of people knew little of. An offering of an orange, or a bunch of grapes, or some other delicacy, would not only refresh a poor sick woman, but win for him a regard which he was quick to turn to spiritual account. If he walked for recreation with a fellow-student he would be ready to imitate his Master on the way to Emmaus, and cause the heart of his companion to burn within him as they talked. And so ever. He lived for one great purpose. After such statements I need scarcely mention,

III. HIS GREAT INDUSTRY.

I believe I can truly say I never knew him to waste an hour. He never sat in listless, dreamy vacuity of mental life, like many others; never lounged, or engaged in gossip; from which, if he could not prevent it or divert it in others, he uniformly fled. He never smoked nor otherwise used tobacco; nor indulged in any of the little vices by which some others killed time. Not only did he find no leisure for any such waste of moments, but even his needful recreation was employment of another kind. Constrained by the love of Christ, he above all others I have known redeemed the time. If I should attempt to characterize the religious views which our brother matured in the Seminary, I should say they were

IV. DISTINCTLY EVANGELICAL.

He could scarcely be called a partizan; was not fond of controversy, and cared less for mere terms and systems than some others of us. He appreciated thoroughly, and loved tenderly the peculiarities of the Church in which he had been born and bred, and of whose spirit he had drunk to his soul's comfort. When he entered the Seminary his attention had apparently not been drawn much to doctrinal discriminations, but under the clear and copious teaching of the Professors, and the ministrations on the Sunday, he became not only in feeling and sympathy, but in conviction and intelligent choice, what is commonly termed 'an Evangelical man.'

I must venture to differ from Mr. Smith in these

last remarks: having had the opportunity of intimate intercourse with Colden Hoffman previous to his entrance on his studies at the Theological Seminary, I can bear testimony, from my own knowledge, that his views and convictions were distinctively evangelical at that time. He had imbibed divine truth from his careful study of the Bible, his long attendance on the ministrations of the Church of the Ascension, and other means of grace. In fact, he chose Alexandria as his Alma Mater, and resisted a very unjust pressure put upon him to make him study elsewhere, from the attachment he had for the principles of the Alexandria Seminary. I am quite willing to admit that his views may have been enlarged, consolidated and confirmed, by the course of study which he pursued at that excellent institution: this was natural: but his principles were thoroughly formed before he went there.

From the Rev. Charles Ambler of Charlestown, Virginia, who was likewise a fellow-student, I have received the following communication, which will give some further insight to his character and habits whilst passing through his collegiate course: —

From the Rev. Charles Ambler.

He was a most diligent student, and though there may have been members of the class who showed a quicker

apprehension of the subjects studied, there were none who gave greater evidence of faithful and prayerful preparation. I say prayerful, because there was something in his very manner in the recitation-room, which could not but impress every one with the devotional spirit with which his inquiries after the truth were pursued. It was evident from his answers to questions, from the questions he would himself ask, and from the character of the essays he wrote, that the object of his studies was not merely to store his mind with theological knowledge, but also to have his heart warmed by the living truths of the Gospel, and his life made fruitful in every good word and work.

Perhaps the most striking feature in the character of our brother was his great practical benevolence. He seemed to have an insatiable thirst for doing good, and was indefatigable in his exertions for that end. As soon as he came to the Seminary he began those rounds among the poor of the neighbourhood, which he kept up with unflagging diligence until he left for his chosen missionary field. Wherever there were destitute to be relieved, sick to be visited, afflicted to be comforted, or ignorant to be instructed, there he was sure to be found, ministering to them according to the ability which God had given him. He at once took hold of the Sunday-school kept in the prayer-hall of the Seminary, and was by common consent made its superintendent. Under his hand it grew to a state of efficiency rarely, if ever, attained before. Many of the children of the poor, far and near, who had never before been induced to attend, were brought in by his own personal efforts, and those of others whom he introduced

to the work. His zealous and affectionate interest in these little ones was repaid by their devoted attachment to him.

Nor were his efforts to do good confined to those around the Seminary. In his modest and unobtrusive way he constantly exerted himself to raise the standard of piety among his fellow-students, and especially to promote the spirit of active benevolence among them. He was not satisfied to attend regularly the devotional meetings which have always been statedly held among the students, but would frequently call together special meetings of brethren like-minded with himself, for prayer and conference on the topics of experimental religion, and the best means of promoting their efficiency as ministers of the Gospel. Through his influence mainly, a weekly prayer-meeting, with special reference to missions, was organized, and kept up to the end of his term, and, I believe, for many years after; and it seems not improbable that this meeting has, through the blessing of God, been an important agency in fostering the missionary spirit by which our Theological Seminary has been for a long time so remarkably characterized.

The Rev. R. P. Johnson, of Eutaw Ville, Upper St. John's, South Carolina, who, like the preceding, was a fellow-student at Alexandria, has furnished me with an interesting record of his reminiscences, from which I make the following extract:—

From the Rev. R. P. Johnson.

There was a purity and earnestness, and conscien-

tiousness and gentleness, and unselfishness and sweetness of temper, about this brother beloved, which impressed us all forcibly at the very beginning of his course. He was eminently *a man of prayer;* carrying about with him wherever he went a prayerful spirit, and fulfilling in its true meaning (more than any one I ever knew) the injunction, 'Pray without ceasing.' He loved a throne of grace, and delighted in near and tender communion with his Father and God; his utterances were free, filial, and specific. Frequently we would walk together in the afternoon, sometimes for recreation, sometimes for social visiting, sometimes on a mission to the poor, but before we started it was always, 'Brother Johnson, a word of prayer first;' and so God's presence was sought, and gave a blessing. The words used were indeed few and simple, but to the point, and with holy fervour and unction, and the effect was felt; elevating, and cheering, and sanctifying. And so it was with whatever he engaged in or undertook.

He was also *devoted to the study of the Holy Scriptures.* I remember well his Bible,—an English Polyglott edition, with its dark purple cover and the evidence it bore of care in preservation, and yet of faithful use, given him by some beloved friend, I think Fox, whom he esteemed most highly. We frequently met for the purpose of studying God's blessed Word, and they were occasions of much spiritual edification and advancement to me. Painstaking in looking up references and parallels, anxious to find out the true meaning of the passage by comparing Scripture with Scripture, prayerful and

humble while sitting here a learner at the feet of Jesus, he evidently entered into the feeling of the Psalmist when he said, 'Oh, how love I thy law!' and again, 'The statutes of the Lord are right, *rejoicing* the heart; the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.' It was also a habit of his during Lent, to write out a harmony of the Gospel narratives, relative to the closing scenes of the Saviour's life upon earth, and thus follow Him step by step, and hour by hour, with minute and accurate detail, from Gethsemane to Calvary; and in this exercise he took a very special delight.

He was also *eminently active and useful as a Christian.* He visited much among the poor and ignorant in the neighbourhood, and was well known and beloved among them for his kindness and considerate interest on their behalf. The Sunday-school, at this time under his superintendence, flourished to an extent before unknown, both in numbers and spiritual growth; the spirit of its head being imparted to both teachers and scholars. Indeed, the standard of piety, I am satisfied, within the Seminary walls, was considerably raised through his instrumentality, under God's blessing,—his quiet, unobtrusive, yet whole-soul devotion to Christ and His cause, was seen, felt, admired, and to some extent followed. His bright example drew out spontaneously and universally the respect, the praise, and the affectionate personal regard of his class-mates and fellow-students.

I am glad to be able to conclude this chapter by producing a further testimonial to the character of

Colden Hoffman's college life from one who is, above all, well qualified to speak on the subject — the Rev. Dr. Sparrow, the experienced and valued Principal of the Alexandria Theological Seminary, who writes in the following terms to Bishop Payne: —

From the Rev. Dr. Sparrow to Bishop Payne.

Theological Seminary, near Alexandria, Va.
23rd Jan. 1867.

My dear Bishop,

In view of the enclosed sketches of Mr. Hoffman's character, it would be idle for me to attempt anything additional. It is enough that I subscribe, as I most sincerely do, to the representations made by those his companions in student life, and there are no drawbacks because of things *unsaid.*

His natural abilities I suppose to have been quite fair; but he was one of many pious men that have come under my observation, in whom grace has multiplied the gifts of nature, converting, it may be, one talent into ten. In this there is no marvel, though much occasion for gratitude to God. Talent grows by use, and its efficiency is increased by concentration; and this will account, I think, for the unlooked-for strength of which we were made sensible, the last time dear Hoffman was among us in this country. He was always a *growing* man; we now saw that he was grown, and carried with him, though veiled by humility and loveliness, no ordinary power. This was God's blessing upon his faithfulness. He had long been Diligence personified; moments were as golden sands with him from the beginning;

and, while all his energies were thus in constant requisition, they were not wasted as in some men, but were concentrated by his perfect singleness of purpose, of heart and aim, and so became productive of effects which put to shame the performances of many reputed to possess far greater abilities. Results will long preserve his name as a praise and a fragrance in the Church, when the common herd of us comparative loiterers about the vineyard will be utterly forgotten.

Spiritually estimated, I can only say that Mr. Hoffman's character while he was here was marked by more sweetness, humility, devoutness, benevolence, conscientiousness, self-denial, and perseverance, *in combination*, than it has been my lot to witness in any other person so young as he.

When he left us I felt as if it would be well to keep him, if we could, as a missionary among our theological students. He was no star, no meteor, but he was a well-trimmed lamp, which the Lord had lighted and set in our midst, shining brighter and brighter every day. Quite unconsciously, on his part, he was a living epistle, seen and read of all his fellow-students, to their salutary restraint and positive edification.

We Professors often talked of the happy influence he exerted, and his companions in study as universally acknowledged it. May the great Head of the Church and Lord of the harvest grant to this institution, in the future, many such students, and to Africa many such missionaries.

I remain, my dear Bishop,

Yours, with respect and affection,

WILLIAM SPARROW.

I am able to bear witness to the correctness of Dr. Sparrow's remark, 'that grace had multiplied the gifts of nature,' from my own observation some years later. I remember that the anticipation of many of his friends, in view of his taking holy orders, was not sanguine as to his probable efficiency as a preacher: they readily recognised his piety, but, whether from his extreme shyness of disposition, or from underrating his natural abilities, they had no sanguine expectation of his producing much result in the pulpit.

Some years after, he visited England, and spent a Sunday with me, when he preached in St. Nicholas' Church from the text (Luke, xviii. 37), '*Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.*' Now the best proof, perhaps, of a preacher's power is when an unknown stranger is able to command attention, and his words leave an abiding impression behind. During the last ten years I have had many eminent and powerful preachers in the pulpit of St. Nicholas', but I believe no sermon has ever been preached there, which produced so deep and abiding an impression as that of Colden Hoffman's did; and to this day I frequently hear it referred to by members of the congregation. It was not the result of what is ordinarily called eloquence, but it was the combination of deep earnestness and unction, together with a lucid exhibition

of divine truth, handled experimentally, and powerfully applied to the conscience and heart. It was the eloquence of divine grace, not of nature, and no one could mistake the source from whence those words of earnest persuasion flowed, or who it was that had given him such power.

CHAPTER VI.

1846—1848.

DECIDES ON BECOMING A MISSIONARY—OFFERS HIMSELF TO THE FOREIGN COMMITTEE OF THE BOARD OF MISSIONS, AND IS ACCEPTED—OBJECTIONS OF FRIENDS—READY CONSENT OF HIS MOTHER AND SISTERS.

It is an axiom of evangelical truth, recognised by the Church of England and its sister Church in the United States, that, before seeking the sacred office of the ministry, a man should be fully persuaded in his own mind that he has been moved thereto by the Holy Ghost.

Another question, of great importance likewise, comes up in connexion with this call, in reference to which he who has faith in the special providence of God will look for Divine direction also; and that is, the sphere of labour in which he should exercise his ministry. The leadings of God's providence will generally solve this question satisfactorily, and,

sooner or later, make it plain to him who has a single eye to God's glory and earnestly seeks direction from above.

There is, however, a still further question, which is too often overlooked, but which should claim the serious consideration of every young man seeking the sacred ministry. We may suppose him to have solved, satisfactorily to his own mind, the question whether he has been called to this office by the Holy Ghost; why is it, then, that he so seldom proceeds to investigate the important question, whether he has been called of God to minister in his own country or abroad; to Christian congregations at home or to the heathen in far-distant lands?

To become a missionary, I believe, it is necessary for a man to have a special call: not every one who enters the ministry, even with the purest motives, is called of God to the mission field. There are those whom He purposes to labour at home; there are those whom He destines to go abroad. I am persuaded, however, that if all young men who are in earnest for the advancement of our Redeemer's kingdom would take this question into serious consideration, either before entering the ministry or shortly after, that many more would have grace given them to devote themselves to the mission field; that many more would hear the voice of the

Lord saying, 'Whom shall I send? and who will go for us?' would see their way clear to becoming missionaries to the heathen, and be ready to answer in the prophet's words, 'Here am I: send me.'

Such was the case with Colden Hoffman. He entered upon his studies for the ministry without any thoughts of becoming a missionary, but he had that simplicity of purpose and devotedness to the service of Christ which made him open to conviction; which kept selfish considerations under control, and made him willing to go wherever the Spirit of God might direct him.

The following record is the first which I can find showing that his thoughts were tending in the direction of the foreign mission field. It exhibits that openness to conviction, and desire to be directed from above which, I believe, are sure preliminaries when God purposes to vouchsafe His blessing:—

Dec. 15th, 1846.—This is my twenty-seventh birthday, and I can testify that God has been exceedingly gracious to me. Why do foreboding thoughts cross my mind? Let me trust in my gracious God. I know not my future course, where it may be. I have thoughts of a missionary life, perhaps in Africa. I desire God to send me where He will. I pray that my will may be lost in His.

Shortly after, these thoughts seem to have been confirmed by tidings from Africa, and he gives expression to them in the following letter to his mother:—

Theological Seminary, Va.
17*th January*, 1847.

My dear Mother,

As we have no recitation to-day, I will occupy some of my time in commencing a letter to you. * * * I suppose you have heard of the news from Africa. A letter was received by our Missionary Society a few days since, which contained sad intelligence. The death of the Rev. Mr. Messenger was confirmed; we were also informed of the death of Mrs. Patch, the expected return of Mr. Savage and his wife, and the enfeebled health of the writer, the Rev. Mr. Payne. He thinks he cannot remain there a great while longer without endangering his life; he thinks a return to this country will shortly be necessary, in order to recruit. The Rev. Mr. Hening, the only other missionary there, will find it necessary to come home to be ordained priest, in, I think, about a year's time: under these circumstances they write most urgently for four of the present senior class to come out and help them; their appeal is most urgent and pressing, and here I give you an extract from his long letter. He says, 'To fill vacancies and relieve others, four missionaries are wanted from the senior class of '46 and '47. To such I make my solemn appeal, who certainly may, if they will, sustain the work of love in this dark land. For the love of God, for

the obedience due to their Saviour's command, "Go preach the gospel to every creature;" in pity to their friends now in the field, who must lie down in premature graves unless allowed a temporary respite, let them ponder, let them pray, let them submit their wills to God, that He may by His Holy Spirit show them the path of duty in reference to this urgent call.' And then, again, he says, 'Where on earth is there a more destitute field of labour than Africa? Where one so long neglected? Where is there a mission, in the opinion of Christians generally, that more deserves to be sustained? Where, at this moment, is there a more pressing necessity for immediate assistance, in order to sustain operations already in existence? Where can self be so certainly mortified and Jesus glorified?' After the receipt of this letter a meeting of the Missionary Society was called, and the letter read: remarks were made on it by different students, and a resolution passed to request our Professors to make it the subject of their remarks on the following Thursday evening; and also that day was appointed for prayer and meditation on the subject. The remarks of the Professors on the appointed evening were most suitable and excellent. No effort was made to get up an excitement. Dr. May spoke of some of the qualifications of a missionary, especially an experimental knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus; Mr. Packard made some general remarks; and Dr. Sparrow read some extracts from a letter from the Rev. Mr. Hening, who agreed entirely with Mr. Payne in all he had written, and also gave an account of many encouraging circumstances in reference to the willingness of the people to re-

ceive the gospel, and the prosperity of the schools. None of the students have offered to go as yet. I know one of the senior class, who is thinking seriously of it. Of my class there are two or three who appear willing to go, but nothing has yet been formally done that I have heard of. I think we should all be ready to go anywhere that our services are needed : the ministers of Christ are truly to be His servants ; they are not their own ; and their own glory, or honour, or well-being, are not to be sought, but their Master's. But how seldom is this found to be the case! Men seek, and Christian ministers seek, their own, not the the things which are Jesus Christ's. However far I come short of this spirit of self-dedication, I acknowledge it to be right, and desire to have none other. No earthly plans or projects should keep me from that work to which duty seems to direct. Should I feel qualified for the African mission, and that by going there God's glory would be promoted and His kingdom extended, if I know myself, I am ready to go. But, alas! how shall I teach or preach Christ, who know so little of Him myself! That some one ought to go, is plain ; many cannot, others will not.

This letter conveyed the first tidings to the mother of her son's thoughts of becoming a missionary, which involved the necessity of expatriation, and the probability of a life-long separation from one so dear. It is not surprising, therefore, that her first impressions, or rather feelings, should have shrunk from it, and that she should have expressed herself as follows :—

From Mrs. Hoffman.

The African mission I feel deeply for; but look abroad in our own land, far and near—hundreds perishing for the bread of life. Should we not provide for our own household? Good Mr. Jay says, 'God does not require us to sacrifice our being and happiness for ever to His pleasure; it is not His pleasure,—it cannot be His pleasure: by the law of our nature, and the authority of His word, we are even commanded to seek our welfare, and to seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness; and therefore, to be willing to give these up would be disobedience and contempt.' Remember our dear Redeemer's words, 'Behold thy mother!'

'When I am feeble, old, and grey,
Whose healthy arm shall be my stay,
If thou should'st go *so far away?*'

Pause, anxious spirit! there is One who sticketh closer than a brother, and will make all things work together for good: this is my comfort. May He bless and keep you.

Ever your fond

Mother.

It was not without great searchings of heart and much anxious prayer, after maturely considering the question for two years, that he came to the firm decision of devoting his life to the evangelisation of Africa.

Amongst his papers written at this time are the following, which show how deeply his soul was exer-

cised in reference to this absorbing question, before arriving at a final decision :—

JOURNAL.

January 14*th*, 1847.—Have set apart the day for meditation and prayer for the African mission. Rev. Mr. Payne has written, asking for four missionaries; most urgently does he appeal for help. Dr. Savage is obliged to leave on account of his health, and there are but two ordained ministers, Mr. Hening and himself, who cannot remain long without leaving to recruit their health.

What hinders me from answering the call? I cannot go at once, as I have not completed my studies, and I think it important for me to do so. My health is good. I feel my want of love to Christ; I feel my need of clearer views of the gospel, in its preciousness; and then I feel my weakness intellectually. On both these points I feel as a babe or a child.

But did I feel that God's glory would be promoted by my going, by my life or death, if I know myself, I am ready to leave all and go. First, because I am not my own, but bought by Christ. If the brethren in Africa are not relieved they must perish; or returning, the Lord's work be stayed.

Home, mother, friends, will be forsaken, but Faith will enable me to do this. The time is short on earth, the Lord will reward me. 'Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world.' My usefulness there will probably be as great as here. Many are ready to teach and preach here, but who will go to Africa?

9 P.M.—Dr. May, at a Faculty meeting, spoke of the all-importance of personal and experimental religion as a first qualification for a missionary; and of faith.

Dr. Sparrow read some extracts from Mr. Hening's letter, and set forth the truth that we were not our own. A very interesting and impressive meeting.

The following document will show with what sedulous care he studied the question of becoming a missionary, and with what impartial candour he weighed the *pros* and *cons* involved in that important decision:—

AFRICA.

Feb. 11*th*, 1847.—An urgent call has been made from the missionaries in Africa, to the senior class of the Seminary, for four of them to come and help them. This number is not likely to respond; members from other classes will not be refused, if found qualified. It is my duty to consider the call, which, looking for God's guidance, I would endeavour to do; and—

1st. The Saviour commanded His disciples to go into *all the world*, and preach the gospel to every creature; and again declared, 'The field is the world.'

2ndly. But does not the unhealthy climate of Africa indicate that God designs not yet that that land should be enlightened with the Word of Life? There is no prospect of its ever being otherwise than prejudicial to European constitutions; and this, then, would for ever bar that land from the gospel, so far as we are the instruments of

imparting it. Christ commanded to go into *all the world;* and He knew all climates, yet made no exception; true, self-preservation is a first law of nature, and if we go to a land where sickness is *sure* to cut us off in one, two, or three years, it becomes a question whether we can do more good in that time than in a prolonged life in a more congenial soil. How is it with Africa? the climate is not so deadly but that one can spend three or four years there in comparative safety; as respite is allowed of a year for one to return and recruit.

3rdly. The prospect of usefulness is fair; schools have been established, death or illness has removed those who were over them, and others are needed to supply their places. God has blessed the labours of the missionaries; their work thus far has been successful. If the breach is closed speedily, the good begun may be advanced; if not, all previous efforts will go for little or nothing. But are there no other ways of giving them the gospel than those we have adopted? Coloured men who could stand the climate better might be here educated, and then sent forth. To this there may be objections. Our Church has adopted a plan—it is truly good; she would raise up a native ministry on the spot. The work is progressing; though carried on with blood of saints, the sprouts of holiness are growing, and by-and-by the fruits will appear—a native ministry will be reared, and then the work is done. And if it cost many lives, it will be a great work, worthy of much sacrifice. And may not the devil, seeing the great work going onward, by these late sad accounts seek to discourage the children of the Lamb from extending the Lord's kingdom?

February 25th, 1847.—Indeed this is a great question for me to answer. 1st. As an example: how might I glorify God and give new impulse to the Church? My going would, I think, be likely to induce others, more fitted by nature and qualifications, to go. Mite that such an offering would be, others might be moved, stirred up and provoked to give themselves, more worthy offerings; God's glory would thus be promoted; even if I reaped no fruit, and my feeble effort were little felt, yet surely the good Lord would never leave me without some seals of His favour? And for this may He not have raised me up? and may He not have designedly called me, who am so weak an instrument, that His power may be the more manifested?

This is the way He often works. Let me consider, also, that my life has been rescued from the grave. I was a few years ago on its verge, but God said, *Live*, and I recovered. I owe then my life to Him; and if He raised me up and granted me so much time more to live, should I not readily lay it down for Him now?

How like Christ it would be! for He looked not on His own things, but the things of others. In compassion to us, poor, ignorant, and sinful, He left the joys of heaven, endured a life of privation, and actually suffered death for us. And now I am called to give up my country and home, leave my friends and kindred, and go to a foreign land; perhaps to lay down my life to teach the ignorant, preach the gospel, extend the kingdom of the Redeemer: and how better could the few years of life be passed?

But it should be a willing offering—God loves a cheerful giver: Christ offered Himself willingly.

2ndly. It would be like Christ; for the world would not understand my motive, or see the hidden spring of action, or, if told them, would not understand it. So Christ's motives were misinterpreted and misunderstood. 'His brethren did not believe in Him;' called Him a gluttonous man, a winebibber, seditious person, blasphemer, &c. &c.

3rdly. The poor Africans could not appreciate my motive—neither do they the motives of those who are there. 'So Christ came to His own, and His own received Him not.'

4thly. And should not I receive a good reward in heaven, when on earth I gave myself wholly to my Lord, and spent all my redeemed life to extend the Redeemer's kingdom? 'For He had respect unto the recompense of the reward.'

5thly. And as to my mother and kindred, what should I say to them?

'Mother, a few short years will separate us, and we shall meet in heaven; and cannot you spare me for such a work for so little time?'

'Kindred, be not selfish and desire me to stay with you, but bid me God speed; and follow after eternal rewards: lay up for yourselves treasure in heaven, and there we will rejoice together for ever!'

6thly. On the bed of death shall I regret that I had spent some part of my life to extend the Redeemer's kingdom; or, designing thus to do, had laid down my life? And in eternity, when, through grace, I stand before the throne praising the Redeemer, shall not the remembrance

that on earth I designed to extend His praise among the nations of a fallen world be sweet? And what if I could see around me in that land of spirits some redeemed ones, whom I had brought to Jesus to hymn His praise for ever!

Lord, increase my faith. I want the love of Christ constraining me, and to have a conviction and deep sense of His love. As to qualifications: am I spiritually qualified? I think I must answer, *No;* for I feel I want a deep sense of God's love to me, begetting confidence and assurance. Again, I want a more lively faith in the Word of God, its doctrines and promises. But I have felt the love of God in my heart, *I know;* and it was shed there by the Holy Spirit: it constrained me, and out of the fulness of my heart my mouth speaks. And I have felt God's promises to be precious, and I sincerely desire to know God's love to me, and to have more faith in His word; and both these good gifts come from God, who I should not doubt will bestow them on me if I seek for them. Going to Africa, I would desire to lay hold on the Word of God, to make it my study and meditation, and being taught by the Spirit, my soul would be refreshed and my wisdom increased.

Now, my soul is somewhat fettered, thinking,—Oh, I must know this and read that; and the good word of life receives too little attention. But having a missionary's life in view, I shall be most efficient if I know the Scriptures, and from them learn the will of God, and have there seen my blessed Saviour and have known Him; so that I may follow Him, and preach Him to others by my life as well

as by my lips. I may rest on the promises for God's grace and blessing for all spiritual good. I can be a mighty man when the Spirit of the Lord is upon me. I am not a ready speaker, nor fluent, nor have I the faculty of expressing myself clearly or readily; the same objection, however, would meet me at home. But abilities are so essential. Am I called to the ministry at all? When I consider my weakness of intellect, and my natural timidity and shrinking from the world, and want of force and character, I almost feel ready to say, *No*. But again, when I consider the way the Lord has led me from childhood to manhood, and the tokens of His favour I have received; when I consider His power so often manifested in His dealings with our race, bringing power out of the weak and strength from the feeble; I am encouraged to hope that He has not only called me, but will uphold me, and glorify His name through my weakness. And if thus truly called, why not labour in Africa as well as anywhere?—ay, why not rather labour in Africa than anywhere else?

Remember, this is not our rest; let me have respect to the recompense of the reward.

When Jesus told His disciples He was going to Jerusalem to suffer and die, Peter would dissuade Him, saying, 'Be it far from Thee, Lord! this shall not be unto Thee.' And the Lord turned and rebuked Peter, saying, 'Get thee behind me, Satan; for thou savourest not the things which be of God, but those which be of men.'

The great point, after all, seems to be my natural qualifications for the work. And then the question arises, whether such as I have cannot be more profitably used in Africa, under existing circumstances, than at home? With

myself I could cast into the Lord's treasury what means I have; so for the first two years the Church would not be burdened. Lord, increase my faith! Then would the reed of the world on which I am apt to lean be more surely removed from me. A speedy and hearty decision on my part would perchance induce others in this Institution to do likewise; it would have an influence on all. As to physical qualifications, I am not of a very vigorous constitution, yet sound. I have enjoyed good health for many years past; better in the last five, since a very severe attack of typhoid fever, than ever before. I am as well qualified in this particular as men generally are. I have no personal ties to keep me; none but a mother's love and sisters' affection, and those of home and kindred. And he who enters on the work of the ministry gives himself unreservedly to the work, to be a servant of Christ: it must be so. And there is no necessity in the case of my remaining on family considerations; for my mother is living surrounded by her children and grandchildren.

Sunday Evening, March 14*th*, 1847.

Why should I not go?

Because I am not of the strongest constitution.

Because I have not as large a measure of faith and love as I would desire.

Because I am slow of speech and of a slow tongue,—not as bright as many others: nor have I much force of character, and have little confidence in myself.

Because the acquisition of a new language would be a great difficulty.

Why should I go?

Because Christ said, 'Go into all the world.'

Because, if I have been called to the ministry, I should go where God's honour will be most promoted.

Because there is immediate and pressing need in Africa.

Because the honour of our Church is at stake.

Because my example might, under existing circumstances, family, means, &c., have a good effect upon the Church, and upon my brethren in the Seminary.

Because I know of no good and sufficient reason for not going, when I consider my personal connexion, physical constitution, and mental endowments.

Because the Lord has said, 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.'

JOURNAL.

19*th March*, 1848.—My heart is longing for Africa, and I pray the Lord to send me and go with me. I long to stand on the beach and cheer my fainting brethren. I long to set a bright example to the Church, through the grace of the Lord.

16*th April*, 1848.—Rose a great while before day, and asked God's guidance and direction about Africa.

22*nd April*.—I would devoutly and prayerfully consider the subject of my going to Africa to-day, with prayer and fasting. It is a question too high for me, easily decided if flesh and blood are alone consulted, but, weighed in eternity's balance, it has a different aspect. May the God of love give me wisdom and direct me,

for my friends by their silence seem to leave me to myself.

Prayer at a quarter to one, as usual, with Rambo about Africa.

10*th May*, 1848.—At the Communion I placed myself in Jesus' hands, and prayed for faith, and that, as He shed His blood for me, I might have grace to shed mine for Him; as He gave His body for me, I might have grace to give mine for Him. Now what hinders a decision? Nothing in me. I have made my decision in spirit to go where the Lord Jesus points, and that is, I believe, to Africa; yet I will wait to-morrow and Saturday, ere I write to the Committee, in order to avoid haste and give ample time for my friends' objections, if they have any; my physician's advice, &c. But I trust the delay will only tend to stronger confirmation as to my duty to go.

A PRAYER.

O God, Thou knowest our frame and rememberest that we are but dust; Thou knowest the imperfections, the weakness, and the temptations of those who are nevertheless Thy true children. Look then with especial favour upon one who asks in the sincerity of his heart, 'Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?' Let no voice but Thine have power to draw him from his attitude of a waiting suppliant, pausing to ask in what way Thou wouldest have him to walk. Many voices, in the sweetest tones of love's own teaching, are sounding in his ear, yea, are thrilling his very heart. One,—it is that which waked the first echoes from the tender chords of his infant

spirit; the one which first taught him the tenderness of love and the reverence of obedience,—speaks now in that spirit's depths. Does it speak Thy will? Oh, let him listen well! Let him not mistake its language. Let him still wait at Thy feet and say, 'Speak *Thou*, Lord; for Thy servant heareth!' 'To his own Master he standeth or falleth.' Oh, forbid that he should follow any other but that Lord who will one day reckon with all His servants! Let no human authority, however exalted, lead him from the task which Thou hast appointed.

Spirit of Light! let Thy bright beams illumine his way, point out his path, attend his footsteps, give strength for every conflict, and be with him to the end.

Lord, 'the harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few!' In our own favoured land the sheep are scattered for want of shepherds; abroad, millions perish without one ray of light. Here and there, amid the gross darkness of far-off lands, a solitary soldier of the Cross bears up the sacred standard; but his step is weary, and his heart is faint. Must his hand falter in death, and no comrade stand by to take the falling banner?

O God, we cry unto Thee, from whom alone cometh our help! Choose Thine own warriors, and gird them with strength for the battle. Summon Thine hosts to the conflict, and go forth with them unto victory.

Theological Seminary,
Virginia, March 20th, 1848.

It was in the month of May, 1848, that Colden

Hoffman offered himself to the Foreign Committee of the Board of Missions as a missionary for Africa, at which time he was near the conclusion of his theological studies preparatory to his ordination.

This, therefore, may be a suitable place for a few remarks on the important question,—How am I to know whether I am called of God to be a missionary or not?

In the first place, I conceive there ought to be a preparation of heart from the Lord, drawing the thoughts, feelings, and affections towards the heathen. A man may have a sincere desire to preach Christ, a single eye to God's glory, and a willingness to go wherever God may send him, and yet not have this. It is a special gift; and just in proportion to its intensity is the clearness of God's purposes in that direction. It seems necessary that a man should have such an ardent love for the souls of the heathen, to enable him to bear up under the discouragements and trials which he is sure to meet with, from their ignorance, depravity, and degraded condition.

When the thoughts, however, are turned in the direction of the mission-field, other questions have likewise to be solved; such as, Whether there be a reasonable capacity for acquiring foreign languages, and a constitution not disqualified to contend against unhealthy climates, although this latter may rather

be considered as one of detail, since all mission stations are not unhealthy, and climates may be found suited to any constitution.

But after these preliminary questions have been satisfactorily settled, another grave and portentous one comes up, which perhaps has prevented more persons from becoming missionaries than any other — the opposition of friends.

That parents and friends should shrink from making so great a sacrifice as the life-long separation from one so dear to them involves, is very natural; and yet we see parents making it daily, for the furtherance of their children's worldly interests. If a civil appointment be vacant in India, how many parents are ready to avail themselves of it, for the furtherance of a son's worldly welfare! yet the climate is the same, and the separation as great, as in the case of a missionary's going out to that country. Is it too much to ask of Christian parents, that they should be willing to make the same sacrifice for Christ which others are ready to make for the world? The difficulty, however, too often arises from the fact, that the parents have not that measure of faith and love which is necessary to induce them to make the sacrifice; and then comes up the question, how far the son is justified in going against the will of his parents? Colden Hoffman was spared this

pain; his mother was too deeply imbued with the spirit of Christ to refuse her cordial consent, when once she realised that her son was called of God to the high office of a Missionary of the Cross. But his faith and patience were not a little tried by the opposition of some other relatives and friends; and as their arguments embody pretty nearly all that can be said against embarking in this holy enterprise, it may be useful to present them, and then to weigh them in the balances of the sanctuary.

The following is an extract from one of these; expressing the feelings of a relative for whom he had great affection, and to whom he was greatly indebted:—

I feel more than I can express to you of the hasty step you have taken in this African mission. Is there no field for your labours here among your own people, your own country, speaking your own language, your own friends? Are there no duties required of you to administer to the declining years of your aged mother, and all those to whom you ought to feel dear? What will be her state of feeling upon the arrival of every vessel from that pestiferous climate, but that of dread, fear, and anxiety? * * * It is the opinion of all that it is a very unwise and injudicious step you have taken. * * * *

From another relative, whom he consulted in regard to his health, and the probability of his being

able to stand the climate, he received the following discouraging criticism on his intentions; although the opinion regarding his health and constitution was not so much against him as might have been expected from one whose mind was so prejudiced:—

This is my opinion on the medical part of the case, and here you and your missionary friends will expect that I should stop; but my idea of my own duty compels me to add a few words, which I hope will be received as they are intended. I think that if you go to Africa you will do wrong — great, grievous wrong; and that, because you will thereby refuse to enter into the field of labour to which you are strongly and loudly called: you thereby neglect to perform plain, simple, unostentatious duty. I have neither time nor inclination to argue this matter, and will, therefore, only give you heads of argument.

Your call is to remain here. Why? Answer: Here you have a widowed mother who looks to you, and has God's warrant for looking to her eldest son, for those kind offices which are to make her old age peaceful and happy. This, her reasonable expectation, you defeat.

Again: Here you are in the midst of a large and important connexion; over the individuals who compose this connexion your character has given you great influence: that influence is not of your earning, it was given you by God — a talent, for the right use of which you must give account. This talent you throw away when you go to Africa. I know that 'Evangelize the heathen,' 'Send light

to benighted Africa,' 'Win kingdoms and races of men to God,' are loud-sounding words, words that are very apt to dazzle the fancy and blind the sober judgment; but I know that, where one man is called to do these great things, thousands are called to the everyday humble duties of feeding the lambs of Christ's flock: to this homely, humble duty, and to that of being a comfort to the widow and a blessing to the fatherless, you are called. God grant that you may have grace to hear and heed the still, small voice.

From another he heard as follows:—

I see you are still bent on this wild idea of going on a mission to Africa; if your object is to save souls, I think you can save ten in your own country where you can save one in Africa. I wish you were here, to hear the arguments used by your friends for not going. I do most sincerely trust God will point out the way where you may be most useful to His cause.

The receipt of such letters from some whom he loved and respected must have been very painful to him; but he was compensated by finding that those who alone had any right to claim him, or to put a veto on his plans—his mother and sisters—did, with the noblest and most disinterested spirit of self-sacrifice, give him up for the great work to which he believed himself called of God; though the sacrifice was indeed great, for never was son or brother

more tenderly or more deservedly loved by mother and sisters than he was.

I shall now produce a selection from his letters at this period, showing the tenour of his thoughts: which, together with what has preceded, give the clearest evidence that, so far from coming to a hasty conclusion, under the influence of any unhealthy excitement, his decision was only arrived at after very careful consideration, much prayer, and a mature survey of the whole question. It will also further illustrate the development of his mind and character; the high tone of his Christian principles, and the entire consecration which he had made of himself to Christ. In all which respects he is a model for the study and imitation of those who, like him, are contemplating the sacred office of the ministry.

I regret that I am not able to find amongst the voluminous documents entrusted to me, either the letter he wrote to his mother announcing his final decision, or her reply, giving her full consent—what in one of his letters he calls an 'unreserved surrender' of her son to the service of Christ in Africa. I have no doubt that it was a communication displaying both the simplicity of her faith in Christ and the tenderness of her affection for her son: but though the document be wanting, the fact is made plain by references in the following letters:—

Theological Seminary, Virginia,
March 1st, 1848.

My dear Mother,

I am rapidly hastening to the conclusion of my course. In the natural course of events I must soon be settled in life. *Where,* I know not. But I do trust I may have a willing spirit to go wherever I may most advance the glory of God. If I am His servant I should have no other spirit. I wish to recognise no other law. This is what Christ requires of His disciples; and I am not afraid to abide by it, for His name is Love. If He should call me even to go to the heathen, oh that I might be ready to obey! You know the appeals which have been made to our Seminary; I cannot but consider them, and ask that my way may be made plain before me. You would have me cherish no other spirit, and you, too, are willing to leave the result to Him whose mercy endureth for ever.

I had the pleasure of going to Washington last Thursday for Mrs. Hening and the African 'Musu,' whom they brought with them to this country. * * * * I have since seen her frequently, and my interest both in her and the mission has increased. Is there any good reason why I should not be ready to return with them? Unless those who have been labouring there so many years are relieved, there is great danger of the mission being relinquished. I think, so far as my physical ability to stand the climate goes, my case is better than the generality of persons who go there, and I speak advisedly.

To Mrs. Hening.

Theological Seminary, Virginia,
March 14th, 1848.

Dear Mrs. Hening,

In your note received this afternoon, you ask to know some of my thoughts and feelings on the subject which now mutually interests us. This request I willingly grant, because you profess a sister's interest in me, because as a Christian I can confide in your confidence and sympathy, and because thereby you may be enabled to throw light on my path of duty, and encourage me therein, should that path be one trodden by yourself. I trust the Lord by His Spirit has called me to the ministry; and having led me thus far and blessed me with every blessing, notwithstanding my faithlessness and many sins, the time has arrived when, as a reasonable being, I am to consider where best I can serve Him who created and redeemed me, and whose I am.

I acknowledge the principle that I am not my own, but the servant of the Lord; on this alone I desire to act. When I look abroad, over our land, the light of Truth is shining; its beams will rest on every dwelling whose doors are not closed to its entrance. I look abroad, and see nations sitting in heathen darkness, without one ray of gospel light. I know that the Lord has said, 'Go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature;' that 'the heathen are His heritage;' and that 'in every place incense shall be offered unto His holy name, and a pure offering;' that, acting on such commands and

promises, many have gone forth, not counting their lives dear unto themselves, to preach the everlasting gospel; that the Lord has been with them, has owned and blessed their efforts, setting His own seal, even the stamp of the Spirit, to their work and labour of love. And then I hear from Africa the urgent call for help; from those who, having long borne the burden and heat of the day, are sinking under their trials, and pleading in their Master's name, 'Come and help us.' 'Lord, is it I?' 'Make me to know the path wherein I should walk;' such has long been, but now especially is, my prayer.

Why should I not go? The first of all qualifications are spiritual:—clear views of the plan of salvation, a spiritual mind, heavenly wisdom, and a firm faith in the God of love. Through the temptations of the world and the malice of the Evil One, some (I should say, all) of these have languished within me since the day when the Lord looked upon me and taught me by His own Spirit, filling my soul with joy and gladness, and opening my lips to speak His praise. But I know He was the author of these good gifts; and may I not trust that the same diligent use of the means (prayer and the word) will draw down, I cannot say a richer or sweeter blessing, but such as shall be all-sufficient for my wants? Thus speaks Faith. Fear whispers, 'You are not eloquent, neither heretofore nor since the Lord has spoken to you; but are of a slow speech and a slow tongue. You are not ready or quick of thought; you do not easily comprehend, and with difficulty impart.' I do not deny it: so it is. Again: 'You have so little confidence in yourself, and in what you do know, you

will not be able to be a leader of others, or to command their respect; and their rebuffs, ingratitude, and neglect, will overwhelm you.' Yes, it is true; and it may be so. 'And add to this a weakened frame, and death standing at the door. Will you bear up against all this?' I know that sickness and death are in the hand of the Lord, and that if He send me He will keep me or take me. 'It is well' in either event.

As to my physical qualifications — though, in my physician's opinion, of a weak constitution, I enjoy excellent health: never better. My peculiar advantages you learned from the doctor's note.

With regard to my family, I have a mother who loves me, into whose heart a sword would enter; but I believe the balm of God would follow the sword; that God would give her peace here, and, may I not hope, in eternity would restore the parted one? My sisters, save one, are all settled in life; and must I stay to add my mite to their full cup, even to behold me with their eyes? They must not be so selfish; for, even were I to remain, it might be denied them. That one the Lord has left for a good purpose, I know; and she neither is now, nor will be, unprovided for.

Now, is there any presumption in my going? Do not my friends really and truly — those who are best able to judge, who know well my mind, attainments, and habits — do not they say, 'Go: you have such qualifications as, with the Lord's blessing, will make you useful; be assured of it, it is our deliberate judgment and careful reflection?'

Lord, increase my faith. Then my duty seems to be

to go, and may He who loved me save me from error and give me peace. * * * *

Thus have I given what I believed you desired when you, with Christian sympathy, asked for my thoughts and feelings. And even though you may think duty be stern, *you* know it is sweet, and therefore your prayers will continue to ascend that I may walk therein to the glory of God.

Yours, with Christian affection,

C. Colden Hoffman.

March 20, 1848.

My dear Mother,

Your letter, and also one from the doctor, reached me this morning. I had anxiously been looking for yours for some days. I was glad to learn that my thoughts about Africa did not depress you. If the Lord should send me there, mother, you have reason to rejoice, and not to sorrow. In India, I know not that the need is as pressing as in Africa; and as to climate, there is but little difference as far as health goes. Language is China's bar to me, and she also demands a man of greater parts than I.

Shall the labours of ten years of the missionaries in Africa be all lost, for lack of one to go to hold up their hands and sustain them? Shall it be said, that while thousands risk their lives for gold, and give their blood for glory, not one in our Church is found to walk in Jesus' footsteps, and make a sacrifice of life, if need be, for His sake? But is there danger of this? It may be so. But,

oh, let us remember that we are in the Lord's hand; that if He protect us, no evil can come nigh us. Moreover, I think your impression of the climate is exaggerated; only six out of twenty missionaries who have gone there from our Church have died. The acclimating fever is quite under the control of medicine, and though the climate is trying, it is not necessarily fatal. * * * * As to the want of labourers at home, it is true, but it is greater abroad; and truth is reflected on our own land when we carry the light to a distant one. Think not, my dear mother, I am going to act hastily, or to let my feelings overrule my judgment. I am only seeking duty's path, and saying to the Lord, 'What wilt Thou have me to do?' When you ask, 'that I may be directed in the path that will bring Him most glory,' you make what is my daily prayer, and when that is answered you and I will be content.

My dear Mother,

Your letter of the 29th I received this morning. I read it with a thankful heart. When either you or I reflect on this subject, we rejoice that we have an offering to present to the Lord's service. When we look at it in all its bearings, and weigh it in the scales of eternity, then we see it in its true light; but if we take a partial view, and see its dark side of trouble, without its light side of glory; or the weakness of the instrument without remembering the strength of Him who holds it,—when we listen to the world's murmur of contempt and pity, or the Church's cold response of sympathy, and do not hear the

voice of faith within, or the still-echoing tones from Judea's hill, 'Go;' 'Lo, I am with you;'—it is only when we take such superficial views of the subject that our hearts sink within us, and our faith falters. Let us then ever remember the end. 'Judge not the Lord by feeble sense.' Oh that God, who has brought me up thus far out of Egypt, may not suffer me to turn back! No, I believe He will not; but that I shall go on in the strength of the Lord, to be His messenger to the heathen. His word is, 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.'

The following letters from two of his sisters will show the Christian spirit in which the trial of his intended separation was received by the nearest and dearest members of his family:—

From one of his Sisters.

Goshen, March 30th, 1848.

I have just come from my closet, where, in addition to my own prayers, I used the beautiful one for you, my loved Colden, which I received yesterday in your welcome letter. It was with tears I read your letter; but not with tears of sorrow, disappointment, or anger. I read there of your earnest desire to serve our God in Africa, if His will so ordained; of your self-sacrificing spirit for Christ your Master; of your willingness to go there or elsewhere, if you could find out what the Lord would have you to do. Ever since the subject has been made known to us I have longed to speak my thoughts on the matter, but kept them back and delayed my letter, for I knew you

were beset with letters; and these, with your own conflicting thoughts and feelings, were enough to bewilder and discompose your mind. This is the reason I have not written; but I have been mindful of you, dearest, by night and by day, and have earnestly desired that God would make clear your duty in this matter. I do not look upon it as a 'dreadful wild step, and a thing you ought not to do,' and all that kind of rash talking. God's mercy and love, His almighty arm of care, will be as near to *you* or any servant in Africa as in America. What matter is it where we live, where we die, as long as the chief endeavour of our soul is to seek *first* the kingdom of God and His righteousness,—to live in His stedfast fear and praise, that we may die with His blessing? What is father or mother, sister or brother, compared to our blessed Jesus? All transient, all hastening to the grave, and He alone the stay of our soul. What the rending asunder human ties, which, sooner or later, must be broken? If we read aright the word of God, this world's changes and chances would but little, if at all, affect our hearts. We should there read that the path of suffering was the way to heaven. But why should you or I regard the going to Africa as suffering? Even allowing it is a sacrifice, ought we not to be willing to sacrifice our desire to keep you near us, when you are willing to give up bodily comforts, pleasures, and enjoyments, to go to a distant land for Christ's sake? I know, dearest, it is no new thought with you; and long, no doubt, you have made it a subject for God's hearing. I long remember your interest in Africa, and many a time I have fancied you might go, but drove it from my mind

as a painful thing that might never come to pass. It is before me now for consideration and prayer; but so weak is my faith, I hardly know what to think, what to speak, or write;—a prayer we all can utter, *Let me know Thy will, O God.* If your conscience speaks to you, that is the voice of God, and I would not for worlds turn you from it; but you must be *very sure* that you hear it aright. Such a step requires time, prayer, devout meditation, and the counsel of older and better Christians, if the reasons they bring up do not militate against *God's word.* This must be the test. I do not accuse you of being under Mrs. ——'s influence, or any earthly influence, but I pray you may be under *the Spirit's power:* seek *His* guidance and you cannot err. I do not say you would be more exposed to disease and death in Africa than here, for I do not believe it. God is everywhere, and He can make Africa as pleasant and healthy to His children there as our land is to us. He can and will open the hearts of the benighted to receive with gladness His preached word. And even should you die in Africa, is that anything to grieve about? must we not all die? Would not your deathbed *there* be blessed with the thought that you had, like Samuel, obeyed the voice of the Lord; that you had left *all* to follow Him; that your earnest desire was to tell the heathen of His love and truth? and if He permitted you only partially to do so, your prayer still would be, 'Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that *I love Thee.*' No, dear Colden, we are miserable, erring, groveling Christians, if such things appal or fret us. How is the dying command of our glorified Saviour to be ful-

filled, ' Go ye into the *world*,' &c., if all stay at home because it is healthy, and parishes are easy and pleasant? For my part, I thank God that a brother of mine has the daring of St. Paul; his noble, self-sacrificing spirit; his readiness to endure *all things* for love to Christ. I felt almost inclined to go with you, and I believe, if I had been a more lonely being (without a widowed mother), I should have encouraged your going, and asked you to take me with you. As it is, I do not wish you to be swayed one iota by anything I have written. I have spoken in the truth of my soul; God knoweth I lie not. I believe what I have written, because my Bible so teaches. I can assure you of one fact—your going would not give mother ' a sorrow unto death.' I have too great a trust in her religion to think that earthly trials could shake and crush her. Her confidence in God is too sure, her peace and love so great and pure, that, should you live near us or far away, so that we never could meet, her soul would still *rejoice* in her God. Dear Colden, I have done; I hope what I have said may give a drop of comfort to your fearing soul. I have withdrawn from the parlour because tears would come, and I wanted silence around me. My own early sorrow has taught me to trust not in earth; to seek not for happiness here; and every day to let this world recede further and further from my soul. God is enough for each one of us, and sorrow rightly received will bring Him very near; we can have heaven all around us and with us if we only try. I will use that prayer for you twice a-week, Tuesday and Thursday, at three o'clock; the hour when our Lord yielded up His spirit on the

cross. May we cling to that cross, all love and power; and may our spirits yield themselves to God's will!

From another Sister.

Goshen, April 7th, 1848.

I have just finished reading your last letter to H——, my dear Colden, and Mrs. H——'s note and truly beautiful Christian prayer. My tears fell fast. You know, my dear beloved brother, how deeply we all love you, and how poor human nature shakes, and trembles, and weeps at the thought of severing those ties which bind us so closely to earth; but faith is triumphant, and I can say, 'God's will be done!' Not one word would I say against your going to Africa. I think it is a subject in which God's Spirit must alone guide you; and if it leads you to be a 'minister and a witness' of the truth among the heathen, what right have we, frail, sinful creatures, to say one word? I could say much, my dear Colden, which my love would dictate, against your going; but I dare not. I think your whole course, from the commencement of your studies, has been peculiarly marked by God, and can I believe that now, at its termination, He would withdraw His guiding Spirit? *No!* I believe you are a chosen vessel unto Himself, and I am willing to trust you in His hands. I have always been more interested in all other foreign missions than in Africa, but now (if you should conclude to go) it will be very near our hearts. It will be a bitter, bitter trial to part; but at the same time it should be our glory and our boast that God has chosen one so near and

so dear to us, to be His messenger of peace to those sheep which are not yet of His fold.

I conclude this chapter with the following interesting letters to his mother:—

April 14*th*, 1848.

My dear Mother,

How thankful I am that you have given me to God, and committed me to His keeping, willing to resign to His service what nature claims for her own! This is the faith God approves. I looked for it from you, and have not been disappointed. It is faith like Abraham's, yet not put to so severe a trial as his. God bade *him* take the fire and the knife, and *slay* and *burn* his *only* son, through whom a multitude of people were to come, and all the families of the earth be blessed. Yet *he obeyed*, trusting in the Lord. His faith pleased God, and brought a blessing on His obedient servants. The request seemed unreasonable and cruel; but mercy was only in disguise, and love for a moment veiled.

And is not this written, like all Scripture, for our learning? Have we not like trials of our faith? Let us be wise to trust in Him, whose latest name is 'Love.' I do hope that all things may so be ordered that I shall go to Africa, for I see so much pleasure and profit in it;—profit to myself, profit to the Church, profit to our suffering missionaries, profit to the heathen. *Pleasure* of the sweetest kind, from the purest sources, even Jesus and His word. Pleasure like St. Paul's, drawn even from in-

firmities, from reproaches, from necessities, from persecutions, from distresses, for Christ's sake. (2 Cor. xii. 10.) Oh, then, that I might be fitted for this good work! And that I am sufficiently so to warrant my undertaking it, relying on God's continued help, seems to be becoming more and more evident to me. Yet I still wait, when feeling would at once decide. Yes, and I will wait, until, the scattered rays of Providence being gathered together, I shall be enabled to read with distinctness, 'This is the way; walk thou in it.' Whatever view I take of the subject, I feel urged to go onward. If I look at the mission, never was there greater want; never more earnest appeals for aid; and never more encouragement for missionary effort. If I look at the Church which I love, can I endure to see it written against her that none were found among all her sons to reply to such a call? none ready to go and reap a harvest which had cost her so dear? Again, may I not hope that my example may rouse others to this duty, wake up some of her children to the work of the Lord, stir up a spirit of prayer, and bring the Church, in her character as a missionary church,—a witness for Jesus, more prominently to view? And what may I not hope from my example upon my brethren of the Seminary? in how many of their bosoms may a missionary spirit be kindled, and burn brightly? so that, if they walk not in my steps, they may warm many a heart in their future ministry with love and zeal in this holy work. From this Seminary all the foreign missionaries have gone, with scarce an exception; and may it ever be thus blessed of God, who shall choose from here His messengers to the heathen. I have

considered the field at home, its wide extent and great destitution; but here are Christian Churches, and individual Christians, I might say almost innumerable; enough, tenfold over, to do the Lord's work in this land. Here is the Bible, and the truths of the Bible, sent forth from thousands of passes, like so many living streams, to water the land. A new means, and I am sure a most powerful engine for the increase of religious knowledge, has lately been brought into action;—that of colportage, which is growing in importance, and will prove eminently successful in the spread of the truth. But, as I said before, if Christians complain of our going abroad because the work is great at home, why don't they rouse themselves and do that work? They are at home, and the heathen at their doors; if they don't feed them, on *them* rests the responsibility. Let them ask themselves, What am I doing for my neighbour? If they neglect their duty, would they have others stay and do it for them? keeping the light of truth from millions and millions who are walking in total darkness. Both wrong and cruel would such a course be. We might hope that those who go abroad would speak a voice to those at home, reminding them of their own duty, and setting them an example for its performance; and I think experience teaches that such has ever been the result. *My* going abroad, and to Africa, may be peculiarly fitted to call attention to the considerations I have named; inasmuch as my family is somewhat known, and my prospects at home somewhat favourable, and my ties of kindred more than usually strong. Why this sacrifice? whence his motive? it might be asked;

and the answer,—Faith hath not verily ceased from off the earth. The voice of Jesus still sounds, nor sounds in vain, in the Church's ear; therefore will we praise and give thanks unto the Lord. Thus looking at my course only as far as the ocean's brink, shall we not say, 'It is well?' But land on the shore beyond, and hear there my welcome from the weary labourers; see one like unto the Son of man walking with me, never leaving or forsaking me; guiding me with His counsel, teaching me how to speak and what to say, and confirming the word by His own Spirit in the hearts of those to whom He sends me. See, they have a new heart given them; they are bringing forth the fruits of righteousness: we join and sing together the song of heaven, 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, who has redeemed us to God.' That song begun is wafted through the land, till Ethiopia in very truth is stretching out her hands to God in prayer and praise. As for personal qualifications, my lack is sufficiently great to call for the exercise of faith; yet I have such as, in the opinion of my friends, remove all grounds for the charge of presumption in going. The Professors have again and again assured me with the greatest confidence, regarding my mental and spiritual qualifications; so also my fellow-students; and so reason and common sense seem to speak, for if I am in these respects qualified for the ministry at home, I am in Africa. Physically the case is equally plain, nothing being urged against it save a weak constitution, which experience has proved is not an objection of weight, while other peculiarities render me especially suited to the climate. But, finally, it is said,

God's time has not come. Other instrumentalities are at work which will accomplish the object. Let Christian blacks be colonized, and let the white man stay in a clime more congenial. I send you a letter on this subject from my good friend Mrs. H——, and would further add that the question is not, whether a mission shall be established there or not; but whether that already begun, and so successfully carried on for twelve years past, shall be sustained or allowed to fall through, to be renewed again at a future day, at greater cost and sacrifice? Again, look at the British colony of Sierra Leone; though the climate is more sickly than Liberia, hundreds of missionaries have gone there, and still others are following. At present, the Church Missionary Society employs 32 white teachers, has 50 schools with 6000 children, 2000 communicants. In like manner the Wesleyans have very extensive missionary operations there, 27 chapels and 1709 children in schools. Again, to carry the Gospel to the heathen is a great work, and every great work requires labour and sacrifice. How many have been immolated at glory's shrine for glory's breath? How many for glittering gold have lost both body and soul? How many barter life for pleasure's delusive smile? And when Christ calls us to be willing to lay down our life for His sake, with the sure promise of keeping it unto life eternal, what answer shall we make? What *can* we make but the Saviour's, 'Thy will be done;' or St. Paul's, 'I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die for the name of the Lord Jesus?'

Now put all these things together, dear mother, and where is duty's path? where the bright way to which the

Saviour guides? Its entrance appears dark, but surely it is very light when entered; for the Son of man is there, and His glory doth enlighten it.

May 10*th*, 1848.

My dear Mother,

Your last letter gave me much satisfaction. You will never regret your unreserved surrender of your son for the Lord's army; even to go to a distant land to fight His battles. How much more joyfully, dear mother, can you resign me to such a Master, for such a cause, than if called on, as hundreds of mothers have been, to give up their children for the bloody strifes of this world's kingdoms!

CHAPTER VII.

1848.

ORDINATION—VISITS THE CHURCHES—ENGAGEMENT TO MARRY BROKEN OFF—CHEERFUL VIEWS OF MISSIONARY LIFE.

COLDEN HOFFMAN was ordained by Bishop Potter in Philadelphia, on the 30th July, 1848.

JOURNAL.

Sunday, 30th July, 1848.—Rose at five. Spent half an hour in prayer and meditation. Asked God to uphold and bless me to-day. I go forth in His strength to the solemn duties, and to assume the solemn obligations of the ministry. Humility, fearlessness of man, wisdom, I need.

Half-past one. Can it be, I am a minister of the everlasting gospel? Yes! by man's appointment; and, I trust, by the Holy Ghost's. This day have I been set a watchman on Zion's walls. May Zion's great Captain help me to fight His battles!

10 P.M.—Oh, blessed day, in which the grace of the Lord has been magnified toward me! Preached for Mr. Newton in the afternoon. God did hear me, for He strengthened me greatly, and I spoke without shame or fear. How blessed the privilege thus to speak for Christ, and by His help! I thank God for His many mercies.

His mother and one of his sisters were present at his ordination, and heard him preach his first sermon in Dr. Newton's church. Shortly after, he went home to his mother's house at Goshen, where he remained some little time.

He had now been accepted by the Foreign Committee of the Board of Missions, and was anxiously desirous of proceeding forthwith to his future sphere of work; but, owing to the infrequency of communication with Cape Palmas at that time, he was obliged to wait for some months for a conveyance. This time, however, was not lost, for he went forth into North and South Carolina, and afterwards into the State of New York, to plead the cause of foreign missions from the pulpits of the churches in those parts, and to stir up the people to take a livelier interest in that cause. The experience he gained was serviceable to himself, and though he went not with the same influence and power which he exerted some years after, yet his efforts were by no means in vain.

To Mrs. Hening.

New York, Jan. 11, 1849.

Dear Mrs. Hening,

The result of my visit to the South has been beneficial to myself and profitable to the cause. In the city of New York, where there is a large and wealthy Christian community, where I am well known, and where my influence, I might hope, would be extensively felt, here I have but begun to present the subject; the mere beginning has encouraged me to hope that I may do much to advance the cause I advocate. My own strengthened faith has made me rise above, and feel independent of, the sullen silence and unkind remarks of thoughtless friends or lukewarm Christians; yes, my good reasons and sound arguments for this holy work have not unfrequently melted those chilling looks and freezing words, to pleasing smiles and kind congratulations, and promises of sustaining prayers. I find a growing interest in the subject of missions, and ours particularly; and because God can bless the weakest instrumentalities, my presence may tend materially to increase this, so that the work henceforth may be sustained with increasing vigour. Wherever I have here presented the subject it has met a most favourable reception. * * * * Last Sunday I preached at the Holy Trinity for Dr. Lewis, and on Wednesday last for Dr. Cutler; the mission was the subject of discourse, or rather missions generally, and ours in its place. Large congregations evinced their interest by their attention. I also on Sunday last addressed the Sunday-school of the Ascension (New York) in the church, and a number of adults

were present. Next Sunday I trust for grace for the performance of my duties, for they will be weighty,—Dr. Anthon's in the morning, Dr. Muhlenberg's in the afternoon, and the Holy Trinity at night. The following Sunday, Ascension in the morning, with a collection. What think you of my visiting Boston and neighbouring cities afterwards? * * * Give my Christian love to your husband, and be assured that you are still remembered with interest and affection by your affectionate friend,

C. Colden Hoffman.

Some little time before he graduated at the Theological Seminary, he had made the acquaintance, in Norfolk, of a young lady, Miss Virginia Hale, to whom he became warmly attached.

He naturally felt desirous, in prospect of going to a foreign land, and being cut off from all social ties and affections, to convey with him one who might be to him instead of mother and sisters and friends, and fill that place in his heart which none but a wife could. It was natural, therefore, having met with one whose personal endowments were most attractive, whose Christian character was distinctive and earnest, and who had taken a deep interest in Africa before she knew him, that a mutual attachment should spring up.

Miss Hale was, however, very young, an orphan,

and under the charge of a guardian, who very naturally, and, I may add, properly, was unwilling to give his consent to her marrying and going to Africa; — at least till she had had more experience of life, and was better able to form a sound judgment in prospect of so momentous a step.

The consequence was, that he positively refused to give his consent; and she, in the spirit of Christian obedience, submitted to his decision, which she considered final. This was, unquestionably, a very great trial to both parties; but there was one way by which the difficulty might have been overcome, viz. if he had been willing to give up his missionary plans and settle as a clergyman at home. But this temptation, which would have had its influence with some, had none with him, and never seems to have entered into his thoughts. Ardently desirous as he was of accomplishing his purpose — for his was a confiding, loving nature, which could ill bear to live alone, without the sympathy and affection of a true yokefellow — yet he was prepared to face this additional trial; and he went forth alone, leaving his affections behind, and very uncertain whether he should not, by that means, deprive himself for ever of the desire of his heart.

We have here another illustration, and that not a slight one, of the simplicity of his aim, the oneness

of his purpose, and the superiority over every earthly affection of his love to the Saviour.

I would here observe, that it is not my wish to make any exaggerated statements, or to indulge in the expression of any morbid feelings, in reference to the sacrifices of a missionary life.

There is, unquestionably, a great sacrifice in forsaking home and friends, and, frequently, in encountering unhealthy climates; but we find that the same sacrifices are daily made, and thought little of, by numbers of persons for secular purposes. There is no greater sacrifice in a missionary's going to Cape Palmas or Calcutta, than in a merchant's establishing himself in the same places. On the score of worldly comfort there is seldom any sacrifice at all; because missionary service having nothing in it of the spirit of asceticism, makes no demand for needless or unwise neglect of health; but rather prompts, as a matter of prudence, such a mode of life as is best calculated to preserve both. These are not the most prominent trials of missionary life; but it is the loving and earnest Christian heart being brought into such close contact with the kingdom of Satan, which heathendom pre-eminently is; and the separation from all holy associations, influences, and friendships, which form the most wearing trial and the greatest exercise of faith.

Thus, some years after he had been engaged in close conflict with the Prince of Darkness on his own battle-ground, Colden Hoffman gives utterance to the following sentiments:—

I spake very boldly against that great Evil Spirit who works in the children of disobedience, and rules in the dark places of the earth.

He is more manifest here than in civilized lands. I *almost* see him. And, by the help of God, I am fighting and teaching others to fight against him.

It is very undesirable, therefore, and savours of a morbid temperament, to exaggerate the sacrifices of missionary life, and has a tendency to discourage or intimidate those who might otherwise be willing to embark in that noble enterprise. Whatever trials there might have been in Henry Martyn's day, when even the professing Christian Church scoffed at the name of a missionary; when life-long separation from friends and home was essential, and means of communication were few and far between; things are now greatly changed in all these respects for the better.

Colden Hoffman, however, had no disposition either to glorify himself, or to magnify the trials of the missionary life; on the contrary, he endeavours in his correspondence to divest it of all romance,

and frequently refers to the comforts, privileges, and blessings, by which he was surrounded. In one place he says,—

I was never half so happy in any sphere of life.

And again,—

I think, dear mother, you will have learnt by this time, that the coast of Africa is not a place bereft of all comfort, health and happiness, after all. I am sure I am contented here, and rejoice in telling the truths of God's Holy Word to those who have never before heard the sound of it.

And again,—

As for myself, I am very well and very happy. Oh, I am glad I am here! I rejoice from the depths of my heart that I am in Africa,—that I am among the heathen; may God in mercy prolong my days, that in this land they may be spent in His service. Oh, for an angel's powers to preach the glad tidings of salvation to these benighted people!

Such was the cheerful and joyous spirit in which he prosecuted his duties in Africa; making light of such trials as he encountered, and highly prizing, with a grateful heart, the many blessings by which he was surrounded, the chiefest of which he esteemed to be, the privilege of preaching among the Gentiles 'the unsearchable riches of Christ.'

And even at a later period, when he had tested by painful experience the fatal character of the climate, he was nothing terrified by this adversary, but gave utterance to the following words of confident faith and moral courage, nobler far than that which sustains a soldier on the battle-field: —

One more taken from the Lord's tabernacle in this wilderness; a pillar of grace and beauty; but from the heavenly temple she 'shall go no more out for ever.' But even here the Lord takes not down, but to build up, and even now we have heard of the arrival of three sisters on the coast to aid us in our blessed work. The world will laugh at their folly in coming hither in the face of death, but the world knows not the value of the immortal souls to be saved by them, neither does it see the crown of glory wherewith they shall be eternally crowned, or it would change its talk, and count their folly wisdom. The world, which by its follies and its fashions sends thousands, and by its wars, millions, to a premature grave, might well be silent, when, for Jesus, a life of usefulness is crowned by a death of peace and an eternity of joy.

Those afflictions, therefore, should not affect God's people, but to stir them up to prayer, to zeal, to faith, aye, to coming forward boldly to fill the vacant ranks and maintain the glorious warfare, which shall triumph, even though He must needs raise the very stones, as children, with the faith of Abraham, true soldiers of the Lamb. We have no fears either for ourselves or for the Church here; for though *dying* members, we have a *living* head;

and a great and thick wall of promises surrounds us, against which our enemies can make no impression. We stand upon a high mountain of faith, and, beholding a whole heaven lightened with promises, are undisturbed by the darkness and storms beneath our feet.

This I call a noble outburst of simple faith, such as one seldom sees displayed in these days in the Christian Church.

London. Seeley, Jackson & Halliday

CHAPTER VIII.

SKETCH OF THE COLONY OF LIBERIA—MISSIONARY ORGANIZATION OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN AMERICA—ORIGIN OF THE CAPE PALMAS MISSION.

BEFORE accompanying Colden Hoffman to the shores of Western Africa, the sphere of his future labours in the cause of Christ, it may be well to suspend the thread of our narrative for a little while, whilst we contemplate the country to which he was going, and its past history.

And this I propose doing under two points of view, by giving first, a brief account of the colonization of Liberia, and then a record of the establishment of the Cape Palmas Mission in connexion with the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, together with some particulars of the native tribes.

The colony of Liberia had its origin in the sympathy felt by a small section of people in the United

States for the African race, and in a strong desire which prompted them to colonize the free negroes of America on the soil of their ancestors; thus at the same time removing them from the scorn and down-trodden condition which they endured in the United States, and likewise opening out to them a new field of enterprize; which might develope their latent powers, and afford them scope for self-government and self-improvement, especially with a view to the future evangelization of Africa.

Hence, there sprang into existence in the year 1816 in the United States, an organization known as the Colonization Society, the professed object of which was to enable free American negroes to emigrate to the coast of Western Africa, by the purchase of land, and the furnishing them with such pecuniary assistance as was needful. Thus was founded the colony of Liberia, which extends along the coast of West Africa, from 4° 15′ to 7° north latitude, its northern extremity being bounded by the Gallinas river, near Sherbro Island. From the commencement, neither the Colonization Society, nor the colony planted by it, has ever had any direct connexion with the government of the United States; but during its earliest days, it enjoyed the sympathy and substantial help of the United States government, in consequence of the deep interest

which President Monroe took in the scheme, and which he was enabled to gratify, by reason of the capture at that period of some slavers by United States ships of war; for the government having declared the slave-trade to be piracy, had taken vigorous steps towards its suppression, and when slaves were recaptured, the question arose; What must be done with them? The practical answer which President Monroe rendered to this question, was to make the newly-selected colony of Liberia the dépôt for liberated slaves, which furnished him with a plausible reason to justify his sending over agents of the government, and vessels of war to co-operate with the agents of the Colonization Society, in effecting a settlement of the first emigrants. This timid and feeble body proceeded to Sierra Leone in the year 1819–20, and from thence to the island of Sherbro, which proved a very unhealthy spot, where they obtained a temporary and most unsatisfactory settlement from a treacherous prince. Failing in their attempt to get land on the Sherbro river, the agents of the government and the Colonization Society proceeded to Cape Mesurado; here, after much difficulty, they made a purchase of territory from the natives, and built a town, which, in honour of the President of the United States, was called Monrovia.

Subsequently, settlements were effected at Grand Cape Mount, forty miles north-west of Monrovia, and south-east at the Junk, Bassa, and Sinoe rivers, distant twenty, forty, and one hundred and twenty miles from Cape Mesurado. The towns at these places were named Robert's Port, Marshall, Buchanan City, and Greenville.

Such was the origin of Liberia, founded exclusively by persons of colour from the United States, under the guidance and with the pecuniary assistance of the Colonization Society. Not being, however, a colony of the United States, some form of political government was requisite. During the infancy of the colony a governor was appointed by the Colonization Society; but in the year 1845, when considerable progress had been made in the consolidation of the colony, they felt themselves to be in a position to assume the responsibilities of self-government, and at that period, having liberated themselves from the control of the Colonization Society in Washington, they proceeded to organize a government, upon the model of the United States, which was to consist of a President, a Senate, and a house of Representatives; a fundamental condition being, that its members must consist of persons of African, or, more strictly speaking, of negro blood.

Monrovia was made the capital, where the

government is administered, and where suitable public buildings have been erected, viz. two separate halls for the Senate and house of Representatives, a residence for the President, and other government buildings.

The first President, elected in the year 1845, was the Hon. J. J. Roberts, who had been Governor for some years previous; the office was conferred for a term of two years, but the same person is eligible for re-election. The present President is the Hon. D. B. Warner.

With respect to the territory obtained by the colony, it may be said to lie chiefly along the coast, within the boundaries already named, and was, for the most part, acquired by purchase; but its limits towards the interior are somewhat indefinite; and some of the wars with the natives have arisen from a misunderstanding respecting the ownership of land.

All the functions of a well-organized government are administered in the colony;—powers of taxation, both internal and by Custom-house duties, are exercised; and, though a standing army is not kept up, yet, in cases of emergency, the colonists have formed a temporary army under the administration and pay of the government.

By private enterprise, though at times under the sanction and aid of the government, educational

institutions have been founded, churches of various denominations have sprung up, and social and political prosperity has attended upon this experiment to found a colony of exclusively African blood; whilst fifty years have consolidated its institutions, and justified the friends of the negro race in appealing to Liberia, as a proof that the Creator, "who hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth," has put no ban on the negro, but has given to him the same moral and mental endowments as to his white brethren; which have enabled him to lay the foundations of a nation, with the same political institutions, and the same development of moral, religious, and social life, as amongst ourselves.

Both agriculture and commerce have made considerable progress in the Republic. It is foreign to my purpose to enter into statistical details of this kind, which are better suited for a history of the country; but those who have visited the Republic testify to the great improvement in the state of the soil, and the fruitful crops of sugar, coffee, and rice, which are produced; whilst a spirit of enterprise marks the seaport towns, and there are many Liberians in the enjoyment of competency, and some of considerable wealth.

The population of Liberia has gone on steadily

increasing; commencing in 1819 with some 250 emigrants from the United States, it has now become upwards of 18,000, and there is no reason why it may not continue to make progress, and prove at a future day an instrument in the hands of God for the evangelization of Africa. Such may be regarded as a brief sketch of Liberia proper and its boundaries previous to the year 1857.

But in addition to this there sprang up another colony, quite independent of Liberia, called Cape Palmas, situated 250 miles lower down the coast than Monrovia, and which was founded by the Maryland Colonization Society in the years 1834 and 1835. It, like Liberia, remained for some years under the control of American administration, but eventually followed the example of its neighbour and became an independent state, under the name of 'Maryland in Liberia,' and elected the Hon. J. B. Drayton as President. The natives, however, residing in the neighbourhood, and within the bounds of the territory of the colony, refused to recognise the authority of the new government: a collision arose, which resulted in the removal of 1500 of the natives from the point of land called Cape Palmas, which they had hitherto occupied in common with the colonists.

These natives, uniting with other allies, so

strengthened themselves, and organised such a formidable opposition, as to repel a second attack of the colonists, hemming them in so as to make their situation critical in the extreme. This was the war referred to in a future chapter of this memoir.

In this predicament, 'the State of Maryland in Liberia,' that is to say, the colonists of Cape Palmas, appealed to the Republic of Liberia for aid: assistance was promptly sent, consisting of soldiers headed by ex-President Roberts; and the natives, being no longer able to face the joint forces, were the more readily brought to terms. Everything was soon settled by negotiation, and the colony at Cape Palmas was formally annexed to Liberia, as one of the counties of the Republic. From this date Liberia was divided into four counties, viz. Mesurado, Bassa, Sinoe, and Maryland. The distance between the extreme points viz. from Cape Mount to Kabla on the Hora river, is 300 miles. The line of coast, however, claimed by the Republic, extends above and below those points, so as to make in all about 500 miles, although not more than 600 square miles are as yet occupied by the colonial population and their descendants.

Between and around the comparatively small settlements of Liberia, there is a large aboriginal population; taking the above-mentioned line of five

hundred miles of coast claimed by Liberia, and a parallel one a hundred miles interior, there are some fifty tribes, with an aggregate population of probably three millions, retaining their independent governments and their pagan institutions. These heathen people live in close proximity to the Colonial settlements. At Cape Palmas, till the war of 1856, the native town of 1500 people was within a few hundred yards of the Liberian town of Harper; and, as might have been expected, quarrels have arisen from time to time with respect to land, political jurisdiction, trade, or mutual aggressions, which, as in other countries, have resulted in strengthening the interests and enlarging the territory of the colonists.

In the good providence of God, very beneficial results have followed, and are likely to follow, in the wake of the colonization of Western Africa, for the whole coast, before colonization commenced, was given up to the slave-trade; and so intensely is all Africa addicted to this vile traffic in human flesh, that the only hope of effectually breaking up the trade, lies in the establishment of communities on the coast, having the disposition and power to destroy it. Already much has been accomplished by this agency. From some 1500 miles of coast the slave-trade has almost been banished, a lawful commerce, employing

more than 300 ships and introducing everywhere the English language, has sprung up; and ivory, palm-oil, camwood, gold-dust, and other products, are taking the place of traffic in human blood and tears; whilst important bases of Christian missions have been established, destined gradually to furnish the agency for carrying on the evangelization of the natives in the interior.

Turning now to the Cape Palmas Mission; it was commenced in the year 1836, in the territory at that time possessed, as we have seen, by the Maryland Colonization Society, but now forming part of the republic of Liberia.

In the year 1826, or thereabouts, a voluntary organization, called the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society, was formed in the United States, by members of the Protestant Episcopal Church, for missionary purposes; being the first attempt made by that Church to evangelize the heathen: but the General Convention in the year 1835 superseded that organization, by what, at the time, was considered to be a much more perfect system of administration, taking higher ground, and in strictest conformity with sound Church principles;—viz. that the Church itself in its corporate capacity should send the gospel to the heathen.

In pursuit of this theory, the General Convention

formed a Board of Missions, which was considered to be the representative body of the Church in the work of missions; and for greater convenience of practical working, two standing Committees were appointed to administer the affairs of the foreign and domestic departments. This system, so greatly admired at the time, proved much less perfect in practice than in theory; for it very soon appeared that it was the means of clogging missionary enterprise with all those unsatisfactory differences of opinion, which are evils inseparable from the constitution of a Church, but which it is by no means necessary to import into missionary organization. The Foreign Committee under whose control the management of the African and other foreign missions was placed, has, it is true, retained the confidence of the friends of foreign missions to a large extent, because its administration was originally placed in the hands of men holding evangelical principles; but such great dissatisfaction has long been felt by a large section of the members of the Episcopal Church, in regard to the administration of the domestic missions, that at last it led to a separation, and the organization in the year 1860 of a voluntary society for carrying on that portion of the work. Whether the Foreign Committee will, in like manner, be superseded by a voluntary society, remains to be seen; but in times like the present, when the diver-

gence of religious opinion in the Church is so great, it can hardly be expected that any organization can enjoy general confidence which recognises Church membership alone as the bond of its association; whereas, when men holding the same principles band together for the formation of a voluntary society, they know for what they pay their money, and are able to make sure that their own convictions of truth, and not the various creeds of error which abound, will be transmitted to the heathen.

The prosperity and success of the Church Missionary Society in England have sprung from this cause; that being a voluntary society, under a strictly evangelical administration, it has commanded the fullest confidence and affection from the evangelical section of the church; and having seen to it with great sedulity, that nothing but sound Scriptural truth, the gospel of the grace of God, was transmitted by its agency to the heathen, the blessing of God has rested on it in a remarkable manner.

And I doubt not that the recent organization in the United States, which has adopted the time-honoured name of the Church Missionary Society, will likewise prosper; because preferring truth to theories of church organization, its founders have formed a voluntary society on principles which will secure the exclusive agency of men sound in the faith.

I have ventured to state these facts in connexion with missionary organization in America, because it is always useful to learn from the experience of the past, and to test the reality of theory by results. At the same time, they do not so strictly apply to the department of foreign, as to that of domestic missions; and therefore in tracing the early history of the Cape Palmas mission, I proceed to state, that from its commencement, it was placed under the control and administration of the Foreign Committee of the Board of Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America, and so remains to the present day.

It was under the auspicious administration of that honoured servant of God, the late Dr. Milnor of New York, that the Foreign Committee commenced its operations in the year 1836, when he visited the Theological Seminary of Alexandria, and laid before the candidates for holy orders the purpose of the church to found a mission on the coast of West Africa. Two of these young men responded to the call, and the Rev. Dr. Savage, at that time a physician, but who shortly after took holy orders, sailed as pioneer in October, 1836, and arrived at Cape Palmas in December of that year. The Rev. John Payne and Mrs. Payne followed the next year,

and he has been enabled to continue stedfastly at his post to the present time, a period of upwards of thirty years.

Cape Palmas, or the Cape of Palms, derived its name from a geographical blunder. When the Portuguese first approached the coast, where Rock Town now stands, they discovered a grove of magnificent fan-leaf palms, and, as they beheld them with admiration, they exclaimed, 'Cabo de Palmo!' —the Palmy Cape. But some time after, when an English ship of war came in search of this promontory, where some British sailors had been massacred by the natives, they, to screen themselves said, 'This is not Cape Palmas, it is below;' and ever since the more southern point, five miles distant, where the grove of palms is not, has been known by the name of Cape Palmas. Its native name was Bwine Lu.

At the time when the mission was commenced, the country around Cape Palmas was in a very wild and desolate condition.

Bishop Payne described himself as having had, on his first visit to Mount Vaughan, to pass through the jungle, which grew close up to the unfinished mission premises, just before reaching which, both men and horse sank up to the middle in a morass;

and it was not long before a leopard came and stole away a dog, and a boa constrictor killed another; antelopes were seen in the paths around, and monkeys sported in the trees.

But the natives were as wild as the beasts.

They lived in huts of the humblest character, built of posts driven into the soil, the sides covered with plaited bamboos, and the conical roof thatched with palm-leaves.

Their food was chiefly rice and cassada, seasoned with palm-butter.

The institution of marriage can hardly be said to have existed; for both polygamy and the grossest immorality prevailed. The female children were usually betrothed at six or seven years of age, when the intending husband paid a price to the father, generally consisting of three cows, a goat, and some cloth. When arrived at maturity, without any form or ceremony, the husband took his purchased bride home, and as soon as he could afford it, repeated the process, till he had got as many or more wives than he could maintain, each one of which dwelt in a separate house built by himself.

The clothing both of men and women consists of nothing but a strip of cotton cloth tied round the loins.

The natives are divided into a vast number of

separate tribes, speaking different languages and dialects, of which Bishop Payne gives the following analysis, as well as description of their form of government and other interesting details:—

NAMES AND LOCALITIES OF THE NATIVE TRIBES.

(*a.*) At Cape Mount is the Vye tribe. This people have reduced their language to writing in characters of their own invention. This language is the medium of written communication amongst them. Many of them are Mahomedans. Their population may be five or six thousand. They are, however, closely connected by language and religion with the powerful and populous community known as Mandingoes. Their boundary extends from a point six or eight miles above, to another twenty miles below Cape Mount. I know little of the past history of this people, except that they have always, until their territory became a part of Liberia, extensively engaged in the slave-trade. Their present political and social condition is quite equal to that of the Mandingoes, and much in advance of the pagan tribes north and east of them.

(*b.*) About Monrovia are remnants of the Kwia, Gola and Pessa tribes. The slave-trade had much reduced them before the Liberian settlements were made, and collisions with these have tended still more to shatter them. The Golas, however, are still numerous, extending from the neighbourhood of Millsburg on the St. Paul's far towards Timbuctoo. And the Pessas, though preyed upon remorselessly by their more powerful neighbours just

named, extend a hundred or more miles to the eastward, touching the Bassa tribe on the north.

(*c.*) The Bassa people inhabit the coast between Junk river and the river Sesters, and extend twenty or thirty miles interior. It was here that the German Missionaries (of Basle), made an effort to establish a mission, before the colony was planted, but were compelled to abandon it.

(*d.*) With the proper names of the tribes between the Bassa and Sinoe, I am not acquainted.

(*e.*) Above and below Sinoe, for a distance of thirty-five miles along the coast, are different divisions of the Krao or Kru people. They were the first native Africans in this region to go to sea; and their name corrupted and modified into Kroo, Croo, Crew-man, has been subsequently extended to all persons serving on board of vessels along two hundred miles of coast, and belonging to a score of tribes. But the Kroo, whose principal towns are Settra Kroo, Little Kroo, Nana Kroo, fifteen to thirty miles below Sinoe, are the most intelligent people in this region of country. They lay out their towns at right angles, and place each principal street under a Chief or Headman. They have long since ceased to work on board of ships, and are occupied chiefly in trade on their own account, or as the agents of foreigners.

(*f.*) The tribes between the Kroo people and the Cavalla river, a distance of seventy miles, are Kabo, Yedabo, Bwidabo, Sedewe, Wedabo, Wiabo and Grebo. Of these, the most important are the Sedewe, set down on the common charts as Grand Sesters. The principal

town here is the largest on the Grain Coast, having a population of about twelve thousand. It was known to the earliest European navigators as 'The Kingdom of Malagetta,' and carried on a large traffic in a spice known as 'Malagetta Pepper.'

(*g.*) The numerous divisions, marked on either side of the Cavalla river to the falls, more accurate information shows, may be reduced to the following: Nyambo, Bro, Gerebo, Webo, Tebo, Babo and Plabo.

THE RELATION OF THE LANGUAGES OF THE TRIBES.

(*a.*) The Vye language, about Cape Mount, is related to that of the Mandingoes and other tribes to the windward.

(*b.*) The Kwia, Gola, Pessa and Bassa languages are very similar, as are probably the dialects of the remaining communities between Bassa and Sinoe.

(*c.*) The languages from Krabo to Grebo are again very much alike, so much so that the Kroo language is easily understood by all the people between them and the Cavalla river. This group of people seems to have come down from the interior at a different time and place from those enumerated under (*g*) above.

(*d.*) Below and up the Cavalla to the falls, the languages all belong to the same family, and are again very much like those of the Bassa and kindred dialects above, showing that these two divisions have come from some common point interior, while the Kroo and their relatives

have emigrated from the east, and occupied the coast between these kindred, though now widely separated, sections.

FORM OF GOVERNMENT.

In all these tribes there is, with a feeble hereditary element, the most rampant democracy. The tribes, and towns composing them, are divided into families, grouped around a patriarch or chief. This chief, usually the oldest and most influential man in the family, keeps the general funds, from which he pays all fines imposed, and supplies wives to the young men. The old men or patriarchs form a sort of advisory court, which proposes all measures of importance affecting the interests of the community. Besides these patriarchs, there is an hereditary Woraba (town father), Bodia (high priest), Tibawa, chairman of the free citizens in peace, and an important officer in war, and Yibadia, the leader of the military in war. These officers, except the Tibawa, belong to the council of patriarchs. But the Sedibo, or body of free citizens, composed of all men who have paid the sum of about ten dollars into the treasury, are really the ruling power. They meet together in a body, discuss and decide all matters of litigation, and whatever affects the interest of the community; and the patriarchs, and no other, venture much to oppose the popular will, when clearly expressed. The government is almost an unmitigated democracy; swayed by the impulses of malice, revenge, or covetousness according to circumstances; under such conditions, it were superfluous to add, there is

little security for life, and still less for the accumulation or preservation of property. It were useless to name kings or princes where they must be enumerated by scores and hundreds.

ORIGINAL RELIGION OF THE TRIBES.

The religion of all these tribes is substantially the same, and I would add, very much like that of the heathen in all ages. In its essential features it is the worship of ancestors or deceased relatives. In this respect injustice is done to the African when they are represented as worshippers of the devil. Their kwi, or objects of worship, just as amongst the Greeks, Romans, and Chinese, are the spirits of the dead, occupying the same relative position in the spirit-world as when living. Thus, the spirit of the successful trader is worshipped as the trade-ku (or demon); that of the warrior as the war-ku, etc. Again, their *deyo-bo* or demon-men are the priests or false prophets of the pagans of all ages. The theory about them is that they are possessed by demons, and under the inspiration of these demons make responses to those who consult them. The greegrees, fetishes or charms of wood, stone, iron, etc., worn or used by the people, derive their efficacy from the sacred character of the deyo who prepares them.

In the office of the Bodia or high priest among the Gebros and neighbouring tribes, there are many traces of the Jewish high priesthood. Thus, he is set apart to his office by anointing and sacrifice; he continues in his anointing three days; the blood of the sacrifice is put

upon his ears and upon the posts of his house, and the idols in it. His house is called Takai, the anointed house. In it is kept burning a perpetual fire. He may not weep, may not touch a dead body; when a death occurs, he may not eat in town until the deceased is buried. On going to his farm he may not drink water except in the public highway. Before he dies, the ring of office worn upon his ankle must be transferred to another member of his family, so that there must be a living succession. If he dies by gidu, the test of witchcraft, he must be buried under a stream of running water, as if to wash away his pollution. When he dies a natural death, he is buried in a sacred island in the sea.

I do not discover any clear notion of sacrifice for sins amongst the people of this region. Their offerings are all made as food to the departed; and the occasion of making the offerings is when there is some distress, and the people are told by their deyabo or oracles that the kwi are angry on account of some misconduct of the people, or on account of not being fed, and require food in order to appease them.

The popular ideas on the condition of the departed are very vague and contradictory. Theoretically they hold, as has been stated, that the departed occupy the same rank in the other world which they have occupied in this. This leads to giving the deceased as expensive a funeral as possible, with the view of securing his honourable admission into the society of the spirit-world. And subsequently, offerings are made at the grave of the deceased for a longer or shorter time, according to his

standing in society. According to accounts given by the old, every one after his death has to pass a place called Meruke, where he must narrate the events of his life before going on to his ultimate destination. If he has not an honourable burial, he may be long detained in the marshes on this side of Meruke, and possibly never get beyond.

But in remarkable inconsistency with all this, they hold that the spirits of the departed reappear in the bodies of new-born infants. And when a child is born it is taken, or else the father resorts to a heathen priest, to learn what person has reappeared on the earth, and the deyo names the child accordingly. Sometimes the same person makes his appearance in three or four different infants about the same time, all of whom receive his name, and become his representatives; or, rather, they are all the spirit of the one deceased man. This absurdity, however, seems to be gradually passing away, and those who go to the place of departed spirits are expected to remain there.

OUTLINES OF THE DIVINE REVELATION.

In the sytem of religion amongst the pagan Africans of the Grain Coast, as stated by the more intelligent classes, there are the distinct outlines of the Divine revelation. According to this, God once lived amongst men. They were then perfectly happy. There was no sin, no suffering, no death. After a time, however, *Nyesoa* (God: *Nye, man; soa, abiding,* very like *Jehovah*) let

fall *we*— witchcraft, poison, the cause of all disease and death. A *woman* got possession of it. Very soon there was a death. Men went to enquire of *Nyesoa* the cause of this strange thing. They were informed that a woman had got possession of *we*, and that she had caused the death. They were then directed to a test by which guilt in this or similar cases might be detected. This was gidu: the tree known as *sassa wood* (red wood), used nearly all over Africa as a test of witchcraft. An infusion of the bark of this tree was given to the woman, and she died; thus manifesting her guilt. But before doing so, she managed to convey this mysterious *we* to her children. Sin, sickness, and death now prevailed. Men soon became so wicked that Nyesoa said he could no longer live amongst them. He would, however, always feel an interest in their affairs, and would leave a class of men through whom they could communicate with him. These are the *deyo-bo* or demon-men; who, as stated above, are supposed to utter responses under the influence of possessing demons.

I have thus given the outlines of the religion of the pagan Africans of the Grain Coast. Among the *Vyes*, about Cape Mount, and east and north of them, Mahomedanism prevails.

PAST HISTORY: PRESENT POLITICAL AND SOCIAL CONDITION.

The numerous tribes of this region, excepting the Vyes, belong to one great family, as is proved by similarity of

appearance, language, and customs. Their emigration from the north or interior is a matter of fresh tradition, the people generally being able to relate when each family to which they belong first came to the coast. This fact in connexion with their freedom from the customs and doctrines of the Mahomedans, would seem to indicate that at no remote period they have been driven by that persecuting and conquering community south of the mountain chain which seems to separate them from the superior races of the interior. In proof of the comparatively recent settlement of the Greboes in this region, they relate that when they first landed at Cape Palmas they found a foreign house (*kobokai*) there. It was no doubt a Portuguese or Dutch slave-factory. The political condition of these tribes as respects government has been stated. It may be added, that elsewhere they are subdivided in tribes not averaging twenty-five thousand, and these again are broken up into corporations or towns, to a great extent independent of, and involved in constant quarrels and wars with, each other. These wars, indeed, are not very destructive, the loss of twenty or thirty in a battle being considered an extraordinary disaster: still their effect is to produce distrust, isolation, stagnation of trade, insecurity of life and property, tending to prevent the accumulation of property and the comforts of life.

The universal belief in witchcraft, and that death in every case is caused by this influence, makes life fearful and death horrible; for every one is more or less apprehensive of injury, since every offence is avenged in some way; and wherever a death occurs, some one is believed to have

caused it, and must be sought out and punished. Yet these Africans are outwardly a light-hearted people, and when they have finished their farming operations, which occupy usually about six months, and house-building, which takes two more, most of the remainder of their time is passed in dancing. In common intercourse, too, they are polite, and much given to flattery. Every man has a complimentary title or name, and sometimes several, by which he is ordinarily addressed. But all this, alas ! may co-exist with dislike, habitual malice, and determined purpose of revenge. And both individually and as communities they seem capable of adjourning difficulties to a favourable time for settlement. Yet they are not much given to single combats, and an open murder scarcely ever occurs. But as the principle of revenge undoubtedly prevails, this can only be accounted for by the prevalence of the belief in, and the practice of, witchcraft, and the best means of accomplishing their objects.

THREE OF THE LANGUAGES REDUCED TO WRITING.

Three of the native languages have been reduced to writing; and providentially these seem to embrace the *three families* from which the numerous subdivisions have proceeded.

(*a.*) The Vye language was reduced to writing by one of the people of that country. The remarkable manner in which this was done, the extent to which it was used, and the language itself, were all examined and communicated to the Church Missionary Society in London several years ago by Rev. Mr. Koelle. I need not, therefore, refer more particularly to the subject.

(*b.*) The Bassa language was reduced to writing in 1836–40 by Rev. Messrs. Crocker and Clarke, missionaries of the American Baptist Society. They both died not long afterwards; and there is, at present, no foreign missionary in that part of the country. Two native ministers, Rev. A. Van Brun and Rev. L. Crocker, however, remain, occupying two stations. The former was taken by the German missionaries (who visited that part of the country before the colony was planted) to Sierra Leone, and there educated in the Church Mission. I have not studied the Bassa further than to ascertain its resemblance to others in its neighbourhood, and the Babo and other dialects spoken east of the Cavalla and along the river to the First Falls.

(*c.*) The Grebo I have studied since 1837, and have been making translations in it. The work was began by Rev. J. Leighton Wilson, of the A. B. C. F. Missions of the United States, who was at Cape Palmas some two years before me. He translated portions of the Scriptures, prepared a partial vocabulary and grammar, and several other works of less importance. Since he left (some four years after) I have prepared a larger dictionary and grammar, primer, Bible history, translations of Genesis, Matthew, John, Romans, collection of hymns, history of the Greboes, baptismal, confirmation, and communion services, with other portions of the Prayer-book.

The words Greegree and Fetish are familiar to us in connexion with the superstitions of the natives of West Africa; but I believe that a correct and definite knowledge of the meaning of these terms,

and wherein they differ from idols, is by no means common. I therefore availed myself of the opportunity of Bishop Payne's recent visit to England to request him to furnish me with a paper on this subject; and the following lucid and interesting statement is the result of that request:—

Grebo Idolatry, Greegrees, Fetishes, etc.

The idolatry of the Greboes and of the tribes inhabiting the coast, is substantially that of the heathen in all ages. It is the worship of the spirits of the dead.

After death the spirit is supposed to linger about the house, and especially the grave of the departed. At the former place a fire is kindled for about a month, before the front door, under the impression that the spirit returns and joins the family circle in the evening. In a tribe forty miles above Cape Palmas, closely allied to the Greboes, the dead are buried under the floor of the houses in which they lived, so closely united with them do the Africans love to feel that their relatives remain after death.

But it is at the grave that the spirits (kwi) are supposed chiefly to dwell. Here, accordingly, food is brought with the corpse at its burial; here a fire is kindled every evening, and offerings of rice, palm-oil, fowls, goats (never sheep), and bullocks, continue to be made for a month, or year, or years, according to the piety of the survivors, or character of the deceased.

The rank of the kwi in the spirit-world is supposed to continue as in this, and their influence to be exerted in the same sphere. Thus the spirit of a deceased king is pro-

pitiated to advance political interests; that of a distinguished trader, those of commerce; and of a warrior, those of warfare.

No images or statues of the dead are ever made; but by some conjuration, spirits of the dead are made to inhabit rude preparations, or compounds of wood, iron, ivory, mud, &c., according to the skill or fancy of the *deyobo* (demon-men). The deyo (demon-man), like the old false prophets, always gives his responses or directions under the afflatus of a familiar spirit. Under this magical influence he not only gives infallible directions, interprets men's thoughts and actions, and makes idols; but calls up the spirits of the dead, and puts them into his idol.

An idol is made of a tooth of ivory. One of these stuck in the ground in front of Cavalla, and enclosed by a fence, receives yearly a bullock in offering from the Kroo-men (native seamen), under the belief that he has great influence on trade. The inhabiting spirit was probably some distinguished trader, though his name is now lost to memory. Idols again, are a bar of iron put on the ground in or near the house, with a ball of mud for a head, surmounted by a fur hat, and shells inserted to represent eyes, mouth, &c.; or a wooden bowl, with a concretion of earth, shells, antelopes' horns, birds' feet, bones of animals, &c.; or a preparation of leaves, vines, sharks' liver, human flesh, finger or toe-nails, hair, &c. buried in the earth, having over them a flat stone, on which offerings are laid.

The supposed power of such idols is awful; they protect the possessor against witchcraft, and bring sickness, calamity, or death, upon enemies; they induce or avert war, general

prosperity or adversity. In the house of the Bodio (chief priest) is a large collection of such idols, which must be anointed and fed periodically, generally every new moon. The Bodio, who is consecrated to his office by anointing and sacrifice, lives in a house called Ta Kai — the anointed house.

The name for these more important idols is Kwi, thus identifying them with the spirits of the dead; though the name Gidi, including an inferior and more numerous class, is sometimes applied to these also. It is remarkable that the term 'ku pl kwi' is applied to foreigners (Europeans), implying the idea of superiority. Under this name kwi is also included a class of spirits inhabiting rocks, groves, &c., with whose origin the present worshippers are not acquainted. The term gidi, translated by two words of Portuguese or Spanish origin, as I suppose, greegree and fetish, is applied to what we should designate as charms. These are preparations of grass, mud, oil, leaves, roots, worn about the head, around the neck, on the arms, legs, or other parts of the body; sometimes clay or powder rubbed on the skin, or sprinkled over the eyes. These are supposed to avert sickness, protect against witchcraft, cause women to bear children; in truth, accomplish any object. These things are put in grass bags, or, more commonly, the horns of antelopes, sheep, or other animals. It is remarkable that horns are prominent in the idols called kwi, as well as gidi, and point, like many customs of the Greboes, to a Jewish origin; reminding one of 'the horns of the altar,' and the frequent symbolical use of this term in the Scriptures.

Western Africa of the present day, forms no exception to the testimony borne by the Psalmist respecting the heathen of old,—'the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty.'

The institution which prevails amongst the natives of the various tribes on the coast, of administering Sassa-wood as a test of witchcraft, is a source of wide-spread misery and death.

Every death is supposed to be caused by witchcraft, and therefore immediately after death efforts are made to ascertain who is the witch. If some one has been known to threaten the life, or there has been some quarrel, this is supposed to be sufficient evidence, and a deadly decoction of the wood of the Sassa-tree is administered, which almost always proves fatal. But more frequently, a delegation of natives from a society called 'The Secret Association,' is sent to the devil-man, to ascertain who is the guilty party; this man blows an antelope's horn, invokes the demon, and under the afflatus of this inspiration he designates the guilty party, and then the Secret Association appears in front of the house of the accused, when he is arrested and subjected to the test of Sassa-wood.

With institutions so degrading and cruel; with ideas of religion so false and corrupt; with moral and social habits so depraved and noxious; with an

absence so complete of civilization and education; the native tribes of Africa present an object of deep compassion to the Christian's heart; it is enough to stir his sympathy, that these millions have never heard of the name of Jesus, that 'only name under heaven given amongst men whereby we must be saved,' that name which to himself is 'as ointment poured forth.'

Such were the feelings which constrained the heart of Colden Hoffman to devote his life to the evangelization of Africa, and to preach amongst those people the unsearchable riches of Christ. With what energy and unwearied perseverance he prosecuted this noble object to the last, the following pages will plainly unfold.

I shall conclude this chapter with a specimen of the Grebo language, as being that spoken by the natives of Cape Palmas and the surrounding district.

The Lord's Prayer in Grebo.

A Buo mo no nede yeu; Na nyine be kone; Na woro be nuede kono mo, tene o nide ne yeu: Hnyi amo nyena-yedo no nede ene dibade. Ne be po 'amo hwiso ko a kpone kukwi a ta tene a ni a pe nyono o ni amo kpone kukwi mo hwiso, yi; Ne na ne amo mo, a na bide kpone kukwi a tudotu nye, ke be ha amo ku ye. Emo mo ko dible, mo we te ye, ne mo mino de gbiye a nyine komo te gbiye. Amen.

Grebo Hymn.

(*Saviour, source of every blessing.*)

Jesu ha de a mo woo
  Tode mo na bisida;
Te na ha kpone ne weye.
  Na see na weye ne.

Ha worade n'o blede yew,
  Tode mo e beble yis;
Ne ble na bobra a te,
  Pode mo sau woro ke.

Te wodao mo yi wana
  Kana, ne ne bwida no;
Hede dida mo no pomo,
  Bradade mo na nyino.

Mo wo mo ke o lu mo yis
  Ple ne ye te neno ke
Mo bo te bo tu mo yimo
  Be munode yew nyine.

T. Picken lith.

M. & N. Hanhart imp.

THE ORPHAN ASYLUM AT CAPE PALMAS.

CHAPTER IX.

1849.

EMBARKS FOR AFRICA—TOUCHES AT MONROVIA—ARRIVES AT CAPE PALMAS—FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

COLDEN HOFFMAN sailed from Baltimore for Africa on Saturday, 24th February, 1849, in company with his fellow-student, the Rev. J. Rambo, who, like himself, had listened to the earnest appeal for fresh labourers in the African mission-field.

Baltimore, 21st February, 1849.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

Though it is near eleven o'clock at night I take up my pen to commence, if not finish, a letter to you. Since Providence seems to point your duty at home, I shall not be able to say farewell, save with pen and ink.

Has God chosen me for this holy work? then, dear mother, you need not fear, for He will never leave nor forsake me. I rejoice, dear mother, that He gives you

strength to bear up under your trials, fulfilling His word, 'As thy day so shall thy strength be.' Cast your care, dear mother, on Him, for He will sustain you. Our sailing is postponed from day to day. The students will nearly all be off to-morrow; there were eleven came down to see me, with Dr. Sparrow and Dr. Butler.

God has been with me hitherto, dear mother, as you know, and will He now forsake me? Let us trust in Him. The things of the world have far too deep a hold upon me: pray that to it I may be crucified, and love Jesus more deeply, and serve Him more faithfully. We shall probably be off to-morrow morning. My heart is not faint; how could it be, upheld by so many fervent prayers and rich promises? There was once One filled with pity when he beheld, from a cross of agony, his mother in sorrow: to Jesus I commend you, mother, and to the word of His grace; the stream which, in other days, has refreshed you in the valley of tears. God grant that, through the merits of the Saviour, we may meet in heaven, if not again on earth. Farewell.

Your affectionate Son,

COLDEN.

Liberia Packet, Sunday Night, 25th February, 1849,
off Cove Point, about 60 *miles from Baltimore.*

A dark and stormy night, yet peace and comfort are in our bark. It is not rough enough to make us sick; our anchor was let go at eight o'clock, and in a safe

harbour we ride out the storm, and wait for a change of weather. The day has passed pleasantly. After breakfast we had prayers between decks for the emigrants; I conducted them. At half-past ten we had church; Mr. Rambo preaching from the text, 'It is I, be not afraid.' I read the service. After dinner we organized a Sunday-school. I brought ten children to the cabin, while Mr. Rambo took charge of the adults, assisted by some of the colonists. A little after this, the bell was rung for church, Rambo reading for me: a very attentive congregation. I spoke on Isa. iii. 10, 11. English prayer concluded our service. After tea Musu came to the cabin to read.

A few weeks sufficed to convey the vessel across the Atlantic, and in the month of April they made the coast of Liberia, off Cape Mount, some miles north of Monrovia, the capital of the colony; and, coasting along, they cast anchor off that town, in the neighbourhood of the U. S. Frigate Yorktown, which happened at that time to be lying there. But I shall allow him to speak for himself, by giving some extracts from his letters to his mother, which convey the freshness of first impressions when landing on a foreign shore; impressions which can never be renewed when once effaced.

The description which he gives of his intercourse with the inhabitants of Liberia has additional interest imparted to it when we remember that the

persons of whom he is speaking were all of negro blood, and many of them had formerly been slaves in the Southern States of America. The progress and development of that colony, settled exclusively by persons of colour, is the best practical refutation to the assertions of those who would represent the negro race as incapable of civilization, mental cultivation, or self-government.

Liberia Packet, April 4th, 1849.

My dearest Mother,

Three hours ago the Captain announced from aloft, 'Land ahead.' Both Mr. Rambo and myself jumped from our berths (for the afternoon being warm we were lying down) and hastened to the deck, (nay, I stopped a moment to thank God for our prosperous voyage,) and on the left of the ship's bows, at a distance of about forty miles, we saw the base of Cape Mount rising from the ocean, topped in clouds. Joy soon pervaded the ship and was read on the countenances of all. This is only our twenty-eighth day from the Capes of Virginia, and yet we are within forty-five miles of Monrovia! the quickest passage the packet has ever made. Whence this mercy but from the love of God and the prayers of His children? I hope C. will send you my letter to read, containing an account of our Missionary meeting on Monday evening last on deck, and also of our deeply interesting meeting last night, when I addressed the assembly on the subject of sickness and death. God gave me much grace and strength. Let no anxious fears arise, dear mother, for I

will, for your sake if for no other reason, temper zeal with prudence. I had all my Sunday scholars assembled this afternoon, and gave them, with parting instruction, a little book, with which they were delighted. The weather is like our summer weather; thermometer, 75° in the morning, 85° during the day.

10 P.M.—The emigrants had a meeting this afternoon to draw up resolutions of thanks for our spiritual labours among them through the voyage. A committee waited on us just before tea to know when we would be at leisure to receive their communication; as it was near prayer-time, we said, after prayers. These being over, we were requested to stand by the cabin-door, when three of the most respectable emigrants advanced with their hats off, and one of the number, Mr. Phillips, made us a speech expressive of thanks and good wishes; then turned to the assembled emigrants, and directing their attention to the shores of Africa, addressed them appropriately, and again turning to us, read a communication. I replied in a short address. All went off well, and was very gratifying. After tea we had another meeting on deck, Mr. Rambo conducting it; it was very interesting. Farewell, to-morrow morning we shall probably be in Monrovia.

Thursday Evening, 9 P.M.—What a day this has been, dear mother. In the lines I am about to write you I shall fail to express what I have felt. As soon as the day broke we discovered Cape Montserado, a beautiful hill, with the main land stretching out on either side; as we approached it its beauty increased, luxuriant green-spreading trees, and far-stretching vines covered the hill,

crowned by a picturesque light-house. Behind the hill we could plainly see the tops of the houses in Monrovia, and at its base broke the billows. Monrovia looks like a country village with trees abounding. But a sight of a different character, though not less interesting and far more strange, awaited us. At a distance on the ocean we saw approaching us from the shore the natives, 'Kroo-men,' in their long, narrow canoes. They are almost naked; they reached the deck just as we were sitting down to breakfast. Men of finer appearance I never saw; tall and athletic, limbs beautifully rounded, and intelligence marking their features. Is this the race, thought I, compared to the beast, next to the monkey? There is not a man on board can be compared with them. Full of anxiety they sought the captain to employ them; walked the deck talking with great energy. Their canoes they left in charge of a young man entirely naked, by the side of the vessel; each canoe having a youth. These asked for biscuit by putting their hand to their mouth and stomach. The captain employed a dozen of them, as they are excellent workmen. We had enough to excite and occupy us without going ashore, as the captain invited us to do. * * * * A barge came from the U. S frigate, 'Yorktown,' with Lieut. Fairley and officer. After sitting some time they invited us to return with them. Mr. Rambo knowing the captain, accepted, and had a delightful time. * * * Good night, dear mother; Africa brightens as we near it; thanks be to God who has brought us hither. We have learned that our beloved fellow-missionaries are all well.

Thursday Evening.—At 11 o'clock to-day Rambo and myself, J. and Musu, got into the boat at the side, manned by six noble naked natives. We landed on the beach in the surf; some were carried out on the shoulders of the Kroo-men.

We were now on the shores of Africa, walking through a low growth of underwood, with a beautiful abundance of convolvuluses and other flowers. On the beach we saw a native village of the Kroo-men, who settle all along the coast to attend the shipping, leave their wives at their country of Settra Kroo, and after making money return to them. After walking slowly along our beautiful path, we came to the village. Houses rising one above another, and scattered with little regularity; they are generally built of wood, though a few are of stone; there is an abundance of shrubbery and trees, amongst which were the palmetto, cocoa-nut, pau-pau, palm, &c. The gardens were but little attended to, cabbages growing from two to four feet high were abundant; there were also pine-apples and orange-trees. Natives passed to and fro with wicker baskets, rudely made, on their heads, with cassada. The streets were filled with grass, growing, it is said, so rapidly, as to require to be cut twice a-year. We passed cows, dogs, sheep, and goats, calves, cocks and hens, brisk, frolicsome, sleek, and fine-looking. It is true the cows are small, but they are as graceful as deer, have short hair, smooth, and long horns. The sheep have hair like goats, but they are nearly as large as our own. I was amused at a distinction between the goats and sheep, the one having the ears and tail up, the other ears and tail down.

We called on Mr. W——, he was a plain negro, but

evidently a true Christian, a man of excellent natural intelligence, of observation, and some acquirements. He talked well, was communicative, and gave us a great deal of most interesting information regarding the colony, coast, people, religion, &c.

He has been 150 miles in the interior; the country is there mountainous, the people more finely made and intelligent than those which we have so much admired. He saw a number of old people, and amongst the rest a man whose grandchild was greyheaded. They are very peaceful, and you can travel among them with impunity. * * * We left at half-past five, and got to the beach after being carried across a creek on the backs of the natives; but as no boat was in readiness to take us to the vessel, it was half-past six before we started. A tornado was coming up, but it did not come till we reached our vessel, and then, as the captain expressed it, was only a 'young one.'

* * * * *Tuesday, April 10th.*—I resume my rambling journal; on Saturday I felt much fatigued, and remained on board. The next morning, Easter Day, I awoke early, and again thought over my subject for the sermon, which was one suitable for the day, Acts, xvii. 18,—'He preached unto them Jesus and the resurrection.' At ten the gig of the frigate was at our side, and we went on board. Captain M—— received me cordially, and shortly after, we had Divine service; Mr. Rambo read and I preached. God helped me very very much. After service we went to the cabin, and partook of an excellent dinner, after which I accompanied Mr. Rambo ashore, who was engaged to preach for Mr. W——. 'Musu,'

who accompanied us, and had dined with us, went ashore with us; the surf was heavy, and as we got near the shore a native from the village was called, bringing a large canoe. R—— first was safely landed on the beach, and I and Musu followed. Their canoes are very light, and ride the waves beautifully; we walked along our woody path and ascended the hill, where the church stands; here we met Mr. W. and Mr. Koelle, the English missionary. Mr. K., R., and myself, occupied the pulpit; the church was filled: the president and his lady, Mrs. Gen. Lewis, and her English governess, Judge Benedict, and others of distinction, were present. Rambo conducted the service, and preached from Acts, xvi. 30, 31; the congregation was attentive. After service Mr. W—— introduced us to the President and others. The President is a yellow man, almost white, and has woolly hair, slightly tinged with red. He has a commanding form, tall, and rather thin. Altogether his appearance is indicative of his high office. He received us, when introduced, most politely, and gave us a pleasant and cordial smile. His wife is more nearly white than he, and has straight black hair, and dresses like a lady. It was now half-past four, and time for us to go to meet our boat at five; so declining the many invitations to stay, we, accompanied by Mr. W. and Mr. Koelle, walked to the beach.

On Monday the President invited us to dinner. * * * After dinner we went to the door, when the President sent across the way for Judge Benedict to accompany us to his coffee-plantation. He went with us very readily. We had a pleasant walk, saw more of the town; in one

street we passed a lime hedge, and a number of coffee-trees in the street. The plantation is on the gentle declivity of a hill whose brow commands the sea; eight or nine acres are cleared, and planted with 1000 coffee-trees; the crop had just been gathered. We were much interested in the ant-hills, eight or nine or ten feet high, and about twenty feet in circumference. The queen-ant is as large as an egg, and as white,—the others are red, and half an inch or three-quarters long. On our return we stopped at the printing office, where we met Mr. W——. He took us to the mission-house (Presbyterian), and we afterwards walked on to the President's, to meet him and Captain M—— again. * * * * And now, dear mother, I come to Wednesday's occurrence (April 11th). I write to you from on board our packet on the way to Bassa. Yesterday we went on shore early (9 o'clock), Captain G——, Mr. Rambo, and myself, called at Mr. Gill's warehouse, and then walked up the hill to Mr. W.'s, who received us with his usual kindness; sat an hour in his parlour, when Mr. Koelle came in; his conversation was most interesting and improving. He told us of a recent visit he had made among the 'Vie' people; think of one of their number inventing an alphabet, and writing books, and tell me if it shows no intelligence! It was this fact that took our philological friend there, and induced him to spend six weeks among them; he obtained some of their books, and has been enabled to translate them: their contents are another proof of their intelligence. The inventor is a seriously-minded man, as well as intelligent. He said he had long been seeking for God. He once thought that,

could he learn to read and write, he should find God; he learnt, but God was not there. He tried to find God in following the Mahommedan system, but he had not found God there, and now he asked Mr. Koelle, with much anxiety of mind, if he could tell him where to find God. When Jesus was declared to him, he listened with great attention, and asked, 'was Mr. K—— sure in his heart that he should find God in the Christian way?' Then he would give up his Mahommedan custom and try. The next day he was obliged to leave on some public business; when he returned on the morrow he sought the missionary, saying, 'My heart has been sick because I could not see you, but now my heart lay down' (*i.e.* rejoices). Mr. K—— offered to take him to Sierra Leone, but on account of a war his people were engaged in he could not leave. Everything I hear, tells me that the heathen are stretching out their hands for the gospel.

After leaving Mr. W.'s we walked to Mr. Koelle's lodgings, and spent an hour in most interesting conversation, and in looking over the Vie books, and hearing Mr. K.'s translation. * * * * We visited the school of Mr. James, and were much pleased with him and his school, seventy-five scholars; about half of whom were little ones taught by Mr. James. Here we met our Captain and walked with him to the President's.

Off Bassa Cove, April 13th, 1849.—This morning, dear mother, we remained on board our vessel till after dinner. At half-past two we got into the ship's boat, rowed by six Kroo-men, and were landed on the beach, a distance of three miles. A shorter way was across the bar,

but this is dangerous from the surf. We amused ourselves in the walk of half-a-mile with picking up shells, and at the entrance of the town were met by Mr. Davis, who led us to his house and entertained us for half-an-hour. Mr. Cheeseman then came in, a Baptist preacher, a young and enterprising man. They accompanied us to Judge B.'s; on the way we met our Captain, and all went in together. Had a pleasant and interesting talk. Dear mother, the influential colonists are men. Freedom works wonders in them! Mr. Benson took a little walk with us, and we visited together the grave of the lamented Buchanan, on a hill beneath two fine-spreading trees; a placid stream washes the base of the hill, it is the Benson river. As we were standing in this romantic spot, a canoe, paddled by five native boys, disturbed the calm river. It contained the Rev. Mr. Day, to whom we had a letter of introduction. We were particularly pleased with him; we are engaged to return with him to-morrow. It was about six when we reached our vessel. After tea I conducted prayers on deck.

Saturday Night.—Another delightful day has passed, dear mother. This morning we visited the famous Bexley of Mr. Cresson. We left our vessel at half-past eight o'clock, were landed by the Kroo-men on the beach. Walked to Judge Benson's, where we met Revs. John Day and Cheeseman. A boat was soon ready, and they with Rambo, Musu, and myself, went on board, with six Kroo-men to pull us up the St. John, a river about three-quarters of a mile wide. The Kroo-men struck up their boat-song, and cheerily we went on our way, engaged in most interesting conversation with Messrs. Day and Cheeseman,

and our eyes feasted with the beautiful trees and foliage on either bank. We stopped at Factory Island to see the mission-premises, now going to ruin, of some Philadelphia Society. Here spending half-an-hour, we resumed our voyage, and at half-past twelve reached Bexley, only a farming district; no town, houses and farms being scattered along the river. At Mr. Day's we were refreshed by a bountiful dinner, and our hearts rejoiced at the sight of native youths from seven to fourteen years of age, able to read, write, and cipher.

A native king came to see us after dinner, with whom we had some deeply interesting conversation; his name is Andrew. He wore a sword and knife, but no clothes, save a cloth hat. He accompanied us after dinner to the mission-premises, by a beautiful path leading through palm and coffee-trees, &c. We went to a school-house on the hill, talked to the native Christian youths, who listened with all attention, as did also King Andrew. From what we saw and heard we left with hearts full of thankfulness that the Lord had led us to Africa. Boys twelve and thirteen years of age, after being in the school for about two years, we heard read the Bible readily, and answer simple questions in arithmetic, &c. So much for 'African stupidity!' We left dear Mr. Day on the bank, surrounded by his boys, and with the native king at his side. Our Kroo-men raised their native boat-song, and away we went to Bassa Cove. After landing, we crossed the town to the beach, and found our boat waiting to take us to the ship, which we reached about six o'clock.

* * * * *Saturday Evening, April 21st.*— I must

give at least a brief account, though much fatigued. We came to anchor off Cape Palmas last evening about eight. It was too dark to see its beauties, which we were not slow to discover this morning. A number of residences are built on the high land of the Cape, among others a light-house. Cocoa-nut trees are tastefully scattered here and there. A native town separates this portion of the settlement from the main part, which lies scattered for three miles beyond. There is a good road leading out to Mount Vaughan. Dr. Parkins came from Fishtown, and met us this morning on board; we have been with him nearly all day; we dined at the Governor's, with whom we are very much pleased. Mr. and Mrs. Payne we did not see, as they are at Cavalla. I preach on shore to-morrow.

Mr. Hoffman lost no time, after having reached his field of future labours, in entering upon his work, and the following extracts from his journal will put us in possession of his feelings at the commencement of his missionary career:—

JOURNAL.

Addressed to the Secretary of the Foreign Committee of the Board of Missions.

Cavalla, W. Africa, May 1849.

By letters from Mr. Rambo and myself, you have been informed of our safe arrival on the coast, of our appointment to the station at Fishtown, of our visit there, and at Mount Vaughan. Instead of going at once to Fishtown, it

was thought best that we should pass through the acclimating fever at Cavalla, where we should have the kind attentions of Mr. and Mrs. Payne. Accordingly, on the 27th April, we left Cape Palmas for this station. The distance is twelve miles. The journey was one full of interest; all things were new and strange to us. We were accompanied by twelve natives: eight of these carried our baggage on their heads, while the other four bore Mr. Rambo and me in hammocks; the ends of each hammock being secured to a pole, and the pole resting on a small cushion made of twigs, placed on the heads of two natives. Mr. Payne was with us on his donkey, and one of the schoolboys at his side. Thus we passed through the native town of Cape Palmas — to an American eye having more the appearance of a large collection of haystacks, than the habitations of men. We kept to the beach until we came to the head of Sheppard Lake, where two light canoes were awaiting us. The water being too shallow for them to come to the shore, a native carried Mr. Rambo to one, and myself to the other. As they are very easily upset, we were obliged to sit down as low as possible in the middle of them. A native in the stern, and another in the bow, dexterously applied the paddles, and thus we were borne over the smooth and beautiful lake. It is about a quarter of a mile wide and ten miles long, separated from the ocean only by a narrow ridge of sand, and hidden from it by a beautiful growth of underwood, which extends even a little distance into the lake itself. From its verdant sides we heard the warbling of birds; the ocean waves were rolling on the beach now and then, a canoe

paddled by women, would pass us, and salutations would be exchanged with our boatmen: and the setting sun, a glimpse of which we occasionally caught, added beauty to the passing scene. Half the lake was traversed, and before us appeared the sandy beach and the ocean full in view. The border of the lake was cleared of woods, and a native town built upon the shore. As we approached, we heard mournful cries and lamentations; we discovered that they proceeded from a native hut, before which some women and children were sitting and crying most bitterly: the mother of the family had just died, and they were thus expressing their sorrow. It is customary for the relatives of the deceased to meet every afternoon, and to moan and wail for the departed. Our presence did not interrupt them. Well may *they* lament, who, when they close a mother's eyes, have no hope to cheer their hearts; it is our blessed privilege to turn their sorrow into joy, by telling them of salvation and eternal life, through the blood of the Lamb! The natives of the sea-shore kindly greeted us. The woman who had died proved to be a relation of one of our boatmen; another having taken his place, we continued our journey. Night had closed upon us ere we reached the end of the lake; here we resumed our hammocks and travelled along the beach; the stars were shining brightly, and the air was cool and pleasant. We passed by a native town, Do Do Lu, and approached the large town of Cavalla; the light from the mission-buildings was seen — we hastened through the town, and entered the mission-premises — the kindest welcome awaited us from the lady of the house. After we had taken tea the school-

children came in to see us; their names were amusingly familiar. They seemed contented and happy, and we rejoiced to hear that many of them were the children of God.

Saturday, 28th.— We were visited by a number of the natives and head-men from the neighbouring towns. They were glad that we had come to live in their country. Such feelings have been universally expressed wherever we have been among the natives. The mission-buildings are well situated for health and beauty, as well as for efficient missionary effort upon the population. They are on a hill about sixty feet high, at a distance of three hundred yards from the ocean. We have a refreshing sea-breeze from eight o'clock in the morning till late at night.

Since our arrival the thermometer has not been higher that 83°, and is seldom lower than 75°; the nights are cool. This is the rainy season, and we have frequent showers and hard rains. In our immediate neighbourhood are five native towns; the river Cavalla is a few miles distant, opening to us an extensive and populous country, where the Grebo language is understood.

May 3rd.— Commenced the study of Grebo with Mr. Payne. Although very desirous of advancing rapidly, and of soon acquiring the language, prudence bids me 'to make haste slowly.' With our other duties, we can only give two hours a-day to this study.

May 4th.— This afternoon visited the out-station on the Cavalla river. It is under the charge of a Christian native, by the name of Allison. He has eight pupils; they showed intelligence in the answers which they gave to questions put to them by the missionary.

The school-room is half-a-mile from the native town, where, at the request of Mr. Payne, I preached. It is a priceless privilege to preach Christ to those who dwell in darkness without the Light of Life. God's unfailing promises, and the attention with which His word is received, assure us that it will not be preached in vain.

Such were the first impressions on his entrance upon his missionary work. He spent twelve months in Africa in this his preliminary visit, during which time he went through the acclimating fever, commenced the study of the Grebo language, preached to the natives with the aid of an interpreter, and thus prepared himself for his future work; when it was considered expedient that he should pay a short visit to America, which he accomplished in the spring of 1850.

I conclude this chapter with the following outburst of praise and joyous anticipation:—

It is the peaceful eventide, dear mother, and the birds are warbling their evening song, the murmur of the ocean-wave falls gently on the ear, and Nature reposes, adoring her Creator. But where are heard the praises of men? Not yet, not yet, in this distant land, save here and there a little flock, gathered and taught of the Saviour's love. But a glorious day is coming—it draweth nigh—when from the tops of the rocks they shall shout, and from the valleys they shall cry, 'Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace; good will towards men!'

V. B. Hoffman

CHAPTER X.

1850—1855.

VISITS AMERICA—MARRIAGE—RETURNS TO AFRICA—BIRTH OF A DAUGHTER—SECOND VISIT TO AMERICA—RETURNS AGAIN TO AFRICA.

THE year 1850, although involving events of the deepest interest, does not furnish many materials for the biographer.

He sailed for America on the 24th of April, and arrived at Norfolk, Virginia, towards the end of May.

The result of this visit was the removal of those impediments which were referred to in a former chapter, and he was married to Miss Virginia Hale on the 5th of September.

A portion of his time between his landing in America and his marriage was spent in visiting the churches in New England, to stir up a missionary spirit in those parts.

On his wedding tour he spent some time happily with his mother and sisters at Goshen, and then addressed himself once more to the great work of his life, making arrangements for his return to Africa.

He visited the Theological Seminary at Alexandria in December, where he addressed the students and took sweet counsel with those who had been endeared to him there, during his own residence when preparing for the ministry. On the 21st of December he and his wife sailed in the Liberia packet, and after a rough passage arrived at Cape Palmas on the 10th of February, 1851, having previously touched at Monrovia and the other ports on the coast of Liberia; when the same hospitality from President Roberts, Mr. Wilson, and other friends, was experienced as on his former voyage.

He and his wife now entered vigorously on their missionary duties. Cavalla, twelve miles east of Cape Palmas, and on the coast likewise, was the station where they took up their residence.

In addition to regular preaching on the Sundays, both in English, and to native congregations with the aid of an interpreter, and besides the duties connected with the schools, he had the charge of the secular interests of the mission; acted as treasurer, and attended to the receipt of the stores sent peri-

odically from America. These duties were further increased by the absence of Mr. Payne; who, after having been fifteen years engaged in the Mission, had been appointed bishop, and returned to America in 1851 to be consecrated. His duties devolved, during his absence, on Colden Hoffman. The engagements and duties of missionaries in a district like that of the Cape Palmas Mission are much more diversified than in a settled sphere of duty at home. Everything, both secular and spiritual, must be attended to by the missionary; whilst the climate gives rise to still further changes, inasmuch as illness, instead of being an exceptional state of things, much more frequently incapacitates from duty than it does at home: so that one has frequently to take the place of another, or to supplement by additional services the lack caused by illness. Again, owing to this cause the Mission is frequently crippled for a long time together, by the necessity of some of its members returning home to recruit.

If it were not that frequent additions were made from America, to strengthen the hands already engaged, and too often ready to hang down from feebleness, the work could not be carried on. But it has gone on, notwithstanding these drawbacks and trials; and though pre-eminently a work of faith, it

has had the blessing of God resting upon it to this day.

During his visit to the United States Colden Hoffman had raised a sufficient sum of money to build a new stone church at Cavalla; the former one, which was of wood, being in a ruinous state of decay. On the 18th of March the corner-stone of the new edifice, by the name of the Church of the Epiphany, was laid. Mr. Hoffman gives the following particulars:—

> Mr. and Mrs. Hening and Mr. Rambo were there; at three o'clock we all walked to the boys' school-house. Mr. Rambo read the service, and Mr. Payne delivered an address, consisting of simple English sentences; for there were a great many natives present, who have learnt some few words. We then walked to the site of the church, which commands a beautiful view of the sea; all the school-children to the number of sixty, the married Christians walking with us, made quite a long procession. Mr. Hoffman spoke to the natives, Mr. Payne offered a prayer in Grebo, and we sang the hymn, 'From all that dwell below the skies.' Mr. Hening offered the closing prayer, and we went back to the house as the sun was setting.

The following extract from his official report will show the varied character of the work in which he was engaged at this time:—

NATIVE VILLAGE AND PALAVER HOUSE NEAR CAVALLA.

(From a Photograph)

NATIVE CHAPEL AT CAVALLA.

Dec. 31*st*, 1853.

During the past year the following objects have engaged my attention, viz.: ministerial work at Cavalla; general supervision of the male school; ditto of the printing-office; duties as pastor of St. Mark's Church, Cape Palmas. To the latter I have referred in my Report of that church.

The Ministerial Work at Cavalla.—In this I have acted as the Bishop's assistant. Its object is twofold:—the natives in the neighbourhood, and the residents in our Christian village and family. To the latter I have usually preached once a-week, either on Thursday or Sunday evening; visited them at their houses, and in the absence of the Bishop taken charge of the Sunday morning Bible-class, and administered the Holy Communion.

The Natives.—Besides frequent intercourse with them, both at their houses and at the station, they have been regularly visited on Saturday afternoons, when absence or sickness did not prevent. My usual duty on Sunday has been to preach at two of the native towns, teach at Sunday-school, and read service at night. We have cause for thankfulness and encouragement in both these spheres of duty. We believe that the leaven of truth is gradually but surely spreading among the natives. Two have recently professed their faith in Christ, and give blessed evidence of having been taught of God. One of these is a man fifty years of age, and he is very zealous for the truth's sake among his people. Among our little Christian flock we see a growth in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

The Boys' School.—This is under the care of Mr. A. Rogers, assisted by H. Humphries, a native teacher. There are twenty-eight scholars; their names, standing, and studies, have been given in my journal, from a report handed in by Mr. Rogers. Though there is room for improvement in many particulars regarding the school, it is in a more flourishing condition than ever before, and under Mr. Rogers' care has been conducted with more regularity and success. * * * A class in Grebo has daily recited to me. We hope in a few years to have a new school-house, one more commodious and more suitable than our present one.

The Printing Office.—Were its object only to give a useful and improving occupation to native youth, the expense of the small press used here would be fully warranted. Five youths have been in the office during the past year. Two have had charge, one of whom has left, and three are now learning. After the departure of N. S. Harris to Green Hill School, I was obliged myself to be present in even the practical duties of the office. Besides printing a few alphabet and elementary cards, and questions in Grebo and English, we have published about ninety copies monthly of the 'Cavalla Messenger.' It is probable, that on the arrival of the Rev. J. Rambo this paper will be enlarged and more widely circulated, and may thus be made another blessed means of advancing the work of God, both in this land and our own.

Church of the Epiphany, Cavalla.—The progress made in building this church, from numerous causes, has been slow. For some months past, the mason has been en-

gaged on the Orphan Asylum. There is still about three months' work on the walls and tower of the church; and as the mason is expected to be here in a fortnight, they will be completed by April.

Girls' School-House, Cavalla.—The frame of this building is nearly finished, and ready to be raised. It is to rest on pillars about two-and-a-half feet high.

Mr. Hoffman now felt the comfort and support which his wife gave him in his trying duties: she threw her whole soul into the Mission-work; studied the Grebo language; superintended the schools and taught the children; besides discharging the domestic duties, which her position called for, as wife of the head of the Mission at Cavalla.

In the midst of these various occupations, duties, trials, and engagements they were exceedingly happy; nothing of gloom, despondency, or discontent was expressed in their correspondence: but on the contrary, gratitude, praise, and thankfulness to God for His grace and goodness, were uppermost in their hearts and on their lips. This arose from the complete union of heart which existed between them; they seemed to have been made for each other, their thoughts, feelings, affections, and views of religion being the same. They were, moreover, thoroughly in earnest in the noble work of Christian benevolence to which they had consecrated their

lives. They loved the natives; they loved their work: and, if only health could have been secured, there would have been nothing wanting to cause their cup to overflow with joy and happiness. This was the one drawback which the climate of Africa imposed. But even this was confronted without fear, and was endured with cheerful patience.

It is a uniform law of nature in Western Africa, that strangers who take up their residence on that coast, must go through a process of acclimatisation, after having resided there a few weeks. It is not a dangerous illness, but a course of fever and ague; which, however, medical experience has much more under control now than formerly; whilst the tendency of the climate in those parts of Africa which have longest been settled and cultivated has been to improve; and though it will probably never be a good climate for the white man, yet experience has proved that it is not impossible to live many years, and to accomplish a great amount of work, even in Africa: in evidence of which, the subject of this memoir, who lived seventeen years under its influence, and Bishop Payne and his wife, may be adduced as witnesses; the latter having been connected, the one for more than thirty years, with that mission, and the other nearly twenty; and both are still vigorously prosecuting their work.

Mrs. Hoffman safely passed through her acclimatisation in the month of April. At that time the mission enjoyed the great advantage of having the medical services of Dr. M'Gill, himself a Liberian, who had acquired great skill and much experience in the diseases peculiar to that climate. Unfortunately for Cape Palmas, he removed some time after to Monrovia; where, I believe, he still continues to reside.

As a memoir has been published of Virginia Hoffman by Dr. Cummins, which was reprinted in England with a preface by the Rev. A. M. W. Christopher, it is the less necessary that I should give many details of the life and character of that interesting lady, whose devotedness and self-denial in consecrating her life to the cause of evangelizing Africa, were so conspicuous.

'How humbling,' says Mr. Christopher in his preface, 'is it to the Church of Christ, that there should have been since the Sepoy revolt, thousands of volunteers for the hardships and dangers of a terrible war in India, and very few young soldiers of Christ, who have had enough of the courage of faith to offer themselves to carry the gospel of peace to some of the miserable millions united to us by the providence of God as fellow-subjects! Christian young men shrink back from this glorious

duty. May God bless the example of a woman to arouse men to a similar self-sacrifice! She wrote, and she acted according to her words: "I long to go to Africa. I know not what awaits me; but suffering and sickness will be one part of the cup I have to drink: but I would welcome all, only to be the weak instrument of winning souls to Christ. Where is our love or faith, that we see the people of the world going to ruin, and yet lie on our soft pillows and wish they could be saved?"'

On the 4th July, 1853, Mrs. Hoffman's first child, a daughter, was born, and was baptized on the 9th October, by the name of Kate Seaton. Although Mrs. H. had got over the acclimatising fever very favourably, and had enjoyed upon the whole very good health for the first year, yet her strength never seemed to rally after her confinement, and she became so weak towards the close of the year, that the doctor strongly recommended a visit to America. She sailed with her husband and child *viâ* Rio on the 11th January, 1854, and arrived at Baltimore on the 4th April. Her unexpected return was a great source of joy to her sister and other friends, and the bracing climate of her native land very speedily restored her health.

These intervals of suspension from missionary labour, which were rendered necessary by the

climate, were not spent by Colden Hoffman in idleness or self-indulgence; he devoted himself sedulously to the work of stirring up the missionary spirit at home; and rendered services in that necessary department of the work, which they who had never been engaged in the missionary field were much less qualified to perform. The earnestness of his spirit, the oneness of his purpose, and his familiarity with the details of his own mission, all rendered him a peculiarly suitable and effective agent for this home work.

The Board of Missions in their report of proceedings at this period state as follows:—

Mr. Hoffman has, since his arrival, been very actively and very successfully engaged as an agent of the Foreign Committee, in presenting the claims of the African mission, in which work he proposes to continue during the remainder of his stay. His services in this way have been exceedingly valuable; his visits have been everywhere most highly appreciated. Impressions have been deepened where they before existed, and an interest awakened where none had been hitherto manifested.

The following appeal, made by Mr. Hoffman to the Church at home during this visit, contains a brief summary of the progress and condition of the mission work in Africa at that period; and will fur-

nish us with a further insight to the proceedings of himself and his fellow-labourers:—

From the time of the landing of the first missionary in 1836, to the present, thirty-six white persons, missionaries and others, have been sent out by our Board, of whom fifteen are still engaged in this work, while some have been withdrawn and others have died; yet has the Church of God in that land advanced, and a foundation, broad and solid, been laid for the church's future prosperity and the joy of God.

In the loss of her labourers the church has no cause for discouragement; it is the price of her prosperity, the ransom paid in blood for millions of immortals yet unborn. It has been paid willingly, joyfully, triumphantly, by those whose lives have been given to this blessed work. They have departed with assured faith that God would carry forward His work, even though He called them from it.

They have departed, uttering no words of regret that in foreign lands, from kindred far, they have been called from their life of love and labour to the rest and joy of heaven; they have proved the '*marvellous, marvellous love of Christ,*' and the mighty power of His sustaining grace.

They have departed, uttering no words of sorrow and sighs of pity for mistaken duty, or uncalled-for sacrifice, but, rejoicing to suffer and to die for Christ, have given, as their dying testimony, that for usefulness and happiness, for heavenly life and joy eternal, the missionary life was

the most full, was the way of true wisdom, and the path of sweetest peace.

They have departed, uttering no words of discouragement to the church, because her soldiers had fallen in her glorious warfare; but 'let the work go on more than ever,' is found inscribed upon the tombstone, as the dying message of the lamented missionary. And these words from the lips of the dying missionary seemed prophetic, for, since he uttered them, more than ever has the work gone forward. In its character it is twofold, among the natives and among the colonists.

We have seven stations among the colonists, along three hundred miles of coast, and five ordained coloured ministers. A pretty stone church has been erected at Cape Palmas, and another is being built at Monrovia; a brick one is occupied on the St. Paul's River, while others of less substantial materials are built or are being built at other points. The accounts from these various congregations were never more encouraging. Of St. Mark's, Cape Palmas, the Bishop writes, 'there will be twenty-five candidates for confirmation; among these are most of the youths of our High School at Mount Vaughan, where unusual seriousness and religious interest have been observed.'

The Asylum for Orphans at Cape Palmas was to be opened this spring (1855). This is an institution greatly needed; furnishing, as it will, not only a blessed home for those who have emigrated from this country, but also competent female teachers for our colonial schools.

The early efforts of our missionaries were chiefly

directed to the natives, and they still claim a large portion of our labours. Among the Grebo tribe, inhabiting the country on both sides of Cape Palmas, we have four permanent stations, where mission-buildings, school-houses, and churches have been erected. Around some of these stations are springing up native Christian villages, where the youths educated in our schools, instead of returning to their heathen towns, and following the vain customs of their people, are living in a civilized and Christian manner, industriously engaged in various occupations. At the station of Cavalla, we are erecting the Church of the Epiphany, a stone building, thirty feet by seventy.

Three thousand natives live around this station, and to this house of God they will be gathered to hear the everlasting gospel; while here also will worship the Christian natives from the village, and our mission families.

At Taboo, thirty miles east of Cavalla, a native minister is settled, where he keeps a school and preaches the gospel; while another native minister (both of whom have been brought up in our mission), itinerates through a populous section of country, accompanied by a native catechist. Three native youths are studying for the ministry, while eight or ten are assisting in the education of more than 200 children in our boarding-schools. Our recent letters give us more encouraging hopes of the spread of the gospel among the natives than ever before; while some have openly professed their faith in Christ, others are candidates for baptism, and many more are being drawn within the ever-spreading influence of Christian truth.

A missionary meeting is held monthly at one of the

stations, at which addresses are made, and a collection is taken up. At the anniversary meeting last year, it was found that 170 dollars had, during the year, been collected, chiefly from the native Christians, for the support of a native minister at a neighbouring station. It is in these meetings that we endeavour to awaken in the hearts of our youths a love for the souls of our people. And in this we have not been unsuccessful.

A cheerful day is the Sabbath at our station, surrounded though we are by nearly 3000 natives. An hour after sunrise a Bible-class is held, at which attend our villagers and scholars. At ten o'clock the church bell rings, and a procession of 100 native children and Christian youths, neatly dressed, and with quietness and order, follow the Bishop and Missionary teachers through the huts in the native town to the church in its midst. Here are heard our own solemn prayers and sacred hymns, uttered in strange language, to Him to whom all hearts are open, all desires known; here, too, are sounded forth the words of sacred truth, and the poor heathen African listens to the wonders of redeeming love. Returning from service may be seen, here and there, beneath the palm-tree's shade, groups of children preparing their lessons for the Sabbath-school which follows, or singing hymns which they have there learned; quietness reigns, while from the flagstaff floats the Sabbath flag with its inscription, 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.'

Let none say we have laboured in vain, or spent our lives for nought in the African Mission. God has blessed the efforts of His people, and His work is prospering in their hands.

We have arrived at that most desirable and very important point in the history of all Missions, when a native agency has been raised up; when men of the soil have become the teachers and ministers of their own people. And, as it has been elsewhere when this point has been reached, so we may expect it will be with us, that henceforth our number of converts from among the adult native population will be largely increased; and the successful labours of our native teachers and ministers lead us to anticipate this blessed result. And, therefore, we call more loudly and more earnestly to the Church to uphold and strengthen their Mission. Sickness and death are thinning our numbers, and we need others to fill their places and carry on their work. We particularly need now the services of a missionary physician. While our Missionary corps numbers thirteen white persons, we have no one to render that medical aid which, in such a climate, we should not be without. While God enlarges the sphere of our influence, and graciously blesses us by prospering our work, may He put it into the heart of His people to sustain and carry it forward; for this is a field which Providence has made peculiarly *our own;* for we must confess that we owe to Africa a debt—a debt which can best and only be paid with the treasures of the Gospel. It is a land, not far off at the end of the world, but by a voyage of a month, and, by a steamer in half this time, we can reach those shores, where millions grope in heathen darkness, unblessed by one ray of that Divine light which fills our land.

May the present unexampled prosperity of our Missionary work, both among the Liberians and natives, as

well as our need of an increased number of labourers, and of pecuniary aid, call forth from God's people gifts to His glory — praise and thanksgiving, prayer and supplication, men and means, that God's way may be known to this people, His saving health to the perishing ones of this nation.

The following very interesting letter was written by him to his mother, in prospect of her seventieth birthday about this time, and shortly before his return to Africa: —

Steamboat Florida, March 14th, 1855.

I hope this, my dear mother, may reach you on your seventieth birth-day; surely I, with all your children, have cause for joy and thanksgiving that God has graciously spared you so long to us, and continued to you so many joys and blessings. We praise His name that this day finds you so vigorous, and so strong in the power of His might, whose faithfulness you have proved by long and blessed experience.

God may yet have many days of peace and joy in store for you this side the grave; for our sakes so would we have it, but *beyond* we know there is a bright inheritance, a blessed rest, an everlasting *home,* your promised and expected portion. May God be with you, dear mother, during the remainder of life's journey, as He has been hitherto; and surely He will. His past faithfulness is a pledge of His future; His love *never fails;* He has promised to guide us here by His counsel and then to receive us to glory. I might wish, dear mother, now in

your latter days to be with you, to have a home for you, and by every means in my power to promote your happiness. But God has called me away, and for His work you have cheerfully resigned me, and I leave you again trusting in our covenant-keeping God to supply all your wants. Life's journey, though performed apart, shall terminate the same. May you here constantly feed on the sweet food of His word, and be refreshed and comforted by the Holy Spirit; and, if not on earth, yet surely in heaven, we shall meet and rejoice for evermore. Then shall we know, what by faith we now believe, that even our most severe trials were wisely ordered by our loving Father, not only for His glory, but for our joy. We will meanwhile, dear mother, rest in His love, rejoice in His faithfulness, and repose our souls on Him as our faithful Creator and loving Father in Christ. So may it be with you, dear mother, not only this year, but each successive one; till, with perfect peace, you fall asleep in Jesus to wake in endless glory.

Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman sailed from Norfolk in May, 1855, and reached their African home at Cavalla on the 3rd of July; which brings us to the commencement of his third visit to Africa, the first having continued one year, the second three.

CHAPTER XI.

1855—1856.

TAKE UP THEIR RESIDENCE AT ROCKTOWN—REMOVE TO ORPHAN ASYLUM, CAPE PALMAS—ILLNESS AND DEATH OF HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER—DEVOTES HIMSELF WITH FRESH ENERGY TO THE WORK—SPIRITUAL BLESSING VOUCHSAFED TO THE MISSION.

On their return to Africa the requirements of the Mission made it expedient that Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman should take up their residence at Rocktown. The following letters will enable us to follow the course of events at this period.

To his Mother.

Rocktown, August 7th, 1855.

My dear Mother,

We have now been here twenty days and have got our house somewhat in order. We are very pleasantly situated, and are very, very happy. None of us have been the least ill since our arrival; in fact I feel better than when I landed.

I am quite busy, as you may suppose. I have six services a-week; do not be frightened and I will tell you how they are. On Sunday I preach to the natives at half-past ten o'clock, and at night have service in English. On Tuesday I go five miles in a hammock and preach at Fishtown, with a lecture to the few Christians at the station. Wednesday afternoon I preach in one of the native villages here (there are four of them). Thursday evening I have a lecture for the Christians at the station; and on Friday go to Middletown, two miles and a-half off, where I preach. So you see my time is well occupied, considering the supervision of a dozen boys under a native teacher, a large garden, a few Christians in our village, household affairs, business, &c.

But I am very happy, and I feel it a blessed privilege to preach the Gospel to these benighted people. Never have I known more interest shown by the people than now. At nearly all the towns, even where no missionary resides, the Sabbath is observed; the Bishop has baptisms nearly every Sunday. The seed of truth is springing up and bearing fruit to God's glory, and we praise His name. V. is very well. The place is beautiful.

Rocktown, August 25th, 1855.

* * * * Oh, how you would rejoice to see our darling Kate! never in America was she as well as she has been since her arrival; she is very fat, full of fun, very intelligent, and is the joy of our hearts — she is so good, and sweet, and obedient. So, dear mother, you

see how God has blessed us in this little lamb; and my own health is perfectly good, and has been so ever since I arrived: we are delightfully situated here, and very happy. I never rejoiced more than now in being a Missionary, and never realized more the privilege of preaching the blessed Gospel. Oh, that Christian youths were wise to devote themselves to this work! Oh, that my own nephews and nieces might be led to seek their happiness, where it is most surely found—in devoting themselves to the service of Him who died for them.

The natives now, with more attention than ever, listen to the Gospel. I have one who is a candidate for baptism, and four of the youths in the school. The Bishop at Cavalla baptized four to-day. These make twenty of the adult brethren within the same month. So grows the Word of the Lord in this land. May God bless you, dear mother, and grant you grace and peace. So prays

Your affectionate Son,

COLDEN.

Infant life is an uncertain thing in any climate, but much more so in Africa; and hence we are the less surprised, after the above gratifying report of his child's health, to learn that, notwithstanding, it very soon became dangerously ill.

Rocktown, Sept. 3rd, 1855.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

My last told you of the remarkable health of our darling Kate, since then she has been very ill; a fortnight ago she

was taken with chills, succeeded by fever. She seemed very low, but God graciously raised her up, and now she is daily recruiting, though she is pale and weak. Notwithstanding the trials in this land, our sickness, &c., our work is blessed, we have peace and happiness, for the God of peace is with us; I only wish others, and those near and dear, were wise to follow in our footsteps, as we follow Jesus.

The illness of his child drew forth the sympathies of his fellow-missionaries, and especially of Bishop Payne, whose affecting letter I venture to make use of:—

Cavalla, Monday Morning, 8 *o'clock.*
Sept. 2nd, 1855.

My dear Brother,

Five minutes ago we were seated around the breakfast-table, when your note came to prepare us for the taking of the precious lamb to her Saviour's bosom, in that blessed country where the inhabitants no more say 'We are sick.'

O Saviour! this jewel is precious to us, and fain would we keep it here, if for nought else but to reflect and keep before us Thy image of innocence and holiness and love. But we know it is more precious to Thee, and we know it is a much fitter companion for the holy angels than for us poor sinners. We know this beautiful plant cannot grow well here, but it can and will flourish for ever in heaven; and we shall soon see it there again in more than earthly beauty. It can enjoy Thy blissful presence, but cannot do Thy work on earth: if, then, Thou art pleased to take it,

though with stricken hearts, we must, we will, say, Thy will be done!

Most gladly would we all fly to you this moment, our beloved sister and brother, to mingle our tears with yours and to-morrow, God willing, at least Miss W—— will. In the meantime, we will make intercession without ceasing that the life of the child may be spared, and we will commend you to Him who knoweth how to comfort them that are in any sorrow.

Your brother and companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience and hope of Jesus Christ,

J. Payne.

This dear child, so tenderly loved by its parents, was spared however to them for the present, and seemed to have recovered from the effects of its late illness; but in the month of February, 1856, it was very suddenly removed, the result of a severe attack of spasms, which brought its life to a close in a very short space of time.

But a greater and yet more severe bereavement was in store: his wife had caught cold during the previous October: it settled upon her lungs, and developed all the symptoms of ordinary and rapid consumption.

There is a sort of feeling of satisfaction, that she, at least, was not a sacrifice to the climate, and that she would probably have been more liable to this fatal

disease in her native land, where so many are cut off by it every year.

I may interrupt the thread of the narrative for a moment to mention a minor providence which ought not to be overlooked, and was one of mercy in reference to this trying season.

Shortly before Mrs. Hoffman was attacked by her last illness, in consequence of the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Scott from the Orphan Asylum, Cape Palmas, Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman were obliged to remove from Rocktown and take charge of the Orphan Asylum, in reference to which Mr. Hoffman makes the following remarks :—

At the time, our removal was a subject of regret; but it was plainly the path of providence, and therefore cheerfully followed.

But what mercy was in it! Here she had an airy and comfortable room, very kind friends and neighbours, and the attendance of a physician, who was enabled to afford her great and frequent relief. Moreover, soon after our departure from Rocktown, war broke out between the Cape and Rocktown natives, and intercourse was in a great measure stopped. Under such circumstances, without a female friend, or means of hearing from the doctor, or the opportunity of getting many things necessary in her sickness, how much more might she have suffered! How very kind, then, in our heavenly Father to bring her here and give her all these comforts!

Notwithstanding these alleviating circumstances, the fatal disease ran its rapid course, and on Easter day, the 23rd March, 1856, her redeemed and sanctified spirit ascended up on high, whither her risen Lord had gone before.

There is a recompense even in this world to those who devote themselves unreservedly to the service of Christ; for them there are none of those fears and doubts which often rack the souls of less earnest Christians on their death-bed. Not merely do they hope they are saved, but they have a full conviction of it; they know in whom they have believed, and are persuaded that He is able to keep that which they have committed unto Him against that day. Thus their minds are sustained with the full assurance of faith, and in that blessed state of joy and peace, an entrance is ministered unto them abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Such was pre-eminently the case with Mrs. Hoffman. I shall only quote from a single letter in illustration of this, and for further particulars must refer to her memoir. Her husband, writing two days before her death, thus describes her happy state:—

Her mind is in peace; with what joy she rests on the righteousness of her Saviour, and 'feels complete in Him.'

She knows that He has wonderfully called her from the darkness of nature to the light of the truth, has led her by a way she knew not of, guided her by His counsel, and will, when her work is done, receive her to glory. So her soul is in peace.

It is not merely at the hour of death, however, that the sustaining power of divine grace is experienced by a really devoted servant of Christ; with such a one religion is a living reality; he is walking by faith, and is able to endure as seeing Him who is invisible, so that when the darkest hour of trial comes, he experiences the truth of the promise, '*the light shall shine upon thy ways.*' It is with him as it was of old with the people of God, when there was a thick darkness in all the land, but 'all the children of Israel had light in their dwellings.'

I am desirous of drawing attention to this manifestation of Divine grace, as illustrated by the experience of Colden Hoffman, during this heart-rending crisis of his life; how real and how great was the sustaining power which he experienced at this time!

It is not that religion has a tendency to weaken or deaden human affections,—on the contrary, it renders them more tender, more sincere, more fervent; but it supplies the soul with that which

otherwise is wanting, a principle of living faith, by which it is enabled to realize things unseen, and to weigh everything by the standard of eternity. The future world, instead of being a dark mysterious uncertainty, is a precious reality, all but seen; and the conviction that the loved one has but gone before, and is in the enjoyment of perfect happiness in the presence of God, does greatly sustain the soul in its hour of bereavement.

I would not, however, so represent these considerations, as if they were the real source of that peace which the servants of God experience in seasons of sorrow; these are but the streams, we must trace the fountain-head much higher, even to the presence, power, and sustaining grace of the Holy Ghost.

It will be seen that calmness and even joy filled the soul of Colden Hoffman when bereaved of his wife and child, tenderly, nay passionately, as he loved them; but then he was living very near to God, his soul was full of faith and love, and the Holy Ghost was sensibly present, sustaining his spirit, and giving him that peace which the world never can.

I cannot ascribe to any other or lower principle the wonderful calm, the cheerful patience, the triumphant peace, which he experienced during this

sorrow. He had the sympathy of our loving Saviour to sustain him, his 'life was hid with Christ in God,' and he had the presence of the Holy Ghost, whom our Lord specially terms the Comforter, to give him peace. He experienced the fulness of that gracious promise, 'If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him and make our abode with him.' Colden Hoffman had endeavoured to 'keep His words,' had left home, and brethren, and sisters, and mother, and wife and child, for Christ's sake and the Gospel's, and he was now in this time receiving an hundredfold, in the peace of God which passeth all understanding, and the sensible presence, power, and grace of the Holy Ghost.

To his Sister.

Easter, 23rd March, 1856.

A spirit happy, washed, sanctified, and joyous, rose from here this morning! Sweet Virginia is now among the saints, waiting the resurrection morn, to receive from her Saviour the new and glorious body in exchange for the decaying one, lying in the next room. Yes, dear Marie, the Lord has taken my child, and now my dear wife, and I can say, 'Even so, Lord; for so it seemeth good in Thy sight.' God very graciously upholds me and gives me peace.

To his Mother.

When you wrote you little thought that your letters would find neither our lamb nor my dear Virginia among the sojourners on earth. They are happy now, and He who took them loved them. Now the dear sisters and little Kate are for ever united, and earthly trials over, an eternity of bliss has begun. We praise Him who has made them sharers in His joy. And me He has comforted. More than ever I feel myself a pilgrim, and desire to know and do my Father's will, whatever it is, until I have finished His work and He call me hence. His mercies fail not, they are new every morning, great is the sum of them. I could not have believed that such precious boons should be called away, and the Lord have sustained and comforted me so abundantly.

I do not feel them lost; no! they have only gone a little before: they are not far off, they are nigh!

To the same.

* * * God makes me very happy! I think it is in answer to many prayers of loved ones, for His grace abounds towards me. How wonderfully He works! He wounds to heal, makes poor to enrich, darkens to illuminate, takes away to give more abundantly. A wise, good, and gracious Father is our Father!

I need not tell of the vacant places in my heart, but a wise and loving physician, and the Friend who sticketh closer than a brother, is near; and though no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous, never-

theless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness.

The death of his wife was indeed a heavy blow for the bereaved husband, left now on the shores of Africa, far from his family and friends, a desolate and solitary being, after having tasted for some years the pure and holy joy of union with one so worthy of his affections, and to whom he was bound by the strongest ties of earthly love.

Would it have been surprising if, under such circumstances, the feelings of nature should have whispered in his heart the suggestion of returning home? Had he not borne the heat and burthen of the day for some years now? had he not sacrificed on the shores of Africa his most precious earthly treasures? might he not fairly claim exemption from further suffering and trial? did not missionaries frequently find it necessary to abandon their work for even less occasion than his? and why should he remain at the imminent hazard of his life? Such suggestions as these might have very naturally occurred to him; and if he had acted on them, who could have blamed him? A Judson might; a Henry Martyn might; his own devoted wife might—if able to give utterance to their feelings and convictions—have blamed him for taking refuge from his sorrows, trials, sufferings, and losses, in the

bosom of his family, and on the shores of his native land; but certainly those who have never made such sacrifices themselves, and have never hazarded health, and wife, and child for Christ's sake, would have had no right to censure or criticize his conduct.

That no such thoughts were listened to by him, and that his bereavements only stirred him to more devotedness in his work, does further illustrate most strikingly the depth of his attachment to Christ; the singleness of his aim; the ardour of his love for perishing souls; and the firmness of his determination to spend and be spent in the service of his Lord.

That such was his firm resolve at this trying period of his life, the following words declare:—

> You ask, dear mother, if I will leave my work. Oh, no! I have no idea of this; duty's path is always the right one and the happy one; it is plainly my duty to remain while the labourers are so few and the work so extended, and my health so good and God's grace so abundant.

Thus nerved by a high sense of duty to God, instead of forsaking his work, he plunged into it with a more determined and self-sacrificing spirit than ever; and being remarkably blessed at this time with good health, he threw all his energies into his varied duties, and showed himself a workman

that needed not to be ashamed, being in labours more abundant. Nor were these efforts in vain; there rested upon them the Divine blessing, and it was not long before signal fruits began to show themselves; so that this year, which was marked by his severe bereavements and domestic losses, was also distinguished by a degree of prosperity and progress in the Missionary work greater than had ever before been experienced.

The following extract from this year's Report of the Foreign Committee will furnish us with some particulars of that 'plentiful rain' which at this time it pleased God to send on this 'dry and thirsty land,' whereby He did 'confirm His inheritance when it was weary.'

The Committee enter upon this portion of their Report, as in years past, with mingled emotions of joy and sorrow. Never had they so great cause as now to rejoice in the signal manifestations of God's presence and blessing in the work. Their joy is chastened, however, by affliction. Some who were labouring there one year ago have been called away and do now rest from their labours. Mrs. Rambo and Mrs. Hoffman are numbered with the dead in Christ. They were faithful unto death, and the Church is blessed with their dying testimony to the glorious excellence of that work to which they gave themselves, with no thought of shrinking from any of its perils or privations.

* * * As we turn from the recital of these afflictions to view the brighter things which characterize the history of the mission, during the period now contemplated, our sorrow finds relief in the remembrance that the departed missionaries in their last hours saw no cloud resting upon the Mission, but the bright light of a day of joy and hope; and they who through weariness and painfulness, have waited long the bestowal of the promised blessing, have at last seen a gracious rain poured upon the dry and parched ground, and the wilderness and solitary place made glad.

Very soon after the last meeting of the Board, tidings from Africa reached the Committee of a work of grace going on there, in its extent and influence far beyond any thing ever before known in the history of the mission. In the means which God has seen fit to employ in bringing about a result fraught with so much of present good and of promise for the future, was the death of the Rev. Robert Smith. The Holy Spirit seems to have employed that event to bring conviction to the consciences of native ministers and teachers; chiding their inactivity and slowness of heart, quickening their energies, and animating them with a more ardent desire to make known the Saviour, whom they had found precious, to their benighted countrymen.

The same gracious Spirit had prepared the way for the entering in of the word among the heathen. For some time there had been a growing conviction in the minds of the natives that their gree-grees were nothing; that it was in vain to put their trust in them; some had

renounced them altogether, and had become inquirers after truth. The Bishop makes mention of these blessed co-incidences in the following language.

'Co-existent with this religious interest amongst the people, has been a remarkable quickening of zeal and sense of responsibility amongst our native assistants.

'Most affecting was it to hear them confessing their sense of utter inability to do anything of themselves, and after the Saviour's example, who spent a whole night in prayer to God, urging each other by earnest and continued supplications, to seek the grace which they needed.

'And more blessed than all was it, after spending four hours and a-half in a missionary meeting—hours flying so delightfully that they seemed but moments—to hear from the house in which they were staying, at a late hour of the night, the voice of thanksgiving and prayer rising to the throne of grace.

'*Years of toil and suffering were all compensated at that moment.* Here was a company of Grebo and Babo and Plabo Christian teachers, catechists, and ministers, deeply influenced by the grace of God themselves, and burning to communicate that grace to others.'

One month subsequent to the date of the above, Bishop Payne speaks of an unprecedented interest throughout the whole Grebo tribe.

'Twenty-three adults have been baptized in the past few months, and almost in every town there are persons who have renounced their gree-grees and are seeking admission into the fold of Christ.

'Thus does God grant us blessings above silver and gold. Thus does He encourage us and all His faithful servants, who are labouring with us in the churches at home, to redouble our efforts to extend His kingdom.'

The progress of the work is further illustrated by the following extracts from Colden Hoffman's journal:—

JOURNAL.

God is strengthening us by what He is permitting us to see here. Our native Christians continue active and earnest, and are doing a good work among their people. It is delightful to visit among them, and see the spirit which is animating them. Teachers, after their school duties are over, go to the towns around to talk to their people about the blessed Saviour. Carpenters and masons, and other workmen, will cease their work for a few days and start off on short missionary excursions; and even children become witnesses for Jesus; not resting till they get their parents to throw away their gree-grees.

It is indeed touching to see so many of these poor people, who a short time since were sunk in the deep degradation of heathenism, meekly and earnestly listening to the word of life, and then kneeling at the table of the Lord, acknowledging their allegiance to the Saviour. And what a change it is from heathenism to Christianity! You can form but a faint idea of it from merely reading about it. In fact, no one can know what heathenism is, unless placed in its midst.

Sunday, July 20th, 1856.—Had full services at St.

Mark's. Opened and gave a talk to the Sunday-school. At the native chapel gathered one more to the fold of Jesus; baptized a young man whose native name is Kra. He is one of the two young men who, in the time of war, instead of trusting to gree-grees, went to the native teacher's house to ask God's protection by prayer. About fifty natives witnessed the ceremony. He answered with meekness and boldness to the questions in the service. His three chosen witnesses, native Christians, stood beside him. I gave him a new name, and called him Samuel Seaton. I have much confidence that the Holy Spirit has taught him and dwells within him. He is another token to us of God's favour; another crown of rejoicing; to think that from grossest heathen darkness, he has been brought to the marvellous light of the Gospel! We praise and magnify the name of our God on his behalf.

Monday, 21*st*.—Had a delightful surprise this afternoon. I visited the house of the head-man, and between English and Grebo managed to have considerable conversation with him. A young man coming in, acted as my interpreter; but I soon found he not only understood, but felt interested in Christian truth himself, and I turned from the father to the son. His conversation surprised me. He told me he had no confidence in the religion of his country, that he was in the daily habit of prayer, morning and evening, and so were four or five other young men, his friends. Thus grows the blessed truth, secretly but surely. Seaton was his friend, and had been one of the praying youths. May Sia soon follow Kra's example and profess his faith in baptism.

Thursday, 31*st*.—This evening I discovered a blessed work of grace going on among the children of the Asylum. After tea, one came to ask me if they could go to the schoolroom and sing. I replied, "Certainly." In the course of half-an-hour I joined them, thinking to sing a hymn with them and dismiss them. But I found them praying as well as singing, and apparently under a deep sense of their sins, calling on God for pardon and mercy.

Some, I found, had gone without their tea, to pray and sing to God. For some days before I had been speaking to them at our evening prayers of the spirituality of God's law, how it brought us all into condemnation, and how Jesus was alone our righteousness.

Thursday, 7*th*.—Went this afternoon to Cavalla to attend Convocation. Reached there at sun-down and preached in the evening. Twelve natives were confirmed, and sixty-eight on the Sabbath partook of the Lord's supper, nearly all of whom were natives. We rejoiced and were exceeding glad, and so also will the Church at home give thanks to Him who maketh rivers in the desert, and causeth the wilderness to rejoice and blossom as the rose.

Monday, 11*th*.—Returned to the Asylum to-day, to find God had graciously perfected His work of grace in the hearts of some of the children during my absence. Six of the eldest were rejoicing that they felt their sins forgiven; that Jesus was their Saviour, and God their everlasting Father.

The whole demeanour, expression and conversation, of these children indicates the greatest sincerity, and gave the sweetest assurance that the work is the work of God. It

was on the previous Saturday that they felt this blessed change; they had been prayerful and serious before seeking after God; but on the afternoon of this day, they sought retirement among the bushes at the extremity of the Cape. At this beautiful spot were heard the children's prayers, and their voices in praise mingled with the sound of the waves as they broke upon the shore. Here the Lord met with them, and here they rejoiced in Him with exceeding great joy.

Thursday, Sept. 13th.—Duties for the last fortnight as usual, teaching and preaching publicly and from house to house. To-day was cheered by an interesting conversation with one of the most intelligent head-men. I sat in his doorway and spoke to him of his soul and salvation.

Friday, Dec. 5th.—A native youth from town came to express to me his wish to be baptized. He would no longer conform to the customs of his country, and now asked to be received into the Church of God. As he had long been a constant and attentive attendant at the chapel, and had received much instruction on the religion of Jesus,—I had good reason to believe him sincere, and I received him as a candidate. But this was not the only joy of the day; in the afternoon I took a canoe and went over to the native station to examine three boys, who had been serious for some time and desired baptism. I called each separately and made the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments the basis of my questions. Not only intellectually did I find them prepared, but saw good evidence that the Blessed Spirit had been their teacher also.

Sunday, 11*th*.—Three things have cheered me to-day. The first was a note from a scholar from Rocktown, who, six or eight months ago, acted very sinfully. Now he begs forgiveness, and brings me a present by way of showing his sincerity. The note is as follows:—

'*Rocktown, Dec.* 10*th*, 1856.

'Mr. C. C. Hoffman.

'I have sinned against God, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son. Please to forgive me. I brought you two fowls, two yards of cloth, and one razor. I want to come to school.

'Minnie Charles Barret.'

Having received a good account of this boy from the teacher at Rocktown, and believing him to be truly penitent, I received him again.

Tuesday, 16*th*.—Six hours visiting the candidates for baptism and confirmation; many interesting cases. The candidates for confirmation now number thirty-six.

Wednesday, 17*th*.—Visited by some interested for their souls' salvation. Visited a native town near, and had a delightful talk, because so earnestly responded to, with the natives, who assembled under a thatched shed; then we knelt in prayer and parted.

CHAPTER XII.

1856—1859.

SECOND MARRIAGE—WAR BETWEEN THE COLONISTS AND NATIVES—DESTRUCTION OF MISSION BUILDINGS, MOUNT VAUGHAN, BY FIRE—VOYAGE ALONG THE COAST—BIRTH OF A DAUGHTER.

I NOW enter upon a period of three years, during which Colden Hoffman remained in Africa, keeping closely to his work; but as the character of that work was very similar to what has already been described, it does not furnish much material for the biographer's pen. The principal topics of interest embraced in this period are, his second marriage, and the war which broke out between the natives and the colonists at the close of 1856; leading to the destruction of the native portion of the town of Cape Palmas, and the burning of the Mission premises on Mount Vaughan by the natives.

JOURNAL.

Christmas Day, 1856. — Half-past seven o'clock. While at tea we observed the houses at Mount Vaughan in a blaze! We trusted the natives would have spared these, because Mission and American property; but now they are all gone, save a small school-house and the chapel at the foot of the hill. Mr. Thompson has lost everything except his clothes; and Mr. Gibson his library, and everything except his bedding. This is the twentieth anniversary of our Mission; how sad it has been! Our services interrupted; our little flock scattered; a portion of the roof of St. Mark's Church burned, and the door broken in; our Mission buildings at Mount Vaughan consumed; intercourse cut off between our stations; the natives among whom we had gone preaching the gospel of the kingdom scattered, and ourselves sharing in the general apprehension. But our God lives, and our Captain rules, and our Jesus, to whom all power is given, reigns; and we rejoice, yea, and will rejoice.

Saturday, 27*th*. — Up from three o'clock. I am keeping guard on the piazza. At two in the afternoon I took a walk over the burnt district. The hill where the town had stood was a truly beautiful one, commanding a view of the ocean. Not a house was standing; here and there a charred pillar was seen.

Dec. 31*st*. — The last day of a year of many sorrows, and much grace, and many mercies.

To his Mother.

Christmas Day, 1856.
Orphan Asylum, Cape Palmas.

My dearest Mother,

Do you dream of my present circumstances? I am in the midst of the realities of war; yet peace possesses my soul and peace is in my house. On the suspicion of a conspiracy in the native towns to destroy the colonists an investigation took place; and I suppose it was found to be true.

They delayed a week after having two conferences with the people, and on Sunday 21st orders were issued for the military to be in readiness next day. Families were removed to guarded places, and every precaution taken to secure life and property.

On Monday 22nd, at 9 A.M., the head-men were called: some propositions were made them in regard to buying their town, which not being at once assented to, the cannons were pointed to the town and the firing commenced, and in ten minutes the town was in a blaze and the natives seen flying across the river: a cannon was placed in a position to have killed them as they crossed, but they were mercifully spared. The natives fled into the country, and their way was marked by the burning of houses,—the inhabitants having all gone to places of security. Only one of the Americans was killed, and he, from self-will, remained in his own house.

Harris with his wife and twelve school-boys came from the station, and just reached here before the town

T Picken lith

M & N Hanhart impr

HOFFMAN STATION, WEST AFRICA

was burnt. I have had my house full; some sixty or seventy persons must have been under my roof, taking refuge where they thought they would be safe. Guards have been stationed on the Cape, and even we have kept guard in the house, but now all is quieting again; the natives have sued for peace, and the bush people have come in asking to become allies.

I do hope that a blessing will come forth from the war, and think it will still be for God's glory and the people's good. The Bishop was very anxious for me, and recommended, if consistent with duty, that I should come down to Cavalla; but I did not fear, and felt myself quite as safe here as there. I, however, took every means for security, and every precaution for myself and those under my roof, and God graciously blessed me with peace, and enabled me to inspire others with confidence and quietness. We have had daily morning and evening prayers, and last Sunday I preached to the soldiers and officers at the Government-house. St. Mark's Church met with a very narrow escape, and had it not been for the efforts of Mr. Davis it would have been destroyed.

28th February, 1857.

Peace was declared on the 26th inst.; all now is tranquillity, and people are returning to their work. The troops leave to-day, and annexation is to take place.

2nd April, 1857.

Peace and prosperity have been restored to the country. The natives are very friendly, and are settling around Hoffman Station, now likely to become a very

important position in our missionary operations. I am about building a church to cost a thousand dollars, therefore 'the family society' must not withhold their offerings. I call it St. James'; the name will have pleasant associations.

I must give a few particulars respecting the foundation of the Hoffman Station, on the Hoffman River, referred to in the above paragraph. By a singular coincidence, the river had been some years previously called after a gentleman of the name of Hoffman, who resided in Baltimore, and took a deep interest in the Maryland Colonization Society; whilst the station received its name (given by Bp. Payne) from the subject of this memoir, who founded it.

Colden Hoffman had some time before commenced an institution, which he named, after his mother's residence in Goshen, 'Spring Hill,' for the education of the children of the natives: owing to circumstances which it is needless to detail, this station had to be abandoned, and was transferred to the banks of the Hoffman River. Its early prosperity was seriously interfered with by the war; but after that was over, and whilst the feelings of soreness and enmity still existing between the parties prevailed, Colden Hoffman assembled the leaders of both parties on the plain near the Hoffman Station, and addressed them as follows:—

'Colonists! lately 1500 natives were in their houses on yonder hill, which you have burnt to the ground. Through your influence they are here: is it not your duty to provide them a house of worship? And now, that you may remember the spirit in which this work should proceed, I will remind you of it from God's own word.'

Then, placing a little native child of ten years old on a table, he made him repeat the 13th chapter of the 1st of Corinthians, 'Though I speak with the tongues of men and angels, and have not charity,' &c. The effect was electric; the General who commanded the colonist militia was the first to seize the hoe: from that moment hearty good-will was displayed; the foundations of the church were speedily dug, and in due time a convenient structure for the worship of God was completed. School-house and dwellings of Christian villagers followed in quick succession, whilst a native minister and teachers were appointed to carry on the work of evangelization so propitiously commenced.

After the war, things seem to have gone on harmoniously between the natives and colonists, and the various duties of the mission to have been sustained in vigorous activity. But still there was a void in the widowed heart, which was more sensibly felt from his having the charge of a Female Orphan

Asylum, which greatly needed the superintendence of a lady: to this circumstance his letters now make frequent reference.

To his Sister.

1*st May*, 1857.

* * * How I need some one to be at the head of this institution. You can hardly realize my loss, and at present there is no prospect of any change: it is the hand of the Lord, and therefore His will be done. For sympathy and love I must look to Him, the ever-present Friend and never-absent Brother. And He does reveal Himself, and is precious, and His grace was never more abounding. The lines are constantly recurring to me,

> 'Oh to grace, how great a debtor
> Daily I'm constrained to be!'

To his Mother.

* * * I am well, dear mother; God upholds me with unfailing grace. I am still alone, and expect to be more so when Mrs. Thompson leaves. I cannot manage my large household as I would.

15*th September*.—You will be glad to learn, dear mother, of my continued health and happiness, but alas! 'it is not good for man to be alone;' especially in Africa, and at the head of an establishment of five-and-twenty girls; but things go on better than could be expected.

8*th June*.—Since I wrote I have been engaged in my various usual duties at the Asylum. My health has been good. I had the comfort of baptizing a native on Whit-

Sunday, and another last Sunday; both young men, both giving promise of future usefulness. They are not connected with the mission, but have been led to embrace the truth through the preaching of the gospel.

I expect to have a second confirmation at St. Mark's on the last Sunday in this month; about fifteen. Our church is too small for our increasing numbers.

Last Monday evening I showed the magic lantern to the Sunday-school children; we had over 200 present.

I have no doubt that the magic lantern here referred to was the identical one which I presented to Dr. Savage many years before, in New York, for the benefit of the Cape Palmas mission, and which I flattered myself was the first that had ever been introduced into Western Africa. The slides consisted of a representation of Scripture subjects, calculated to interest the untutored minds of the natives, adults as well as children; and I received the following interesting letter on the subject from Mr. (now Bishop) Payne, written long before the subject of this memoir ever supposed that he should spend and be spent in the service of Christ on those shores:—

Mount Vaughan, Cape Palmas, West Africa,
10th June, 1839.

My dear Sir,

It having fallen within my duties as superintendent of the school to exhibit on several occasions the magic

lantern, for which we are indebted to your kindness, I have been requested by Dr. Savage to assure you how much you have advanced our cause by your more than acceptable offering.

You judged rightly, my dear sir, that 'to the untutored imaginations of our poor children the representations of the lantern would be very gratifying and attractive;' and that although they but imperfectly represent to our cultivated minds the scenes which they exhibit, and, as you justly remark, are in this respect a fit emblem of the imperfect medium through which we perceive spiritual things in this life; yet to the dark and uncultivated minds of these poor Africans they have all the effect of reality.

Of the impression produced by the first exhibition, I can convey to you but an imperfect idea; to me it had the appearance of bordering on a superstitious dread; that there was indeed some magic thing at work: for had Adam and Eve started into existence in all their original loveliness; Cain rushed from the ceiling with uplifted club to slay his pious brother; lions, leopards, cows, &c. been actually passing before them into the stupendous ark; the emotions of surprise, indignation, admiration, and horror, could scarcely have surpassed those indicated by the breathless silence, fixed attention, and suppressed *grunts* of intense feeling of the children on this occasion. With the history of nearly all the scenes represented many of them had been long familiar, and therefore did not at all need an explanation; but as soon as they were presented, *Adam kau Evi ne deh; Jesus Kraisi ne deh*— there are Adam and Eve, &c., was heard all round the room.

The second exhibition of the lantern was made somewhat public, and on the appointed evening I was surprised to find the room crowded to suffocation by adult natives and colonists. The interest manifested by both was striking, but the effect upon the former was not surpassed even by that produced upon the children; perhaps, in some respects it even exceeded, inasmuch as to them both the scenes represented and the representations were entirely new.

A native chief, Kra Sia, on seeing the representation of Adam and Eve, exclaimed, *Seeda ne wona o nyine. Tinoke na yi yi no ne.* 'Long have I heard their name. Now my eyes see them.'

It will readily occur to you what an invaluable assistant this lantern will be in instructing this class of persons. So dull and uninterested is the heathen mind, that it is almost impossible ordinarily to enlist sufficient attention to fix upon the mind the truths which we wish to inculcate. Here, however, is an infallible method of securing attention, and imprinting indelibly upon the mind the leading events of the Scriptures.

What I have now said will, I trust, dear sir, be sufficient to show you what valuable service you have rendered us by sending us the magic lantern, and also to dispose you, should you hereafter meet with such cards, pictures, &c. as will, in your judgment, be calculated to expand the infant minds with which we have to do, still further to remember those for whom we labour.

I am, dear Sir, yours most respectfully,

JOHN PAYNE.

To G. T. FOX, ESQ., *New York.*

To his Mother.

23rd September, 1857.

Dearest Mother,

I am about starting for the interior, after burying Jane, a poor woman now made rich. I expect to be absent ten days, and to preach the blessed gospel of Christ to the bondsmen of Satan. I purpose to go on to the Cavalla falls and see the mountains sixty miles off, to open a new station at Tebo, and establish Kinkle there. Harris goes with me, and Eastburn, a native Christian. Farewell! rejoice that God gives me this blessed work to do.

25th Oct. 1857.—* * * I had the extreme pleasure of baptizing to-day at St. Mark's a native woman, and I called her Mary, after you, dear mother. She is the first female amongst the Cape Palmas people I have received into Christ's Church. She has been thinking of it for about a year. I met her in one of my walks in town; she stopped by a smith's shop as she was going to the spring with her water jar, and heard me speak, and was so attentive that I asked her if she ever heard of the things of God before; she said she had, from a brother who had run away from school! After this introduction I frequently visited her. * * * My time is so continually occupied that it flies rapidly; and I enjoy wonderful health, or I could not do what I am doing.

Hoffman Station is progressing beautifully; we have twenty scholars there now, and the church is being framed. I preach there almost every Sunday. Last week I preached or lectured fifteen times! I went about seventy-five miles into the interior, on the Cavalla river, and came home

stronger and better than when I left. It is a beautiful country, but alas! the devil rules in the hearts of the people.

25th November.—What a change ten days make! For nearly a week I have been on my bed ill with fever; but now, through the mercy of Him who has ever blessed me, am almost well again.

On the 18th of February, 1858, he was married at St. Mark's Church, Cape Palmas, by Bp. Payne, to Miss Caroline M. Hogan, one of the three ladies who had gone out to Africa, during the previous year, to strengthen the mission. She was a member of Dr. Newton's congregation in Philadelphia, when she listened to the call from Africa, and dedicated herself to the service of the Church of Christ in that part of the world.

Some months after this, in consequence of the state of his health, he was induced to take a short voyage along the coast for change of air, in a schooner sailing for Akrah, on the Gold Coast. The true missionary spirit which pervaded his heart was illustrated on this occasion, by his assiduous ministrations amongst the natives on board: as many as eighty Kroomen were shipped at Cape Palmas. He writes in the following terms:—

I left in company with eighty Kroomen, only think, in a vessel of fifty tons! But they were my flock, and I rather rejoiced to have them with me. God blessed us

on the voyage. Captain, crew, and Kroomen, all were blessed of God. We had morning and evening prayers, Sunday services, hymns and songs by moonlight, and frequent religious conversations with the natives.

My ministrations amongst the natives were graciously blessed. On the first Sabbath I baptized two of them, and on the following Thursday three more! One I had baptized some months before; so I left a church *on the sea*, when I left the little yacht; six native Christians and others whose hearts inclined to the truth. The Christians promised me they would nightly meet together for prayer. You may imagine how deeply interesting were the services on these occasions.

Writing to another friend, he gives further particulars of this interesting voyage: —

The Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, were daily subjects of explanation; they were and had been in the habit of prayer; they repented of sin, they believed in God's Son who died for them, they purposed leading a life in obedience to God's laws. What did hinder them to be baptized? I saw nothing, but rejoiced that God had blessed the seed we had sown on land, and granted that we should reap it on the sea. On the Sabbath morning, therefore, they stood before me on deck, candidates for holy baptism. To our usual services I added prayers for the Queen and royal family, as I was sailing for the first time under the flag of England. At the close of the second lesson the two natives came forward, each having round them a cloth of white muslin. The

captain, the mate, Miss Bull, and the native Christians, were their sponsors; the candidates answered the questions put to them in English, and as we poured water upon them, we offered hearty prayers for the sanctifying influences of the Holy Ghost. One was named James Walker, after the captain; the other, William Wilberforce. * * *

I would have you bear in mind, that on this voyage is not the first time these men have heard the gospel. They have heard it at our stations. One came from Spring Hill, and has been in the habit of attending religious services and observing the Sabbath; and it is an interesting fact that the others are all brothers of native Christians, residing in our Christian village. I cannot, therefore, doubt that the influence of these Christians in the village has been blessed to the ingathering of their brothers into the fold of Jesus.

For these things we bless God.

Landing at Akrah, in the Ashantee country, he gives a lengthened description of the natives, and the missionary operations carried on in those parts:

Habitations of cruelty are the abodes of this land. Once, on the death of the king's sister, eighty persons were killed in the town, to be her slaves in the land of spirits, with hundreds besides in the surrounding country. These victims are first speared through the mouth, and then struck with a club on the back of the neck. In the streets of Kumasi lifeless bodies are no uncommon sight. The king, sometimes, restless and unable to sleep, rises

from his bed, and with some of his chief men goes dancing through the town; whoever sees him loses his head, and is immediately sacrificed. The person accused of witchcraft is anointed with oil and made to sit on a pile of wood, which, being ignited below, is kept fiercely burning by calabashes of palm oil thrown upon it. Yet here, where Satan's seat is, *even here*, the Lord has a lamp on a golden candlestick; here is a native preacher, three church members, and two hundred and sixty persons who come to hear the everlasting gospel.

Two of the king's nephews were sent to England for education; they visited the Queen, and a clergyman of the Church of England was appointed to travel with them. They have both returned; one to debase himself to the level of the beasts by his vices, the other to glorify God and preach the gospel.

Mr. Hoffman returned from this coasting voyage by steamer to Monrovia, and the few weeks' absence proved very effectual in restoring his health; enabling him to return to his work with his usual energy and earnestness. I select the following in illustration of it: —

Christmas Night, 1858.

My dearest Mother,

Before retiring I must show you that I am not forgetful of you on this festal day. It has been a very happy, though a fatiguing one to me. I preached a Christmas sermon; eleven persons were confirmed; and then we crossed the river, and at St. James' forty-five natives

received the Holy Communion. To-morrow the Church there is to be consecrated, and nineteen natives confirmed.

The scholars from Cavalla came up this afternoon; we have about thirty native children in the house besides our girls. Carrie has been very busy all day preparing for the celebration; we shall have about five hundred children to provide for.

Dec. 31*st.*— Great have been God's mercies to me during the past year. I am encouraged for all days to come.

You may imagine I have plenty to do, when, beside all other things, I have three sermons weekly to prepare; I do not write them, but always preach from notes.

Writing to his mother on her birthday, he expresses himself as follows:—

Perchance we may be with you on some future birthday; and yet, dear mother, I cannot tell. If God grants me health here is my post, here I am happy, here I must abide. I am content to have it so, for I think here I can best serve God. He has given me my work, fitted me for it, and sustains me in it. Should He, by our failing health, direct to a change of climate for a time, then His providence would lead me to you, whom I would rejoice once more to see. My health has improved lately, and dear Carrie is better than I could hope for — a remarkable case of health and vigour in Africa.

On the 1st of April, 1859, a daughter was born to him, and baptized by the name of Virginia Grace.

CHAPTER XIII.

1859—1863.

VISITS ENGLAND AND AMERICA—HIS MOTHER'S DEATH—RETURNS TO AFRICA—FOUNDATION OF ST. MARK'S HOSPITAL—MISSIONARY TOURS—SECOND VISIT TO ENGLAND.

AFTER a vigorous campaign of three years in the treacherous and enervating climate of Africa, it became a necessity both for Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman to seek a more bracing atmosphere, by way of change, for a season.

They sailed, therefore, from Cape Palmas, in September 1859, and arrived in London the following month. They brought with them a deaf-and-dumb boy, who had been baptized by the name of Harvey Peet, the son of a native chief, and who was placed under the care of Miss Elwin, in the Deaf-and-Dumb Institution, Bath.

Their stay in England was prolonged for some weeks beyond their original intention by the very

serious illness of Mrs. Hoffman. During this period Mr. Hoffman visited friends in various parts of England and Scotland, and I had the great pleasure of receiving him under my roof, after a separation of many years.

The satisfaction was mutual, as the following letter to his mother testifies:—

Durham, Feb. 13th, 1860.

My dear Mother,

I am again at my old and dear friend's house in this ancient city; and how remarkable it is that yesterday I should preach, morning and evening, in his church.

It was a great gratification to him, as you may suppose, to have one whom, in some sense, he may call 'his own son in the faith,' holding forth the Word of life to his own people, after a lapse of three-and-twenty years, when he first encouraged and strengthened me in the ways of godliness.

To the Rev. G. T. Fox.

London, Jan. 31st, 1860.

My dear Brother,

An hour ago the postman brought me your letter. The text for the morning, 'What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits towards me?' is the language of my soul, not only in the receipt of your gift, but in the remembrance of the wonderful way in which the Lord has led me, and provided for me in years past, and of

which I am reminded by your letter. I am, indeed, a wonder to myself; or I should rather say, I wonder at the grace and goodness of the Lord towards me, since I feel myself so utterly unworthy of the least of His mercies.

That you were a chosen instrument in the hands of the Lord in leading me to Himself you may be well assured. Your instructions at those Friday-evening meetings, and at other times; your letters; your prayers; your general influence, were all blessed steps for my soul to mount above the thoughtlessness, worldliness, and sinfulness by which I was then surrounded. Why I did not reject all these at your hands, — Ah, this was the grace of the Lord! He made me willing to receive and follow in the way you led. How imperfectly I have walked in that way, He knows; and yet His mercies abound, His love abides, He remaineth faithful. What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits unto me? I pray they may lead me to love Him, and trust Him, and serve Him better daily. But I still cry, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner!' and yet it is with the confidence of a child to his Father, because of the many, many tokens of my heavenly Father's love, which I am ever receiving.

You know I cannot begin to mention them, at least I should never end in telling them. * * * *

Towards the end of February he sailed with his wife and child for America, and was once more in the bosom of his own family. As this was his last

visit there, and as that happy home—the home of so many years to a large family circle—was soon to be broken up for ever, I may here remark on the kind and gracious providence displayed by our heavenly Father towards this loving mother, who had given up a son so dear to her for the service of Christ many years before, that this beloved son was allowed to visit and comfort his mother in her old age, the very year before she was removed to her heavenly rest.

Those who delight to trace the special providence of God, not merely in great things but in small, who bear in mind that not even a sparrow falls on the ground without our Father, and who can see in the minuteness of His administrative care the most striking proof of His wisdom and love; even as the microscope reveals, in the organization of the smallest atoms, His highest skill: such will take pleasure in recognising this gracious principle of compensation, as traceable in the ordering of His providence on this occasion, and which gave to this honoured parent, in her latter days, the privilege and joy of having her son with her under her own roof, whilst she was still in the enjoyment of a vigorous old age, and just before that speedy break-up of the constitution, which shortly after removed her to a better world.

He spent her seventy-fifth birthday, her last but one on earth, under the parental roof, and greeted her on that morning with the following note of congratulation:—

Goshen, 21st March, 1860.

Dearest Mother,

The language of your heart to-day is, I know, the text you love, 'What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits unto me?' How gracious God has been! His mercies have fallen as the rain and distilled as the dew. This birthday is one on which you have special cause for thankfulness; dear M—'s restoration, our arrival, and your own continued health, are peculiar mercies. We give thanks on your behalf, and pray that with increasing years, grace and peace may abound, till life's pilgrimage closes and heaven's joys are for ever your portion.

Your affectionate Son and Daughter,

C. C. and C. L. H.

It was fifteen months after this letter was written, and only six after her final separation from her son on earth, that she herself was taken to her rest. She died at Goshen on the 21st of June, 1861, in the seventy-seventh year of her age.

The following extract from an obituary notice, which appeared at the time, did but justice to her character, as those who knew her best will be most ready to acknowledge:—

The decease of this Christian lady will awaken sympathies in the bosom of many to whom she was personally unknown, as being the venerated and honoured mother of that devoted and self-sacrificing Christian missionary, the Rev. C. C. Hoffman. She was eminently worthy of being the mother of such a son. A descendan of an ancient and honourable family, trained in the midst of the highest refinement, wealth, and intelligence of our great commercial metropolis, she possessed a rare and beautiful combination of suavity, dignity, and elegance of manner, which elicited at once the respect and esteem of all who knew her. But all her gifts of nature, and all her acquirements, were early consecrated to the service of her Saviour; and she found her chief joy and happiness in the exercise of the Christian graces, and the sacred services and ordinances of the sanctuary.

Her religion was eminently practical. To the poor she was a friend and helper; to the Church and cause of Christ, a cheerful giver; to her wide circle of friends and acquaintances, a bright and shining example of meekness, gentleness, and all that can dignify and adorn the Christian character.

Colden Hoffman, as on a former occasion, spent a large part of his time during his visit to America in home-missionary work, visiting the churches, and endeavouring to stimulate the missionary spirit; in which his own earnestness and zeal enabled him to be very successful. In this way he travelled into Ohio, Maryland, Virginia, and other parts; but as

soon as ever he felt that his own and his wife's health were sufficiently restored, he lost no time in returning to his sphere of labour,—not like an unwilling schoolboy, shrinking from a distasteful task, though he well knew the trials that awaited him there, but with all the ardour of a heart that loved the country, the people, and the work.

The following letter makes reference to one of the privileges connected with such missionary tours in a Christian land, viz. the forming the acquaintance of many of the excellent of the earth, who would have otherwise been unknown, and thus extending Christian sympathies and friendships:—

To Mrs. Rose.

Orphan Asylum, Cape Palmas,
June 3, 1856.

Dear Mrs. Rose,

It is with much pleasure that I, a second time, peruse your letter of the 23rd of November, received a few days since. I cannot feel a stranger to one who thus writes with Christian sympathy, and in the spirit of our blessed Saviour: a blessed and never-failing bond unites God's people. Though we know this, yet how joyous to realise it! to feel the bond, and, by tokens unmistakable, feel we are children of one Father, partakers of one Spirit, inheitors of one home! In my missionary tour when last in America, this was one of the sources of thanksgiving, that

here and there and everywhere I made the acquaintance of God's dear children; and from thenceforth I felt them to be, not strangers, but brothers and sisters, fathers and mothers. Blessed tie! and wonderful proof of the mighty power of the Holy Spirit. However isolated we may feel, either in a far-off land or surrounded by those with whose views we may not be able fully to sympathise, and when some feeling of loneliness comes over us, it is sweet to think of the communion of saints, and the invisible bond of sacred and unfailing love that unites us to hundreds and thousands: yea more, unites us to the loved ones who have left us for the better land, to the saints of all ages, to Jesus, to angels, to the heavenly hosts, and our Father, God. We cannot be alone; for we walk by faith, not by sight.

They sailed from Baltimore on the 3rd of November, and landed at Cape Palmas in January, 1861.

During the spring of the year 1859 Colden Hoffman was engaged in inaugurating an institution which had for some time past engaged his benevolent heart, and which he was at length enabled successfully to originate—an hospital for the sick; natives, colonists, and sailors alike; the foundation-stone of which was laid on the 24th of April, 1859, by the name of St. Mark's Hospital, Harper, Cape Palmas. The originating of this scheme cost him much labour and anxiety, and during his visit to England and America its interests were uppermost in his thoughts,

and he availed himself of the opportunities which his visiting among Christian friends afforded of raising donations for the building and subscriptions for its support.

The following will furnish a brief summary of the proceedings which took place at the laying of the foundation-stone:—

According to previous notice, the citizens of Harper and vicinity assembled at the Orphan Asylum, the residence of the Rev. C. C. Hoffman, on Easter Monday morning, April 24th, to participate in the solemnities appointed for the occasion. At an early hour the school-room was well-nigh filled with the leading and most respectable personages of the community, both male and female. Among those present were the Hon. Joseph T. Gibson, Superintendent of the County; Hon. Judge Drayton; Rev. B. R. Wilson, of the Methodist Mission; Dr. McNally, a visitor from Bonny; Senator Fuller; Gen. Wood, and others.

The services of the occasion were conducted by the Rev. J. Rambo, and were as follows:—

1st. The 115th hymn was sung.

2nd. The 25th chapter of St. Matthew, from the 31st verse, was read.

The Rev. Alex. Crummell then delivered an address upon the object which had called them together.

The 91st Psalm of the Selection was then sung and a procession was formed on the ground adjacent to the Asylum, and the whole company marched to the site

of the Hospital, under the direction of Dr. S. B. DeLyon. After singing the 102nd Selection, the Rev. C. C. Hoffman introduced the Hon. Judge Drayton, who addressed the audience, and was followed by the Rev. B. R. Wilson. The Corner-stone was laid by the Rev. C. C. Hoffman, who read the following paper:

A Paper read at the laying of the Corner Stone of St. Mark's Hospital, Cape Palmas, on St. Mark's Day, April 24th, 1859.

The thought of establishing this Institution first occurred to the Rector, Easter Day, April 12th, 1857. He consulted a few gentlemen on the subject, who regarded the plan with favour; particularly Dr. Fletcher, who offered his professional services gratuitously; and he also expressed in writing the great need of such an Institution: which document was sent to the United States, with a private appeal for aid, but without success.

The purpose, however, was not given up, and a room was set apart in the gardener's house, belonging to the Orphan Asylum, for the sick. In this room care was taken of an old man, Charles Scotland, who after experiencing our care for about six months, died with a good hope of eternal life.

His place was filled by James Louder, who also found a home in the Hospital room for some months, till *he* was called to the heavenly one.

His place was vacated for another, who still occupies the room.

The design of erecting a *building* was still cherished,

and on the evening of the 6th of August, 1858, the following gentlemen were invited to the residence of the Rev. C. C. Hoffman to consider the matter, viz.—Rev. A. Crummel, D. R. Fletcher, M.D., Rev. G. W. Gibson, Hon. J. T. Gibson. John Marshall and S. B. DeLyon, M.D. Captain J. B. Walker was also present.

The necessity for such an Institution was set forth, and resolutions made for its immediate commencement. The object was one that at once commended itself to all present; all were ready to aid, and from those present the sum of one hundred and seventy dollars was immediately subscribed.

Subsequent meetings were held, at which the location was determined upon; plans of the building were presented; constitution and bye-laws were drawn up, and an appeal published in its behalf.

* * * * *

The building was finished and opened in April, 1862. After two years, the following statistics of its progress were presented at the annual meeting:—

With the exception of a grant from the Liberian Legislature of three hundred dollars a-year, it has been built, and is still supported by voluntary contributions. It has been erected at the cost of about six thousand dollars. This sum has been contributed by friends in America, England, and in Liberia, and by seamen visiting the port. We have never been in debt, but have always been able to pay all demands against us.

Since the commencement of our Hos ital we have had

45 patients. Of these, 20 have been colonists, 10 natives, 9 seamen; 30 were men, 10 women, and 5 children; 16 have died, 25 have been dismissed, relieved or cured; 4 are now occupying the building.

Though the number of patients has not been large, yet it is increasing as the Institution becomes known. And, through God's help, we have accomplished that which we proposed seven years ago, namely, the erection of a house for the sick and suffering, where they may receive help and comfort, both for body and soul. We have a kind Christian lady as the matron, and the colonial physician is the surgeon and physician of the Institution.

We are now in a position to manifest the love of Christ to the sick and suffering, and to *Colonists, Natives,* and *Seamen,* stretch out the hand of mercy.

We may this day lift our hearts in gratitude and say, '*Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.*'

Colden Hoffman now resumed his ordinary avocations at Cape Palmas, which were sometimes interrupted by attacks of illness, and sometimes diversified by missionary tours into the interior of the country. Of one of these he gives a brief summary in the following letter to his sister:—

To Mrs. Pattison.

Cape Palmas, 16th May, 1862.

Dearest Marie,

I can only write a few lines to say I am well. I have just returned from a journey of seventy-five miles in the

bush. Walking eight days, preached thirty-one times, addressed 1650 natives—a most interesting time.

The following extracts from his journal will give further particulars of this missionary tour:—

JOURNAL.

May 6th, 1862.—This morning, though not feeling very strong, started on a missionary tour, designing to go, if God enabled me, over the missionary district recently assigned me. Mr. Harris was to be my companion, and I appointed several of the catechists to meet me at different points on the route.

We left Cape Palmas at half-past six, and took a canoe at the head of Sheppard Lake, where we were happy to be joined by the Rev. T. Thompson, on his way to Cavalla. We stopped at Spring Hill, which we found well cultivated and looking beautiful. Mr. Farr was ready for us; we examined his scholars and had prayer; he and his scholars accompanied us to the three half-Graway towns. Messrs Thompson and Harris took one, Mr. Farr and myself another, and we all met in the third. In one of the towns where we met, an old doctor-woman had for twenty years deceived the people. At another we followed hard on the feet of the devil, for the young men had just come from offering him a sacrifice, to induce the father of lies to send speedily home from sea their relations. We preached sometimes in huts, and sometimes in the open air. The word seemed to be with power.

PERIBO.

Thursday, May 8th.—Rose in health and with a glad heart this morning. Took a hasty breakfast, and were on our way to Peribo at six. Two native men had come from the Cape to carry our luggage. We left the sea-side and crossed a meadow for about three and a half miles to Graway. Our 'friend in need,' Hadi, was waiting with a canoe to take us over to Hanhte Lu, where we were joined by Mr. Bayard. We did not reach our destination till a quarter to eleven. The people received us kindly, and we had interesting conversations with groups of people under the shed in the midst of the town.

Having rested a little, we called the people at three o'clock. About fifty gathered, when I addressed them, followed by Mr. Harris, and Mr. Farr offered up prayer. An attentive audience.

At seven o'clock in the evening we had a second service; about seventy-five persons gathered about us, who seemed much interested.

I missed a comfortable room and bed, and lay down in a native hut on a blanket, with my travelling-bag for a pillow. Rose a little stiff but well, took a hasty breakfest; left at seven o'clock for Barake. Before we started, however, a man called us to get his gree-grees; he had no longer faith in them, and begged us to take them away.

Sunday, 11th.— Sunday among the heathen! No sound of church-going bell; no rest; men and women going to their accustomed work. The same weary train of thought, the same routine of business, work or wickedness. Oh, if one would learn to prize the Sabbath, let

him go where it is unknown, and he will be led to praise God for its appointment.

But we four Christians had a Sabbath, even in this heathen town. To our morning prayers came a number of natives. We sang, I read and expounded the epistle and gospel of the day, and we knelt in prayer. We rose strengthened. After service at half-past twelve we went to Weteke, ten minutes' walk from Soreke. We sang as we went the Lord's songs in a strange land,—but *His land.* We sang, 'Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,' the 'Venite,' and 'Jubilate;' we felt at home in Nature's glorious temple. We were Christ's representatives taking possession of the land for Him; we were God's children shouting His praise in one of the rooms of His glorious house; going forth to open its windows, and let in the beautiful light of truth.

Thus we reached the town of Nyinaworeke, a small town with few people. They were gathered; Harris and myself spoke, Bedell offered prayer.

At four P.M. we returned to Soreke, and at eight we had an evening service, and our audience was large; about 175. Thus closed our Sabbath services, and we believe His word was not spoken in vain, neither will it return to Him void.

The above will serve as an illustration of his earlier missionary tours in the country neighbouring on the coast, and which were a prelude to those more frequent and longer inland journeys, in the prosecution of which he spent the two last years of

his life, making proclamation of God's word to ignorant tribes of natives who had never heard it before.

Another brief visit to England, in the year 1863, was the last time he left Africa; and after remaining here a few months he hastened back to his sphere of duty, leaving his wife and child behind him, further to recruit.

Once more he paid me a visit for some days—a visit engraven upon my memory, as one of those happy seasons which seldom occur in life, and the memory of which, though now tinged with sorrow, has left an abiding savour upon my mind, which can never be effaced. When parting with him, I had a presentiment that it was for the last time in this world; and that, not merely from the dangerous nature of the climate in which he dwelt, but from the heavenly tone of his mind, the surprising sweetness of his spirit, and the earnest fervour which shone so brightly in him, and seemed to fit him rather for heaven than earth. He was now a grown Christian; one who had come 'unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ,' and who, 'speaking the truth in love,' had 'grown up into Him in all things, which is the head, even Christ.'

There was in him a sweetness of disposition, earnestness of spirit, and holiness of heart and life,

which shone out so brightly that no one could fail to see and admire it; and even strangers, who had no previous knowledge of him, when he was their guest for a short time, were reminded of the Scripture, and disposed to apply it figuratively,—'Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.'

The forebodings in which I indulged were only too speedily fulfilled after his return to Africa, though doubtless the great Head of the Church, 'who giveth not account of any of His matters,' will vindicate His wisdom and love in this mysterious dispensation.

CHAPTER XIV.

1863—1865.

ORIGIN OF THE BOHLEN MISSION — INLAND MISSIONARY TOURS — HOME FOR THE BLIND.

THE West African mission has ever been the cherished object of affection to the most earnest members of the American Episcopal Church. It may be called the offspring of their liveliest faith and most fervent love, whilst it has been looked upon with suspicion, or treated with neglect by those whose religion has been of a lower standard. The fact is, so many and great have been its trials, that the faith of some has not been able to rise to the level of its requirements, whilst the love of many has waxed cold.

But there have always been some who have contributed to its support, either by stepping forward to fill the vacancies which sickness and death have caused from time to time, or by rendering it pecuniary aid, and strengthening the hands of those

who were engaged in the work by their fervent prayers.

Prominent amongst these was the late Mrs. Bohlen of Philadelphia, who gave utterance on her deathbed, without the formality of a testamentary bequest, to a desire, which her children affectionately carried out after her decease, and which resulted in their giving the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars to the Foreign Committee for the purpose of opening and maintaining a new station in the interior of Africa.

Hitherto the mission had been chiefly confined to the coast, the unhealthy character of which had been already tested by experience sufficiently painful; whereas there was reason to believe, that a better climate was to be found in the interior, where the land rises, and the atmosphere is cooler.

Another consideration prompted an invasion of the interior—the genius of missionary enterprise is essentially aggressive and expansive: it is a waging of war upon the kingdom of Satan and the powers of darkness, in order that the kingdoms of this world may become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ, and thus the heathen be transferred over to Him for His inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for His possession.

Now, to carry out this great object, expansion is

essential, and the Foreign Committee had for some time past been indulging in desires very similar to those which stirred the heart of the Apostle Paul, when writing to the Corinthian Church; he thus expressed himself: 'having hope, when your faith is increased, that we shall be enlarged by you according to our rule, abundantly to preach the gospel in the regions beyond.' When the noble gift of the Bohlen family was announced in the year 1857, this desire to be 'abundantly enlarged' was realized, and the Foreign Committee resolved at once 'to preach the gospel in the regions beyond,' in the interior of Africa, which had never yet been visited by the missionary.

Bishop Payne acted as the pioneer in the wilderness on this occasion; the district selected as most suitable for the purpose was the Cavalla river, and on the 29th of March, 1857, he proceeded forth, on a tour of investigation, in order to select the most suitable spot for a new mission station. He ascended with some difficulty the rapid river, holding intercourse with the native tribes on the banks, of which the following extract from his journal may serve as an illustration :—

King Damo's Reception.

It was in Sako, King Damo's town, at the foot of

Mount Gero, that we were introduced, about five o'clock in the afternoon.

We were instantly surrounded by a tumultuous crowd, and in it was a brother of King Damo's; he was a short, vain-glorious little man, now strongly under the influence of palm-wine. He informed us that Damo was still on his farm, but that he was in all respects his representative. He then led me to the king's house, and ordered the drums to be beaten and the women to dance in honour of our arrival.

It was not long before the king himself arrived. I had heard much of this person; how that by deeds of enterprise, boldness, and blood, he had made himself a fearful name through all this region.

His appearance agreed well with his antecedents. Below the middle stature, there was character manifest in every feature and movement; on his finely formed head there was a fur hat, with several tigers' teeth fastened around the forehead, and some potent gree-grees. A large gree-gree was also suspended around his neck A handsome shirt and cloth completed his dress, while a musket and sword which he grasped as if he never liked to dispense with them made up the picture of the savage heathen chieftain.

Towards me his manner was courteous, mild, communicative; but to all around it was magisterial and haughty.

Very soon he commanded the drums to be beaten with increased spirit, and women with boys to join in the dance, while he, with a trumpeter by his side to repeat or

sing over his words, narrated his own exploits, and his present honour in having so distinguished a visitor.

When we had been refreshed by food, and the tumult had somewhat abated, we asked Damo to assemble his people for religious service. This he did at once, taking his seat in their midst, and expressing assent as we preached.

Leaving this hospitable king, Bishop Payne proceeded a few miles further up the river, where he came to the Falls of Cavalla, after which the country rises considerably, and he soon arrived at the place of his destination about seventy miles inland from the the coast, called

Nitie Lu.

After a walk of an hour and a half, along a path covered with grass, or leading though thick forests and undergrowth, at about three o'clock, we were on the summit of Nitie Lu. It was no easy matter to reach this, for the hill must be at least 300 feet high, and the ascent was slippery and difficult. But the panorama from the top of the hill repaid a thousand-fold the trouble of getting to it. Two miles south tower up, Panh and Gero with their spurs and numerous offshoots, whilst east, west and north, in whatever direction one turns as far as the eye can reach, hill peeps over hill, and mountain over mountain, in every variety of size and shape, and at every point, whether on hill, mountain, valley or plain, cultivated fields, or palmy groves, or dense forests,

stand out to view, clothed in the same rich emerald dress. It is a glorious mountain, and the whole region beautiful as the garden of the Lord,

Along the northern base of the mountain are the first rapids of the Cavalla river. Just above the rapids the river spreads itself out three-quarters of a mile, and dividing into numerous channels, comes pouring and foaming through islands and inlets, ever verdant, in indescribable beauty.

Such was the sublime character of the scenery of Nitie Lu, where

> 'Every prospect pleases,
> And only man is vile;'

and where, for the first time since the world began, an embassy of divine love had visited those barbarous tribes, to open negotiations on behalf of the Most High God and His Son Jesus Christ, in order to convey to them the priceless blessings of the gospel of the grace of God.

Nitie Lu is the capital of the Webo tribe, a populous race occupying the surrounding country; and here Bishop Payne, without loss of time, commenced a Mission, to which he gave the name of 'the Bohlen Station,' and left behind him a native catechist to begin breaking up the fallow ground. This station was afterwards occupied by the Rev. Mr. Messenger and Mr. Auer, and their wives: but into further

details I cannot enter. These preliminary remarks have been introduced chiefly with a view of illustrating the sphere of Colden Hoffman's last labours, which were to a considerable extent in connexion with Bohlen Station and the intermediate country.

Returning to Africa in the month of December, 1863, he devoted himself, much more than ever, to itinerating evangelistic labours, and underwent such fatigue and exposure as no white man, perhaps, ever endured before in that climate. It may be that he acted imprudently at times, but the ardour of his spirit seemed to give him no rest, and to prompt him to unceasing efforts; whilst his consuming zeal was never satisfied but when he was proclaiming the glad tidings of a Saviour's love to the benighted tribes of the interior.

The following letters and journal will give a graphic description of one of his earliest pedestrian tours to Bohlen and the interior:—

To Miss Elwin.

Bohlen Station, Webo Country.

Dear Miss Elwin,

It is certainly a great while since I have written to you. * * * I am only on a visit here, and have not yet taken up my residence. In fact, I know not whether I will at all. As I drew away from the Cape, the Lord seemed to tighten the cords that bound me, and I am

content: the will of the Lord be done. Only when I cast my eyes from my open window and look on a scene of surpassing beauty, hill and valley clothed with richest verdure, and remember that for *thousands of miles* the people sit in darkness, no ray of light gleams in their habitations and abodes of cruelty, my heart is sad, and I cannot but cry,—'Lord, here am I; send me.' But the Lord may have, for this most blessed work, better labourers than myself, for whom He reserves it; and I am content to say again,—'Thy will, O God, be done!'

Last Sunday I held Communion here. We were just twelve: all were black but myself. The Lord leaves not Himself without witness.

Tuesday Morning.—I baptized a very interesting young man, who had been here for some years: he is the son of one of the chiefs.

To-morrow I expect to celebrate the Communion at Tebo, a station on the Cavalla river, where we have five Christians; and two days after at Gitetabo, where we have another little company.

The Bishop has given me charge of all these interior stations, and the Lord gives me grace to visit and minister to them.

To Bishop Payne.

Bohlen Station,
Saturday, July 30th, 1864.

Dear Bishop,

Certainly by the good hand of the Lord we are here to-day! We give Him thanks for His goodness towards

us; He has given us strength of body for the severe travelling, protected us from accident, blessed us with health, opened the hearts of people to receive us and guide us in the crooked paths of the bush country, and utterance to preach the blessed gospel in the towns, and to sow the seed of life eternal, wherever we have been. The weather too has been extremely favourable, neither sun nor rain, scarcely sufficient to make it necessary for me to raise my umbrella.

Our course from Rocktown has been for the most of the way N.E. by compass, except from Borobo to Plibo, when we went east, and from Gadebo to Webo, which is also east.

We left Cape Palmas on the afternoon of Tuesday 26th, for Rocktown, where I baptized a school-boy, and administered the Communion, as I believe I wrote you. On Wednesday at half-past nine we went to Soreke. The king (Bodia) received us kindly; while we were eating John Farr arrived; I was glad to see him, as he was to accompany us to Webo. In the evening about twenty persons assembled in the Bodia's house, to whom we spoke for about an hour. They listened with attention. The Bodia gave us a small damp house to sleep in: I felt unwell in the morning, but my bad feelings passed off as the day advanced.

We left the next day about seven o'clock for Yidawudebo. We reached Borobo at nine, and spoke in two towns to the people who gathered to see us. From thence we went to Plibo; in this country we also preached in two towns, and were kindly received at both places.

About sunset we reached Sedi in Yidawudebo; the walk had been long and we were very tired, but after speaking to the people we still went on to the large town, where we had to sleep, and we were kindly received. We met the people in the evening, and addressed about one hundred persons. They gave good attention to the word spoken. This place is not so far, but it may be reached in one day from Cape Palmas. A man arrived just before us, who had left the Cape in the morning.

Friday, 29th.—We left about seven o'clock, after taking some coffee and addressing the people assembled to see us, and after an hour's walk arrived at Wotte, another of the Yidawudebo's towns. We addressed about fifty persons in the large town of the head-man. The road was exceedingly bad, over high hills, and through streams. We forded the Bonh river, and soon arrived in the Nyao country.

The first town we reached was Bare, where a man kindly invited us to partake of some corn, nicely boiled. This was the more thankfully received because we had taken no breakfast.

We spoke to about thirty persons, chiefly women, (the men had gone to their farms), and so went on our way to Wulede, where we had the opportunity of speaking again. We remained but a short time, and went on to the large town of the Nyao tribe, called Tiweoranh; here about fifty persons were assembled, talking a palaver. They were about giving a man sassa-wood. After resting a while, I asked permission to speak; it was kindly granted, and for half-an-hour I told them of the way of

salvation by Jesus Christ: at the conclusion I pleaded for the poor man, and urged briefly various reasons why they should spare him. One of the chief men left the palaver and gave us two men to guide us on the way. We crossed two small streams, Hiddo and Pade. After passing the latter we reached Taditwi, a town in Biabo: here we spoke, and passed on to Ware, which we reached about five P.M. We were too tired to go further. Our arrival was announced with shouts and the beating of the town drum. The women and children, who never before had seen a white man, crowded about me, and completely encircled me. I sat down and told them of the object of my coming; and as supper was long in preparing, I told them of some things in the Bible — the creation and the fall. In the evening about one hundred persons assembled, with whom we spent near two hours; John spoke twice, David once, and I once.

The next morning it was with difficulty that I could leave; they wanted to kill a sheep for us, and have us spend a few days with them. But as I was anxious to get to Webo, and all their gifts would require a *suitable return*, I prepared to leave, which we did about 7 A.M. on Saturday. The country all about here is very beautiful, many fine hills and streams. Some of the hills are covered with rice, which the people are now beginning to cut.

We soon passed the Muna river, running S.E. into the Cavalla, three or four miles above Tebo. We crossed in a canoe. The Biabo people have a town *near* its mouth, and the Gedibo people, who claim the river, have another *at* its mouth.

We now entered Gedibo, and soon arrived at a small town called Waru, where we spent half-an-hour preaching to about one hundred people. Here, too, the white man had never been seen, and because the crowd about us was great, five boys got up a tree near to see us, and sat during the time of our speaking.

It was about noonday, and we turned to the east and took the path to Webo. It would have been almost impossible for us to have found our way without a guide, for the path was much overgrown, sometimes through rice-farms, and sometimes through the bed of streams. We safely reached Webo at about two o'clock, where, refreshed with rest and food, we had the prospect of exchanging a mat and blanket for a comfortable bed, and a smoking-hut for a nice clean room. The country is beautiful, and I have seen no place to surpass the loveliness of the situation of Nitie Lu and our mission station.

Sunday, 1 P.M.—A refreshing rest, and a refreshing day thus far. An interesting meeting this morning at early prayers, but before this had conversation with Stafford, and a young man from town, Tawere, about baptism. I think them both prepared; also with Mr. Thornton, who has long been wishing to be baptized; also with a school-boy named Gappe (James Bowman), who was a candidate with Mr. Auer. These four I expect to baptize this evening. It was after ten when we went to town. I may say I preached twice to the people, and God gave me utterance. Farr also spoke. I visited from house to house, and partook of food at two of the houses. The people were very kind.

I must say briefly, that soon after my arrival yesterday I went to town, met the head-men and gave them your message about the station, and was glad to find they had before decided that the station should not be broken up; that they, the Netia people, would go to war before the station should be harmed, or the Christians! I strengthened them and gave them thanks.

JOURNAL.

TOUR TO WEBO AND GITU.

Tuesday, Aug. 2nd, 1864.—Started from Bohlen for the Cavalla river at Eitu (N. E.), accompanied by Mr. Thornton, John Farr, and Henry Colt for guide, (a man from Nitie Lu, whom I had baptized on Sunday previous.)

We first took a N.N.E. course for the Webo town Dubu. Stopped at a small town called Nysa Twe; this was to the east. The head-man (Kusubwi) received us kindly, and about fifty persons gathered, to whom I spoke briefly of the things of God. We now turned to the S. E. for Dubu; this way is long, but the people said it was the best, as the other road was too bad to travel. The best was bad enough; what must the worst have been?

After a walk of about three hours reached Dubu, a Webo town.

Brote, the head-man, received us most kindly. As we were told that the way by the river was bad, owing to its lowness, we were advised to walk. I doubt if this

was the true reason, as we found afterwards the river was good.

Brote presented me with a fowl, and while waiting we preached to about fifty persons, and afterwards took a walk by the river side.

The Cavalla is here about 200 yards wide, flowing from N.E. to S.W., the same as below the falls at Fii. From here to the first Eitu town the river is wide, and free from obstructions; five miles from Pati there are rapids and rocks, and then clear, for a day's voyage to the upper falls, where there are two or three Eitu towns which are said to be finer than those at Fii. Above these falls the river is said to be obstructed with rapids, and there are no towns till you reach Panh country. The river is said to be larger above the falls than below, which would make it about 200 miles long; and the towns, also in the Panh country, on it are very numerous. It is said to flow out of a large lake, which cannot be seen across from its width.

From Dubu you hear the falls, which are below towards Fii, at which place the river is much obstructed; though a skilful canoe-man may descend to Fii, yet not without danger. From Dubu, Eitu lies due north.

We went N.N.E. to Tate, a small Webo town, of which Bade is the head. An old woman, by the name of Tue, was very attentive to our religious instructions, and accompanied us on our way till we crossed the river Di, flowing S.E., about 150 yards wide. We passed on through the woods for a long time, going N.W. and then N.E., till we arrived about sundown at the first Gidu

town, called Tabwe, of which Tyebe is the head-man. Here we received a kind and respectful reception. One of the men, Nimle, met us on the rice-farm, and accompanied us to the town. He said he loved me at first sight, and that I loved him!

Entering the town, we seated ourselves before the door of the head-man, and the people gathered near us to see us. They were much astonished, as they had never seen a white man. While they were gazing and listening to our words, a young man, Tabe, said to the crowd of women, 'The strangers are tired and hungry, you had better provide something for them.' The women kindly answered, 'That will not be hard,' and at once they went off to get something for us. One brought a bowl of plantains, another a bowl of boiled corn. Then a fowl was presented us in the name of the head-man, who was on his farm, and the women got rice and began to prepare our supper. I was evidently an object of astonishment, and one of the men asked, 'Can I touch him?'

I had occasion to tie the strings of my drawers, and they earnestly begged to see my foot, so I made a virtue of necessity, and feeling that to bathe my feet would refresh me, I asked for a basin of warm water, bathed my feet and put on a pair of dry socks, to their admiration and wonder; afterwards we walked a little out of the town. The head-man we met as he came from his farm, and he received us with dignity and kindness; he put his hand out to me and said 'Ku,' (Spirit, you are welcome). A young man now ran to the farm, and brought us a pot of sweet palm-wine from the tree.

After being refreshed with rest and supper, the people were called, and we spoke to them of the heavenly Father, and the way of peace and pardon by the blood of Jesus. I found it necessary to use two interpreters, as they did not understand the one I had brought from the beach, (Mr. Farr); so he spoke my words to our new Webo convert, Henry Colt, and Henry spoke to the people. After this we were glad to see the house they had provided for us for sleeping, and spreading my oil-cloth and blanket I prepared for sleep. But soon I was roused by the saddest sounds, and I heard women running about the town, mourning and crying for mercy; and now many others joined, and the town seemed moved: but above all were the bitter cries of one or two women; an old man had died, and they were mourning his departure. The sounds thus poured forth in the night were very sad, and though they cried for 'mercy, mercy!' they knew not from whom to seek it.

Wednesday, 3rd.—We rose early, and having eaten some corn which an old man, Nimle, brought us, we left about seven A.M. for the river. After an hour's walk we reached the Gitu town of Pati, on the river. Presented with a fowl and rice, we ordered it to be cooked for breakfast, while we should ascend the river. The river here is from 200 to 300 yards wide, the banks moderately high, with hills around and in the distance. We got a good canoe, and ascended about five miles to the rapids; passed two islands on our way. After you pass the rapids, you have again a clear course to the upper falls, larger and higher than those at Fii; near these upper falls is the

Gitu town of Gikra. The course of the river continues N.E. For a long distance above the upper falls I was told there are no towns till you reach the Panh country, where there are many.

We returned from the river to the town about 11 A.M., took our breakfast, and went on our way back. I was suffering from a bad headache, but pushed on as the way was long. I was obliged to stop and rest at a town about 2 P.M. Seeing a woman weaving in a house, I asked if I could rest in her hut. I was kindly welcomed, and she allowed me to take the large piece of the bark of a tree (used for sleeping on). On this I spread my blanket, and she kept the house very quiet while I slept. When I woke they made me some soup, and boiled some rice; so that, somewhat refreshed, I was able to continue my journey. We had not gone very far, however, before we lost our road, and we went much out of our way; so that when we reached the hill of Nitie, it was so dark that we had to feel our way. God graciously guided us, and at about eight o'clock we reached in safety the station, having descended the hill by the light of torches. The next day, Thursday, we rested; and on Friday the fifth we turned our faces homeward.

It was half-past 5 A.M. when we left the hill of Nitie; we had an excellent guide, and he shortened our way by going across lots, and through narrow passes. We passed Gidibo, Biabo, Nao (a beautiful hill country), and arrived about 5 P.M. at Ware, in the country of Yidawurebo. Here we preached, took our supper, and slept. The people were very kind. The old man of the town, Sure,

said to me as we sat before a fire in the evening in front of his house, 'Why do you not make a station here? It is half-way between Webo and the Cape, and you need a resting-place; moreover,' he said, 'here is a hill over against us, called Giero, I will give for a station, and we will help the school annually with rice.'

This offer seemed providential, and I trust God means us to occupy it for His glory.

There are nine towns in the tribe, and the one we were in was only three hours distant from the Cavalla river, on which was one of the towns, and nearly all of them between the two points.

The next day, Saturday 6th, we took an early start, passing through Plibo. At the first town we arrived we found the head-man at breakfast. He immediately placed it before us, and, thus providentially provided for, we were enabled to hasten on. About 3 P.M. we stopped in a rice-farm, and roasted some ears of corn, and a man brought us some palm-wine; and thus strengthened we eached Soreke at about 4, thence we passed on to the Cape.

Our guide, a fat old man, gave out, and we pressed on and reached the Cape at sun-down, while the old man came on slowly, and arrived about 8 P.M.

Truly I could take the Psalmist's language and say, 'He maketh my feet like hind's feet.'

I had walked in eleven days 200 miles, including hree days rest at Bohlen. I was better and stronger when I arrived at Cape Palmas than when I started.

'What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits unto me!'

About this period he seems to have arrived at the conclusion, that the work at Cape Palmas had reached that stage of progress when it might dispense with his presence, and that his services were more urgently required in the interior, whither he contemplated the removal of himself and family, though at the cost of much self-sacrifice.

In presenting his report, September 1864, as superintendent of the Cape Palmas district, he expresses himself as follows:—

In reviewing the state of all the stations under his care, the missionary has cause for great thankfulness and encouragement. The number of baptisms has been unusually large, the scholars seem more diligent, those in charge of stations more earnest, and a more serious spiri pervades the natives.

This view of the district has not only been gathered by actual observation, but from the ministers and catechists at our district meetings. The gospel is regularly proclaimed in about twenty villages, and upwards of twenty-five thousand people have the opportunity of hearing it.

It is under this state of things that God seems calling him to a new sphere of duty. In the latter part of last month the missionary made a journey on foot to Bohlen station, about seventy-five miles distant. A wide field of usefulness opened before him, not only among the intermediate tribes, but especially at and around Bohlen.

Thousands and tens of thousands who have never heard, are waiting to receive the gospel.

To sound forth the gospel is the spirit of true religion. To minister to these, he gladly resigns the comforts of the coast, and if fifteen years' experience has given him any aptness for the work, he rejoices in the opportunity of making it serviceable in winning souls for Him who loved us, and gave Himself for us.

C. C. Hoffman.

Dr. Anderson, secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, who from his long experience is no mean authority on any topic connected with missionary enterprise, confirms the views of Colden Hoffman in a recent work, wherein he enunciates the following principle, which it would be well for all missionary societies to keep in view:—

The grand object of missions is *to plant the Gospel institutions effectually*. The missionary's vocation, as a soldier of the cross, is to make conquests, and to go on, in the name of his Divine Master, 'conquering and to conquer;' committing the maintenance and consolidation of his conquests to another class of men, created expressly for the purpose. The idea of *continued conquest* is vital to the spiritual efficiency of missions. It will doubtless be found, on inquiry, that missions among the heathen have ceased to be healthful, and to evince the true missionary energy, when they have ceased to be *aggressive* upon the

kingdom of darkness. It is the business of the missionary to prepare churches and fields of labour for native pastors; and when they are thus prepared, and competent pastors are provided, he ought himself to move onward—the pioneer of Christian institutions, and, in effect, of a Christian civilization, but in office, work, and spirit, an ambassador for Christ, to preach the gospel where it has not been preached.

In the year 1864, Colden Hoffman offered himself to become Resident Missionary at Bohlen Station, and as the river was disturbed by native wars, actually conveyed his wife through the bush, and over almost trackless paths, amidst great difficulties, to visit the station as a preliminary step to taking up his residence there, which his death alone prevented.

In a letter to his friend, the Rev. J. Rambo, under date of the 18th October, 1864, he says :—

I have no doubt but that you see our *Messenger:* in it you have the accounts of my two missionary tours to the interior, and their result, viz., my offering myself as the missionary for Bohlen. The Bishop desires very much that I should go, but I must wait for some one to take my place.

My heart yearns after these thousands of benighted ones beyond and around Webo.

During the remainder of the year 1864, and the principal part of 1865, the last year of his life, his time was chiefly taken up with making visits to the

interior, preaching everywhere, and seldom has a man more thoroughly complied with the apostle's exhortation, than did Colden Hoffman at this closing period of his ministry on earth; 'Be instant in season, out of season, endure afflictions, do the work of an evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry.' The following letters give a further record of these labours in the wilderness:—

LETTERS TO BISHOP PAYNE.

Bohlen Station, Webo, Nov. 1st, 1864.

MY DEAR BISHOP,

I am sure you will rejoice that we have safely reached Bohlen. Had I known the extreme difficulty and danger of the way I would not have ventured to have brought my wife, but now I am not sorry, chiefly because we have had such sweet experience of our good Lord's gracious and loving care. It is also a great satisfaction and pleasure for Mrs. Hoffman to be here, to see the place of her future missionary life, and to become somewhat acquainted with the people. Everything makes a favourable impression, and she greatly admires the place and the country. I cannot now write you particularly, but will give you an outline of our journey.

Leaving on Thursday 27th, we took a canoe at the water-side, and went up the river a long distance, so as to avoid the long and miserable native bridge. It was nearly eleven o'clock before we reached the bridge. We had nine Krooboys with us. It was with difficulty that we reached Soroke at half-past five; there we stopped for the night;

the head-man, Bodia, gave us a small native house. The next day our men refused to go farther, and would take no breakfast, as they said they would go on to the Cape. However, after much talk they at last consented to take us to Plebo. Here we arrived with difficulty at half-past two P.M. Nyema, the king, said he could give us men on the morrow to take us on; so on the same afternoon, after they had taken dinner, we dismissed our Kroomen, and trusted ourselves to the natives. The king gave us a comfortable house, and most of the evening was passed by the people discussing the price they should charge to carry us to Yidawudibo, on the river. They came to no conclusion, but promised to take us. We had an opportunity afterwards of speaking to them the gospel of our Lord.

The next morning the men assembled, ten in number, and, after a little delay, we got off at six o'clock. We had a much longer and more difficult journey than I expected. The men had to take the hammock off the pole, and they carried the hammock with Mrs. H. in on their heads! We did not reach the river till half-past two o'clock. Although the way was so bad, that the false step of a man might have given a sad fall to Mrs. H., and though she was exposed to the overhanging branches of trees, yet no harm came: we reached the river in safety. Oh, how good was God! We would gladly have gone on in the afternoon and night to Webo, by the river, but could get no canoe till nine o'clock, and then I had spread my blanket, and Mrs. H. was asleep in her hammock, so we were content to remain over the Sabbath. The Plibo men gave us trouble about their pay, though it was

the price they asked, and once they put Mrs. H. down in the woods to dispute about it; but God restrained them, and turned their hearts. We would have gone on Saturday afternoon, but God would have us stay. We passed a quiet and happy Sabbath. We had two services under an orange-grove by the water-side. In the morning the people generally assembled, and in the afternoon we called the children, but adults came, and we prolonged the services. The king dashed us a goat, and he and the people were very kind to us. The next day we arranged to go by canoe to Webo, and were eating a hasty meal before starting, when we had a new token of the Lord's goodness. Men arrived from Webo with a canoe *for us*. Mr. Thornton had heard of our being on our way, and had sent a canoe to meet us. We left at a quarter to eight o'clock. The current was *very strong* against us, and our progress was slow. We stopped an hour and a half at Tebo, refreshed ourselves by food which the Christians prepared for us, gathered them for prayer and exhortation, and so went on. Although we left Tebo at twenty minutes to two, we did not reach Kreke landing till seven o'clock. It was dark, had been raining very hard, and a storm threatened again. My matches were damp, and I could not light my lantern; but *providentially* the men had stopped on the river, and got a stick of fire to light their pipes; a few sparks still glimmered, and by them my matches ignited; oh, what a mercy! for we had to walk a full mile through the thick wet bushes, and what would my dear wife have done without the little light! We approached the town, but a *deep stream* ran between it

and us. On the opposite side was a great crowd of men, women, and children, whom we discovered by the flickering torches some of them carried. Our good and faithful man John Burrows, with Edward Neufvile, offered to carry Mrs. H. over the water; and with the assistance of three or four natives, they took her safely on *their heads*, though the water was up to *the shoulders of the men.* We entered the town amidst the shouts of the people and blowing of horns! A kind man in town had provided men for us, and after but a short delay, we started by torch-light for the Station, through a wet and narrow bush path, and it required the greatest care to get along. Here, too, the Lord was our helper, and we safely reached the Station about nine o'clock. We were very tired and exhausted, but a hot bath, food, and sweet sleep, have refreshed us. It has been a journey of many mercies, and we have had sweet tokens of our Father's care and love. The people have warmly welcomed us; Pligo says, 'Mrs. H. must *not go back,* but send for the children!'

The king and chief men came early to call on us. The day is bright and beautiful, and all nature rejoices, and *so do we,* for the Lord 'puts joy and gladness in our hearts.' We think of returning on Monday or Tuesday by the river to Borobo, thence to Bareke, and home; our trust is in the living and the loving God. He who has brought us here, will be with us on our return. We know you were praying for us, and we feel your prayers have been heard.

All here are well, and the workmen are going on pretty well in the work.

Six Days beyond Bohlen.

Dear Bishop,

I closed my last letter to you from this station on the 26th; the next day, Friday, I set off with Mr. Kinckle on my missionary journey.

We returned yesterday, in good health, after an absence of six days, having made a circuit of about one hundred and twenty miles, visiting the towns in Karbo, Tebo, Gitu, and Webo. Our course was to the east and north-east, on the east of the upper Cavalla river; and we went north-west, west, and south-west back to the station. We preached in many towns and were kindly received by the people. God has been most gracious to us, giving us strength of body to endure fatigue and exposure. He has protected us from every harm, and given us utterance to preach boldly and plainly of His dear Son, our Saviour, Jesus. I have found Mr. Kinckle a very efficient helper in the Lord's work, and was glad to find he regarded the work as a privilege, and did it heartily.

But you will expect a particular account, which I hasten to give you.

Friday, 27th.—We reached the river at Fii: there was no canoe to put us across save two little ones, which held only one at a time, beside the man to paddle. In these we ventured, and two of the men went, but when the canoe returned, the men told us that the water near the falls was too rough for us to venture, so we had to find our way through the bushes a mile down the river, to a smooth and narrow part, where we crossed safely about noonday to Karbo country. The first town we entered was Sorodoba;

about fifty people gathered round us, a 'kobo' was a new sight to them. Beneath a tree we preached to them the word of God, to which they gave good attention. We pressed on for an hour and a half longer, and stopped at Wutu. Here again I was the observed of all observers, and we took advantage of this curiosity and caught a goodly number of people, about seventy, to whom I spoke, and Mr. Kinckle followed in an earnest address.

Having finished, and asked God to bless the word, we considered whether to remain there the night, and concluded to do so. The head-man being absent on his farm, his two sons each presented me with a fowl, and we had to eat two suppers instead of one. We had a very pleasant afternoon with the people, nearly the whole time spent in religious conversation and preaching. We had a second service in the evening, when the people had returned from their farms. The head-man, Dwe, said he had seen and felt that gree-grees *were* vain, and he determined to have no more. The Sedebo, having been successful in taking game that day, a fire was kindled before the devil-house at night.

No dogs are allowed in Karbo, the doctors have forbidden them!

Saturday, 28th.—We rose with the crowing of the cocks. After reading the Scripture and prayer with our company, we started about six, and in three-quarters of an hour reached the first Tebo town, Bedatu: here we preached the word to about seventy persons. On leaving we passed a beautiful waterfall on the river Dolu, and we took our course to the east, to visit Soto. Just before we entered the town we met an old man, who, on seeing me, dropped his

gun, put up his hands and laid both on my shoulders, and then took me by the hands and bid me welcome! He had never seen a white man before! We preached in Soto to about fifty persons, mostly women and children.

For the next hour and a half we were travelling east and south-east to Grabu, a town of about six hundred inhabitants, where we stopped for breakfast; but first declared the Lord's message to about one hundred persons. The people were all anxious to see me; one lad got up a tree, and some little ones were on the shoulders of their fathers. Kinckle and myself both spoke; the people seemed to *take* in the truth, and kept silence while I stood in their midst and begged God to bless the word. It was about half-past eleven before we took breakfast, after which we started for Nabatchi, intending to return for the night and pass the Sabbath there. The head-man, Baba, sent one of his sons with us, to show us the road and ensure our return. Although a man was about to be buried in town, the people gathered to the number of about fifty, to whom we preached, and then returned to Grabu. The road was very rough. We stopped in the midst of the woods to rest, where we sang the 19th Selection of Psalms and the 9th Hymn, so sweet and appropriate to us as we journeyed, and while in the midst of so beautiful a temple.

On reaching Grabu the old man received us kindly, and gave me a seat on his mat and listened attentively to all we had to say. He really seemed to be interested in the truth. I was much pleased with his apparent simplicity, and the earnestness with which he heard us. A fierce-looking doctor was of the company gathered round us, and

a head-man from Trepo, in the Panh country. With him and some of his people I took the opportunity of talking much, and telling him the news of salvation. Again, in the evening, we preached to the people.

Sunday, 29th.—Last night we were rather uncomfortable, as the hut had two fires in it, and it was long before it *cooled;* besides, there were ten or twelve persons sleeping in it. I had no opportunity to bathe, but the kind *kaide*, at the crowing of the cock, had warm water ready for me; so I was refreshed for the Sabbath. I took my coffee and a roll (mouldy) and sat outside the hut; soon a crowd of men and children were about me. The old man (who has ten wives) sent for his chair of state and sat beside me, so I gave him some of the roll and coffee, which greatly pleased him. An hour was passed in religious conversation with the people, when we sang and addressed the people for an hour. We had previously had our morning prayers in the hut, in the midst of the people.

Walking through town, a man by the name of Sia called us to his house, a very fine one, and gave us some palm-wine. With him and his friends we had much talk, and he gave us a good deal of information about the interior. He is a slave-trader, and had been some distance in the interior. He told me of the lake, of which I have often before heard (too large to see across), and said it could be reached in ten days: it was called Nukba. Also that at a distance of eight days' travel one reached a river called Nickbar, which communicated with the ocean, and from which persons received foreign goods. These statements confirm what I heard some years ago when in this

country. The slave-trade here is a small affair, as the traders only bring three or four at a time, and they are usually the captives of war.

Monday, 30*th*.—We left Grabu at six o'clock, and at seven passed the Neba river. On its banks we stood and chanted the Benedictus, and offered prayer to God. We always repeated texts on the way, in the first hour of the morning. After a walk of nearly two hours we arrived at Duba. Spoke the word on our arrival to about forty persons, chiefly women, the men being on their farms. We stopped in this town for breakfast. While waiting, I walked round the town and conversed with the people of the things of the kingdom of God. Especially with a woman named Taggi, and a stranger from the Panh country.

We have been travelling to the north. On leaving (as we did at eleven), we soon crossed the Nuba river, running west to the Cavalla. We changed our course to the north-west. We lost our road and were half-an-hour finding it. It was nearly one o'clock before we reached the next town, Bape. We had met the head-man on the road, and he had accompanied us to his town from his farm. A number of men came with him, who with the people in town filled his house. To these we preached the word, and had an attentive congregation. When we had finished, the head-man said, 'Kinckle, your place in Tebo is far away; Payne must send a teacher here.' This is what we often hear. He confesses that his people are *hard*, yet he felt the word was true and good, and wanted a teacher of that word to come among *them*.

Left Bape at a quarter to two and had a long walk to the north-west, to the banks of the Cavalla. To make matters worse, two young men, wishing to keep us in their country, led us wrong, until we had scarcely time before dark to reach the Cavalla. But the Lord was with us, and though the road was long and rough, we reached the beautiful and placid Cavalla about five o'clock. We were about one hundred and twenty miles from its mouth.

I omitted to state, that on leaving Bape we soon entered another town, Sapo, where we preached, and where we got the two unfaithful guides.

After reaching the Cavalla, we saw the landings to two Gitu towns, one above and the other below us. We crossed to Wutu, the one above, a young girl bringing us a canoe. Wutu is a small town but beautifully situated; it contains about one hundred people. I was soon surrounded, and saluted by a 'Ta tau,' the salutation of the country. We both addressed the people, but Mr. Kinckle found they had difficulty in understanding him. I was glad to have David Morris with me, who, though a Diebo boy, had been brought up in their town, and could speak freely to the people. Here we passed the night.

Tuesday, 31*st*.—We had early prayers in the hut and started before six to preach at the lower town, Sicle; a small town, but an attentive people.

We returned almost to the town we had left, and then turned to the north and came to another town on the Cavalla, called Bewe. When we had finished speaking, the head-man said, 'he had himself prayed God to save him,'

and we must pray for him, and beg God to save him and his people. 'He and his people did not know God.'

David Morris met many of his old friends and kindred in these towns. When I told the old man I would pray for him he knelt, and called on all the people in the town to kneel, and so I saw the far-off-from-us children kneeling.

It was about eight o'clock when we left. We took a canoe and ascended the Cavalla a short distance to another Gitu town, called Gipodeba. It is probably 95 miles from the mouth, and the river is 150 or 200 yards wide. The banks are now from 20 to 25 feet high, but the water is very low.

As we approached the town, we heard the women on the opposite side of the river calling to their friends at the town, that a 'Kupo' was coming. A few came down on the rocky landing to receive us. We landed and went to the town. The head-man was absent, but his son gave us a graceful salutation, putting his hands on our arms and shoulders and then taking our hands in his, saying to each a 'Ta tau.' We preached to the people, who stood and listened attentively. The town is called Gipodeba. We returned by canoe to Bewe, the town we had left. Here we took breakfast and started for Yabwe, where we arrived at half-past two in a pouring rain. The road was bad, the path flooded, the streams full. We missed the road, and had to return a full mile through the storm.

We were only about half-an-hour here, gathered the people, spoke the word and pressed on, for we were all very wet, and were desirous of reaching the next Webo town before night. We found the path through the woods most

difficult and intricate; we were three full hours on the way, sometimes going south, sometimes west: it was still pouring with rain. By goodness of the Lord we reached a small town before dark, preached to those who gathered, passed on, crossed the river Gi, and came to a nice clean town called Dublo. We were wet and tired, but, refreshed with supper, the head-man called the people in the evening, and around a fire outside the house both Kinckle and myself preached the word. We had a good time, and the people promised two boys for school. We were given a nice house, and after prayer and praise to our gracious Father, committed ourselves to His care for the night.

Wednesday, 1*st July*.—A mouldy piece of bread and a mug of coffee, and we were ready to start after prayer and praise. A beautiful walk of an hour brought us to Twu-oranh. The men of the town we met on the road going to the farm, but some were found in town, and a crowd of women. To them we had grace to speak while they stood round and attentively listened. Soon we were on our way, and in an hour's time reached Eba, a new town built by a man named Pliga, who visited me twelve years ago at Cavalla, and who showed me a note that I had at that time written. He claimed my friendship, dashed me a country pot, a fowl, and a duck. Prepared breakfast, and gathered every one in town to his house to hear the gospel. Here I had the pleasure of meeting Anna Brownell, one of our Christian women; she was here for her health. Here, too, I found Edward Collins, Pliga's son, who returned with me to Bohlen, after an absence of two

months. He is a good boy and we were glad to get him back to school.

My men wanted to go the *straight* road home, but I must needs preach at other towns also; so went to Guaru, where we preached, and from thence, after an hour's walk, reached Tide, a fine town on a high hill, from whence we could see Nitie Lu. Here the people gathered to the number of fifty or sixty, and here we sowed the seed of eternal life.

Leaving Tide, we continued our way to the south-west, and reached the station at three P.M. in health and peace.

Thus God has led us, and blessed us, and, we trust, enabled us to glorify Him among the heathen. For all of which you will join us in giving thanks and praise to Him.

Letter to Mr. Duane.

Carbo Tribe, town of Watu,
near the Upper Cavalla.

My dear Brother Duane,

Yours of the 8th September and 13th June are before me, on my lap. I am surrounded by a company of more than half-naked heathen, who are wonderstruck to see the mysterious thing that I am doing. Oh! for a photographer to send you the picture. I am on a missionary journey, having left the Cape about a week ago, and expect to be absent a week longer. God is exceedingly good and gracious to me, enabling me to walk at liberty ten hours a day, if necessary.

It is a new era in my missionary life, since I last

returned from England. I have made now four journeys on foot to Webo, Bohlen, and beyond. This time I have had a prosperous journey. My dear brother, it is a very blessed work to which the Lord has called me, to be among the first to proclaim the way of salvation to these poor heathen. I pity them from my heart; a people kind, but so entirely under the power of the devil. While I write, beside me is a partition of the man's house, about six feet square, covered with gree-grees; some are for war, some for sickness, some for trade. He is a slave-trader. He goes a few days' journey in the interior, and purchases perhaps half a dozen at a time, and takes them to the beach to sell,—not to foreigners, but to the tribes there. The slaves here are generally very kindly treated.

I expect to be journeying for the next five days. Wherever I go I see the need for the Lord's messengers,—good men, men of humble spirit, who seek Christ's things, not their own; men of faith and prayer. Our catechists to whom you refer in one of your letters do well, but not alone. They need our direction, aid, and watchful care; with these they are efficient. Kinckle I find a great help to me now. He lives in this distant tribe, has become acquainted with the people and their customs. I go from town to town and establish the word, which he has before preached to them, and the people are thereby prepared by him and other good catechists for our coming. Without this it would be long before we could reach them. We have preached here six times, to good and attentive congregations, and expect to preach again this evening.

I have a great devil-doctor sitting in front of me, with

three gree-grees round his neck, and one on his head, and small iron chains around his ankles. Yet this man seems kindly disposed, and somewhat open to the truth. He wants to try my pen to see if he can write—Quago; he has really tried to write his name, but was so anxious to do it that he would not let me guide his hand.

To James L. Hoffman, Esq.

Bohlen Station, Webo, West Africa,
1st October, 1865.

My dear Brother,

Here in this far-off land, and at this most interior station of our mission, I bear you in memory. I am here on a visit, having arrived on Thursday last. I was a week on the way from Cape Palmas, travelling thirty miles on foot, and forty by river. The river was much swollen and the current very strong, so that we were three days in getting up. I stopped at a number of towns and preached. What strange scenes would my journeys present to you! yet I doubt not, if you had health, many things you would enjoy. You would have to get used to sleeping in a blanket, breathing a hot and smoky atmosphere, eating—I do not know what; everything from a hippopotamus to a snail! What do you think I was regaled with coming up?—a piece of an ant-eater! I passed it to my men. At this season I am a good deal exposed to the heavy rains, but still manage to protect myself quite well. The canoe was pulled up by eight men and a boy.

But exposure and trouble are very little, my dear

brother, compared with the satisfaction and pleasure I feel in proclaiming among the poor heathen the gospel of Jesus. It is true it is not appreciated by them, it is true we seem to make little impression, but we are obeying Christ's command, and we have His most blessed promise that the Spirit shall convince of sin, and lead to the Saviour. In His strength we go forth, and I do feel that the Lord is with me. I preached to-day in a native hut to about sixty people crowded into it. I spoke from the words, 'There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.' The people were very attentive; our services lasted about an hour. To-night I shall have the Communion—just a little flock in this dark wilderness, eight or ten; but it is a seed, a witness for Jesus, and the little one shall become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation.

The following is a record of the last journey he ever took in the capacity of a missionary to the interior tribes of West Africa; and as though with a presentiment of his own speedy removal, he has embodied in it a very urgent appeal for more labourers, which it is to be hoped will not be made in vain; and that the ardent missionary spirit which he displayed, when published abroad to the Churches of America and England, may, by the blessing of God, be the means of stirring up others to follow his example: for, it may well be asked, in what deparment of life does there open out to a young servant of Christ,

bent on glorifying God, so noble a sphere of usefulness, as the mission-field presents; and how else can he so well satisfy the cravings of a renewed nature to do great things for God, as by devoting his life to the glorious work of evangelizing the heathen; provided always, that he sees his way clearly to having been called of God thereto?

Record of his Last Missionary Tour.

Bohlen Station, Sept. 30th. 1865.

I am here on my eighth visit since my appointment to the charge of the station, a year ago last July. The Lord has been very gracious to grant me health and strength thus often to reach this interior station, seeing it is attended with much fatigue and exposure, and also that we meet with the opposition from tribes on the way, whom we pass with difficulty, or have to avoid altogether by taking another route. But the Lord is my Shepherd, and he not only makes 'room' for me, but sometimes turns my enemies to friends. Thus the very people who two months ago turned Brother Hartley and myself back, not allowing us to ascend the Cavalla river, now made no opposition, but kindly entertained me. They evidently did not wish me to go, but they would not hinder me. The station needs sadly a resident missionary; and for one of the right spirit and fitted for the work, it is to my mind a most inviting place. Think of occupying an outpost with the vast unexplored interior beyond you, where no ray of light shines, no message of mercy goes!

Here is untouched heathenism; here the dominion of the devil is undisturbed by one soldier of the cross. Oh, sleeping, slumbering Church of Christ, wake up to thy great work! Oh, ye who have been signed with the sign of the cross, and baptized with the baptism of the Holy Ghost, consider your duty to these wretched millions for whom Christ died, and to whom Christ has opened the way!

The work here has commenced. A school of eight boys has been for some years in operation, a good Christian native teacher is in charge of it, and he himself wishes to study for the ministry. A Christian man and his wife are in charge of the house. There is a comfortable mission-dwelling, teacher's house, school-house, and garden. Much seed of truth has been sown in the surrounding towns. There are some kind friends among the heathen, and the large and influential town near is strongly in favour of the mission-station, and of its being supplied with a missionary; chiefly, without doubt, from selfish and worldly motives. Still, when danger has threatened, they have professed themselves ready to fight, rather than that the mission should be given up. Natives are constantly coming here from the far interior, from whence, also, lads could be obtained for the school, who, by-and-by, might go to their people with the gospel light. Food is abundant; the woods abound with deer and game, and the ground brings forth abundantly.

AN APPEAL FOR MEN.

Now that through our beloved country the weapons of earthly warfare are laid aside, now that so many have

imperiled their lives, yea! laid them down for her good, oh, are there none to 'Stand up for Jesus,' and come forth to maintain His cause here? to occupy this outpost? It is your Master's territory, He commands the assault to be made; you yourselves have received His 'marching orders.'

We ask not for the thousand men you have so often in the late war heard called for; nor for five hundred, nor for one hundred, nor twenty, nor ten, nor five, but only two. Two good soldiers of Christ, for an outpost in Zion. Oh! may the Lord touch the hearts of some to answer this call, and give their lives to this most blessed, most glorious warfare.

It might be supposed that such activity in itinerating implied, at least, a taste for wandering, but this was by no means so; these missionary tours were anything but pleasant to flesh and blood, and were not prompted by nature, but by grace; and he manifested quite as much, if not more, aptitude for the settled duties of the ministry, and yet more for the organization of benevolent institutions. We have already seen with what success he brought into existence the Cape Palmas Hospital. Not content with this, on his last return from England he set himself, with his usual energy, to get up a Blind Asylum, which he accomplished, although the building was not entirely complete at his death. It, however, has since been finished; and though he has

left nobler and more lasting monuments of his life's labours than bricks and mortar, yet the Hospital, the Church, the Blind Asylum, are all standing witnesses of an external kind to his energy and zeal in every good work.

The circumstance which suggested to his mind the formation of such an institution in Cape Palmas is rather singular, and is mentioned in the following account of the laying the foundation-stone, taken from the *Cavalla Messenger* of April, 1864.

Home for the Blind.

It may seem to some, that in building a house for the blind we are stepping out of our sphere as Christian missionaries. Not at all; we are but walking in the steps of the Great Missionary, and following the example of our Lord and master.

He cared for the blind, and so would *we*. And on the same principle we would gladly have a house for the deaf and dumb, and for the insane, as we have already for the sick and suffering.

How shall we better manifest the spirit of our religion, in the eyes of the heathen, than by our care for the afflicted? What a striking contrast it forms to all heathen systems! How its great principle of *love* is manifested, and how a way to the hearts of men is thus opened for the reception of those holy and sublime doctrines which we seek to preach. Let me give the history of our Home for the Blind.

Walking the streets of Brighton, England, a lady met a blind gentleman, a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, led by the hand of his daughter; kind words are exchanged, and the lady remarked she had just parted from a gentleman, a missionary from Africa, who was about returning to that country. The blind gentleman, Mr. Moon, expressed a great anxiety to see him, being desirous of introducing his system of writing for the blind into Africa. For this purpose he came the next day to London, had a conference with the missionary, which resulted in his returning to Brighton, and spending three days with Mr. Moon. During this time he got some insight into Mr. M.'s system of writing. This system is simple, and very easy to be learned; aged persons, and those whose fingers are hardened by labour, can soon acquire facility in reading. Mr. Moon, learning that there were three or four blind persons connected with our mission, kindly presented a number of his books for the blind, expressing the hope that they would be useful to others as well as to those already connected with us.

On the missionary's return to his sphere of labour, a special interest was felt for those afflicted ones. Two soon became residents at our mission-station, and showed a desire for instruction in the books. A kind native Christian and his wife offered to take charge of them; friends appeared who were ready to help in their support and relief. We proposed to build a house for them here, too; kind friends gave us aid. So that, thus encouraged, we went forward. Could we have done otherwise? Where the Lord leads we must needs follow. Will not our good

Lord put it into the hearts of His people to help to forward this work, and sustain it? He is sustaining the Hospital, He will sustain the Home for the Blind. We undertake no extravagant work. A simple building of stone thirty by fourteen, one story high, is being erected, with two small native buildings, with thatch roofs, in the rear (fifteen by ten), forming three sides of a hollow square. When we make our missionary journeys in the interior, and along the coast, we want to be able to say to the poor neglected blind whom we meet, 'Come with us, we will lead you in a good way; we will care for your body, and, with God's blessing, open the eyes of your mind. Come, we can show even you the way to life eternal, the holy city of the Lamb, who loved you and gave himself for you.'

On the 27th of July the Bishop, being at Cape Palmas, kindly laid for us the corner-stone. The scene was an interesting one. Around the foundation-walls were gathered a company of sixty or seventy, mostly native Christians. The native mason, Edward Valentine (one of the seals of Mr. Hening's ministry, and memorial of his wife's labours, for *she* taught the lad when her husband became blind), stood with trowel in hand to fix the stone; near by, on the upheaved earth, was the Bishop, who, when he gave out the 120th Psalm, dwelt with peculiar emphasis on the 4th verse:—

'The Lord gives eyesight to the blind,
The Lord supports the sinking mind,
He sends the righteous strength and peace,
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And to the prisoner grants release.'

The psalm was sung with a right hearty spirit; when, at the request of the Bishop, the missionary made an address, and our hearts were warmed and stirred to carry forward this work.

It was but a *seed corn* truly for the blind in Africa, but who knows to what a blessed and fruitful tree it may grow!

Bishop Payne then read the document appropriate to the occasion, laid the corner-stone, and concluded with prayer.

CHAPTER XV.

1865.

PROGRESS IN THE DIVINE LIFE—HIS ILLNESS AND DEATH.

THE life of Colden Hoffman was now drawing to a close. Seventeen years had gone by since first he entered on his missionary career, and during that long period he had borne up under the enervating influence of an unhealthy climate better than could have been expected.

How checkered, beyond the experience of most, had those years been, with joy and sorrow, success and trials! but in looking back upon them, and judging by the ordinary results of home labour, we may fairly conclude, that notwithstanding the impediments of climate and sickness, he contrived, by his indomitable energy, to condense into those years a double amount of work, accomplishing in half a life-

time as much, or more, than many do in their three-score years and ten.

That the human frame, driven at such express speed, should wear out sooner than it otherwise would, is natural, without making any allowance for the unfriendly influence of a tropical climate; there is reason to believe that he might still have been spared to carry on his evangelistic labours, if he had continued to live as heretofore at Cape Palmas, but when he betook himself to pedestrian itineration, it was a very hazardous experiment, which no white man has ever tried for a length of time in such a climate with impunity. The exposure involved in it, to the sun by day and damp by night, the want of rest, the unwholesome repose in native huts, the change of diet and unhealthy fare, as he describes it jocosely, 'from a hippopotamus to a snail;' all these circumstances, to say nothing of his frequent laborious ministrations, were calculated to try a constitution of iron, and the wonder is, not that he succumbed at last, but that he was able to bear up so long.

Whilst he was thus in labours more abundant, however, his soul was likewise fast ripening for glory; worldly cares seem almost to have faded from his view; his time, his thoughts, his energies, were all absorbed by spiritual work, and he seems to have

lived in an atmosphere of prayer and praise. Aspirations after heavenly rest more frequently filled his soul; he seemed as if anointed with the oil of joy, and clothed with the garment of praise; he constantly rejoiced in hope of the glory of God.

The temper of his mind found utterance in the title he gave about this time to an interior station, which he named Beulah, thus described by the 'ingenious dreamer' Bunyan. 'In this land the contract between the bride and the bridegroom was renewed, yea, as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so doth their God rejoice over them. Here they heard voices from out of the City, saying, Say ye to the daughters of Zion, Behold, thy salvation cometh; behold, his reward is with him. Now, as they walked in this land they had more rejoicing than in the parts more remote from the kingdom, and drawing near to the City they had yet a more perfect view of it, so that by reason of the glory of it Christian fell sick.'

Somewhat of this foretaste of glory seems to have been Colden Hoffman's happy experience at this time, when he was drawing near the close of his pilgrimage, and the walls of the heavenly city were well-nigh in view.

The following letter, written a few months before his death, bears witness to the happy, holy, and

heavenly frame of mind in which he was then living:—

DEAREST COUSIN,

Your last note was refreshing. Conformity to the will of our blessed Lord, is it not the mark of a growing Christian?

The more we advance on life's road, the more sensible we become to sin, the more insipid grows the world, the sweeter grows the word, the greater our desires for holiness and heaven.

So your letter tells me in its tone, dearest cousin, that you like the golden wheat, are ripening for the golden city, and, as you say, what precious re-unions will be there, how sweet even the hope, what must it be *to be there?* 'Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and stedfast.'

You speak of your love for the word, and 'its being the joy of your heart.' This was David's experience; but I was thinking of my dear mother, how, after my father's death in the days of my childhood, and her widowhood, she used to sit for hours in her room, before the great family Bible, drinking from that precious fountain, when those of the world had all to her become dry.

I do not wonder that you 'feel more inclined to praise than pray;' which think you, they do most of in heaven? And the nearer we get to that happy place, the more we are assimilated to its spirit; another evidence, dear cousin, of nearness of the crown. May the Lord grant you your heart's desire, and fulfil all your mind, giving you most abundantly of the most precious gift of His Holy Spirit

the Comforter, the Sanctifier, the heavenly and effectual Teacher.

In like manner, writing to his friend the Rev. J. Rambo, he thus expresses himself:—

God continues to bless me more than ever; grace abounds, I think, with years, and I feel nearer to God, and Christ, and heaven, and the saints, than I did in the past. Perhaps the time is short.

Shortly after his return from his last missionary tour he was taken ill, the symptoms were those of dysentery accompanied with fever; they rapidly increased, setting at defiance both medical skill and the tenderest nursing of his wife, and in the course of a few days his exhausted frame succumbed, whilst his joyous spirit was released from the burden of the flesh, and winged its flight to the mansions of heavenly glory. He died on the 25th November, 1865.

His last words, uttered with his expiring breath, may be regarded as a legacy to those who survive, first to his fellow-missionaries throughout the world, and then to the Churches of America and Great Britain:—

Don't grow weary; remember who has promised, 'Lo I am with you alway.' Let not the Church go back, but rather increase her efforts more.

It would be difficult to describe the dismay which

the tidings of his death produced at Cape Palmas and the other mission-stations, nor the deep sorrow which pervaded the hearts of those amongst whom he had laboured so faithfully and affectionately during many years; the outburst of sorrow was overwhelming, and a feeling almost of despair seems to have come over the minds of many whose hearts were bound up with his.

The following anecdotes tend to illustrate this feeling:—

At his funeral a wild young man, for whom he had laboured long, was heard to express his determination to 'lead a new life.' Two young deacons were made to feel and say, 'The seed which dear brother Hoffman has sown must be watered by God's help, we hope to do what we can towards it,' and seizing the standard which had fallen from their leader's hands, they went forth, and have continued to go forth bearing it aloft and preaching the Gospel where he was wont to bear it and to preach. One earnest female teacher, catching her late pastor's spirit of faith, encouraged her desponding comrades by asking, 'Were you baptized in the name of Hoffman? was it not in Christ's name? Christ ever lives, then serve Him still.'

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted, at a meeting of the Cape Palmas Convocation, held at the Orphan Asylum, 30th December, 1865:—

It having pleased the Great Head of the Church, by a peaceful and happy death, on Saturday, November 25th, to remove from our midst our beloved brother, and dear fellow-labourer in the gospel, the Rev. C. C. Hoffman, therefore,

Resolved.—That while we would bow in filial submission to the wise and sovereign will which never errs, and which none may resist, we cannot but mourn as those bereft, and express our deep sense of the great loss which, brethren, as a convocation and as a mission, we have sustained.

Resolved.—That in his lowliness of mind, love unfeigned, unwearying kindness, uniform courtesy, entire consecration, and abounding labour in every good work, and especially in sounding forth the word of life so far as he could to every creature, our dear departed brother has left to us a blessed example which we will ever endeavour to imitate; and to the church a precious legacy, which she should cherish and have in everlasting remembrance.

Resolved.—That as we gaze up at this ascending Elijah in sorrow and anxiety, saying with Elisha, 'My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof,' we will not cease to pray that his mantle may rest upon some one, or that a double portion of his spirit may rest upon us all.

Resolved.—That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved widow of the deceased, to the Secretary and General Agent of the Foreign Committee, Board of Missions, P. E. Church, U. S. A., and to the Editor of the

Cavalla Messenger, with the request that they be printed in that paper.

S. E. Ferguson, *Secretary*.

The following communication from his widow will furnish an account of his last days, and requires no comment, being itself a most touching record by her who was best qualified to write it:—

Account of his Illness and Death by Mrs. Hoffman.

My precious husband was only ill nine days, though he had not been well since his return from his last preaching tour in the interior, in September, 1865. In his journal I find recorded under date,—

Oct. 5th, 1865.—'By the tender mercy of the Lord returned to-day from Webo, absent two weeks. * * * * Travelled on foot one hundred and seventy miles, preached to seven different tribes in many villages; returned in peace. Mercy and grace were my portion.'

The Bishop had been absent on a visit up the coast, and was anxious for Mr. H. to come to Cavalla to talk over matters connected with the work, so Oct. 13th, only eight days after his return, he started for Cavalla, but was obliged to have a hammock and bearers — a very unusual thing, but he was not at all well, and not over the fatigue. Truly his zeal in his Master's work consumed him; for, notwithstanding all, he slept one night on the way in a native hut, to enable him to preach in the six Grahway towns which lie between Cape Palmas and Cavalla. From

this time up to the last entry in his journal the record is, *not very well*, or *feverish* to-day. Friday, Nov. 16th, it was a great effort to keep up; he visited the hospital, and received a new patient; in the afternoon went to the post-office to get the letters just arrived from the English steamer; found at the office one of our missionaries, who, quite unexpectedly, had returned from the United States by way of England. It was a time of rejoicing when he brought her to the house. At six o'clock the bell rang for prayers, and, although his fever was now quite high, he met the children and family in the school-room; reading the chapter in the regular course, it closed with these words, 'The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. Amen.' He dwelt long on these last words: and they were most fitting ones for the last evening he met his gathered household, nearly thirty in number.

They often speak of it, and say they will never forget the solemn earnestness of his manner that night. At tea he was bright and cheerful as ever; immediately after he came to his room to read the letters, but his head ached too badly; they were laid aside. At ten he retired; his fever was very high all night; by daylight the doctor was sent for; he used remedies which had proved effectual in similar attacks, but he only seemed to grow weaker: a distressing hiccup, accompanied with much pain, set in; it never left him; he was most patient, exclaiming often, when unable to talk, '*Amen! Amen!*' to show his entire resignation to God's will.

Monday, 19th, he became very yellow, and had very

high fever; talked but little; was much under the influence of opiates and slept. On Tuesday one of the missionaries about to leave for the Bishop's Station came in to bid him good-bye; he took his hand and said, 'Good-bye, brother; may God bless you and guide you in all your ways.' Mr. H. thought he was better, and reported him so at Cavalla; but the Bishop, feeling uneasy at some of the symptoms of the disease at this stage, resolved to come up, and left early the next morning. On his arrival about noon he came directly to the room, and seemed much shocked at the change in my dear husband; talked with him, had prayer, and at Mr. H.'s request read the 103rd Psalm, one he loved very much; often awoke in the morning saying, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul,' &c.; sometimes repeated the whole aloud while dressing.

He was very weak, hardly able to lift his hand, but so calm and patient, so thoughtful of those around him.

Thursday there was no change, save the yellowness was disappearing, but this I thought favourable; the Bishop was often with him, but could only converse at intervals, as he was very drowsy; once the Bishop remarked, 'I have been praying for your recovery, and pleading the necessity of your presence for the Orphan Asylum, the Hospital, and for the mission in general;' he instantly replied, 'I know your judgment is good, but you must not make it supreme. God's will only is all-wise. *That will be done.*' He then commended to the care of the Bishop and the Church 'his wife and his lambs.' I was not in the room, having left with the doctor a few minutes to receive directions for the night; as I entered I

heard him say, with much energy, 'Tell them, by the living crucified One, hold not back their hands.' This I think was spoken in reference to the churches in America. I was much alarmed at the agitation of the Bishop, and sought the doctor to know if he thought Mr. H. in danger, but he assured me there was none, and I let my poor heart be deceived.

That afternoon I asked him if he thought he was worse than he had ever been; he answered, 'No, dear, only weaker; I feel such a sinking;' closed his eyes, seemed to sleep; but in a few minutes looked at me with such a heavenly smile upon his pale face, and exclaimed, '*Yes, sinking! sinking into everlasting glory!*' When I said, 'What shall I do without you?' he said, 'Does not the Lord Jesus Christ bear up all the angels in heaven, and what are you that he cannot hold you?' 'And our children?' I added; '*Yes, and the children too.*' Strong was his faith in life, stronger in death. During the day our dear Grace came in to see him; he drew her close to him and kissed her; then, laying his hand upon her head, prayed, '*May God bless you, my precious child, and give you eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.*' It was his habit frequently to pray with her; sometimes, when he had been visiting the sick in the hospital, or in his parish, he would tell her about them, and then kneel in prayer for them.

Always did we kneel together before going to church and on returning, and never will I forget the first Sabbath after he left us; when I came in with my precious child, feeling so weary and desolate, I sat down a few minutes to

recover myself, the dear child came softly to my side and said, 'Mamma, have you forgotten my precious papa's prayer?' We kneeled together, and she was satisfied.

In the evening of the same day (for it was the last time he saw the children) the nurse brought our dear babe in before putting her to sleep. In her unconscious joy she called 'Papa,' and offered him the sugar she had; he pressed the little hand to his lips and feebly said, '*May God bless you, my lamb;*' and, too ill to notice her longer, she was carried away, never more to gaze on that loved face, or receive the fond caresses of her precious father.

Friday was a day of intense anxiety; he was growing weaker, but the doctor held out hopes of a favourable change at midnight. We waited and watched; he slept and breathed very heavily; we gave him a spoonful of wine, or thin arrowroot, every half-hour; about seven in the evening he roused, and, raising his head, exclaimed quite loud, 'Tidings! Tidings from the Lord Jesus!' Some time after that, he spoke of having such beautiful visions; I had often noticed him suddenly opening his eyes and smile, then sink to sleep again. Oh, truly Jesus was with him in the valley, making it all light!

About eleven o'clock, on rousing him to give him some nourishment, thinking he looked strange, I asked if he knew me: he said, 'Yes; my own dear wife, my faithful wife, my wife for ever and ever, through our Lord Jesus Christ;' then asked me to kiss him, saying it was the last kiss: still I could not let the truth come home to me, I could not believe he was dying. This was the last conversation he held with any one.

About eight next morning I tried to give him some nourishment, and found it difficult for him to swallow. Observing he looked strange I called him by name, and begged him if he knew me to smile upon me : he did so, it was the last effort ; he was quiet a few moments, and, as I kneeled beside him, a deadly pallor overspread his face ; he opened his eyes, threw his arm over mine, breathed a few moments, then calmly fell asleep in Jesus—that blessed sleep from which 'none ever wake to weep.'

The record of those days is indelibly stamped upon my memory ; never shall I forget one look, one word, never all his patience, though he suffered more pain than I ever knew him ; never the heavenly smile that so habitually rested upon his countenance, that even death could not efface it ; never the oft-repeated Amen, Amen, when too weak to say more.

The last few months of his life he lived as if he knew his time was short, he was so anxious to complete the back buildings of the hospital, and to raise funds to complete the house for the blind at Hoffman Station. But the Lord's ways are not as our ways, and in the midst of his work He took him.

The Foreign Committee of the Board of Missions caused a mural tablet to be erected in St. Mark's Church, Cape Palmas, with the following inscription written by Bishop Payne :—

REV. C. C. HOFFMAN,

PASTOR

OF THIS CHURCH.

BORN 15 DECEMBER, 1819, IN NEW YORK, U. S.

ARRIVED AT CAPE PALMAS, APRIL 1849.

FELL ASLEEP IN JESUS AT THE ORPHAN ASYLUM,
NOV. 25TH, 1865,

IN THE 17TH YEAR OF HIS MISSIONARY LIFE.

HE CHEERFULLY LEFT ALL FOR CHRIST, AND FOR MANY YEARS FAITHFULLY FED HIS MASTER'S SHEEP AT ST. MARK'S, OUR FIRST AFRICAN CHURCH, AND THE LAMBS AT THE ORPHAN ASYLUM.

HE GATHERED THE NATIVE CONGREGATION OF ST. JAMES AND THE CHRISTIAN COMMUNITY AT HOFFMAN STATION.

HIS MINISTRATIONS WERE EXTENDED TO ALL OUR STATIONS, AND HIS ESPECIAL DELIGHT WAS TO SOUND THE GOSPEL AMONG THE HEATHEN AROUND, AND FAR INTERIOR.

AS THE SON OF CONSOLATION, HE BUILT AN HOSPITAL FOR THE SICK AND INFIRM OF ALL NATIONS; AND IN FAITH COMMENCED AND COMPLETED A HOUSE FOR THE BLIND.

AT HIS DEATH FIVE HUNDRED MOURNERS, LIBERIANS, NATIVE CHRISTIANS, AND HEATHENS, MINGLED THEIR TEARS OVER THE GRAVE OF ONE WHOM ALL UNITED IN CALLING A GOOD MAN.

So lived, and so died Colden Hoffman, one of the most devoted servants of Christ; one of the most laborious, self-denying, and successful missionaries of the Cross in modern times. It is not my intention, however, to conclude this Memoir with a eulogistic epilogue. I would rather glorify God in him for the 'great grace' that was given him. In the foregoing pages I have endeavoured, as much as possible, to let him speak for himself; that by his letters and journals the reader might get a more correct idea of his character, and be brought into closer contact with his inner life. If I have succeeded in accomplishing this object, it ought to render any eulogium needless; more especially as the praise of the individual is not the end to be aimed at in Christian Biography, but the edification of the Church, by setting forth the character, principles, and manner of life of those who have outrun their fellows in the Christian race, and have left their footprints on the sands of time, not by deeds of worldly fame and glory, nor by the acquirement of the fading laurels of intellectual or literary greatness, but by the attainment of much grace, the development of pre-eminent holiness, and the performance of deeds of Christian heroism, nobler far than those of which the world can boast.

If this memoir should stimulate any young man

to imitate the example of Colden Hoffman, and to use the means he employed for growth in grace and the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, then will these pages not have been written in vain; for there is no reason why he may not in like manner become a burning and a shining light; and if not a missionary of the Cross to heathen lands, an earnest, simple-minded, consistent, and devoted follower of the Lord Jesus Christ—such men, and in great numbers, were never more needed than at the present day, whether we regard the Missionary field or the state of the Church at home.

If the flood of superstition and infidelity which has come in upon the Church in these latter days is to be arrested, it must be by the Spirit of the Lord lifting up a standard against it; and that standard must consist of men taught of God, under the power of the Spirit of the Lord, who by the evangelical, experimental, and spiritual character of their teaching, shall 'drive away all erroneous and strange doctrines contrary to God's word,' whether those doctrines savour of the sacramental and ritualistic superstitions of Rome, or of the unbelief of a Socinus, a Priestley, a Channing, or a Colenso.

Again, there never was a day when the world was so open to missionary enterprise as the present, and when the Church of Christ stood in such great

need of men like Colden Hoffman, ready to take their lives in their hands, and go forth to preach amongst the heathen the unsearchable riches of Christ.

If this work is to be accomplished, it must be by the Spirit of the Lord raising up men like minded with him who has been the subject of this Memoir, who have been in the school of Christ, who have sat at the feet of Jesus, who have been taught the things of God by the Spirit of God, before ever they thought of becoming missionaries.

There are only too many who go forth now-a-days as missionaries, who had much better have stayed at home; men disqualified for evangelizing the heathen because they have never been evangelized themselves; men disqualified for proclaiming the gospel of the grace of God, because themselves strangers to that grace, and ignorant of the gospel scheme. It is not with such that we would fill up the ranks of the Church militant, in waging war upon the territory of Satan in heathen lands: for this purpose we need men whose views of divine truth are clear, simple, and scriptural; whose hearts have been effectually converted by the Spirit of God, and whose lives by their holiness, spirituality, and symmetry of Christian graces, adorn the doctrine of their God and Saviour in all things.

Such pre-eminently was Colden Hoffman, the pioneer in the African wilderness, the faithful soldier and servant of Christ in the Church militant. May God in His great mercy raise up many, like-minded, of the same heavenly spirit, the same scriptural doctrine, and the same devotedness of life, to carry on the work of our dear Lord, both amongst the heathen abroad and in our churches at home!

APPENDIX.

COMMUNICATION FROM BISHOP PAYNE.

As no one knew the mind and character of Colden Hoffman during his early years more intimately than myself, so was there no one, his wife only excepted, who had such close intercourse with him, and knew him so thoroughly during his missionary career, as Bishop Payne. I have received from him a communication of great interest, which I should like to have worked into the memoir itself; but finding I could not do this without breaking the thread of the narrative, I have preferred reserving it for an Appendix. I had also intended to have made use of a similar communication from the Rev. J. Rambo, his fellow-student at Alexandria, who also laboured with him as a Missionary on the shores of Africa; but I have already so far exceeded the limits originally fixed upon by myself and the publishers, that I feel unwillingly constrained to

omit this, interesting as its contents are. It is not the only document which might have been used to advantage, which I have been obliged to omit for want of space.

Letter from Bishop Payne.

My dear Sir,

I am glad that you have undertaken this good work, and I desire to render you all the aid in my power.

It is proper, however, to state that no materials, however abundant, can convey an adequate impression of a life so hid with Christ in God, and manifesting itself through every waking hour in words of love and deeds of benevolence.

I knew him better than any man living, for during the seventeen years of his missionary life it was our privilege to speak to each other with 'naked hearts' on all that related to our common Master's work.

In 1847, being left the only ordained Missionary of our Church at Cape Palmas, I wrote an earnest appeal for labourers. The following year God sent us two of the most efficient men ever connected with the Mission;—Rev. Jacob Rambo and Rev. Colden Hoffman.

Immediately after arriving at Cape Palmas, they hastened to Cavalla, ten miles below, to report themselves. I shall never forget the beaming joy with which, as they stood before me, Hoffman said, 'Brother Payne, you asked for more missionaries, and here we are!' In that introductory sentence he gave the key-note of his missionary

life. 'Here am I, send me,' was the attitude in which he met every providential call, from that moment to the close of his life.

With a warmth of heart which made him cling to family, and friends, and home with tenderest affection, he was ever ready to leave all at the Master's bidding. Loving and beloved in his first African home at Cavalla, when Rocktown, entirely amongst the natives, fifteen miles distant, became vacant, he at once offered his services to occupy it. When again the failure of the missionary's health at Cape Palmas made it necessary for him to withdraw, Mr. Hoffman unhesitatingly removed to that more important position. Nine years of successful labour in this interesting field had surrounded him with all that could cheer and endear a missionary's heart, and had gathered around him all the comforts of home which could be commanded there, when another providential call came to him. This was to leave a civilized settlement and take charge of our Station at Bohlen, seventy miles interior, and in the midst of a wild, cannibal, heathen people. But he was as ready to follow this as any previous intimation of duty.

It was a season of great embarrassment. Tribal wars had closed the river communication to Bohlen. But Mr. Hoffman at once determined to open a new route overland; he commenced a new station half-way, and named it Beulah, because now faith and hope told him that the interior was to be married to the coast and to Christ. He actually had his wife conveyed over this difficult road to see their new home, and proposed immediately to remove

his children there also. And when the intervening tribes refused to allow him to settle beyond them, he continued to visit Bohlen and other stations interior on foot, preaching as he journeyed, until his death.

Nor was this readiness to change, the effect of any failure or want of interest in work already undertaken. For to outward seeming, like his divine Master, he never failed nor was discouraged. Like Him, the disciple ever found engrossing occupation in the present hour and place. For, like the Master, 'he went about doing good;' doing good to the bodies and souls, promoting the temporal and spiritual interests of all with whom he came in contact.

He was in liveliest sympathy with nature. He loved flowers and plants, and the garden, and fruit-trees, and was most careful not only to plant and cultivate them, but even to keep every board of every fence inclosing them in order. He took much interest in all sorts of animals, and was not content until, so far as in his power, all of these under his control were comfortable. And if he cared for such, much more for all that concerned the welfare of his fellow-creatures. He was ever suggesting to the native Christians improvements in their style of building and living. And for the Mission his care was unwearied to provide churches, school-houses, hospitals, &c. Until he came to Cavalla we had been worshipping in a thatched chapel, but there had gathered a Christian congregation. He at once said, 'Brother Payne, we must have a church!' And with him to will was to do. I left him, on my visit to the United States, busy gathering materials for the proposed church. And after some years

the Church of the Epiphany, — a substantial stone edifice, after a plan obtained by him from New York, — was the result. Removed to Rocktown, he at once improved the church and repaired everything there. Transferred again to Cape Palmas, he finished the Orphan Asylum, fitted up a parish-school house, enlarged St. Mark's Church to double its size for the Liberians, built St. James' quite as large for the natives, built St. Mark's Hospital, commenced an Institution for the Blind, and developed a Station, named by me after him, for natives, with a minister, teachers, catechists, two schools, and a population of about one hundred Christians, children and adults.

Nor would his refined taste allow him to do anything in a *slovenly* way. He was in too close sympathy with the great Architect and Author of order and beauty, not to attempt to imitate His works, and to have everything as neat and beautiful as his circumstances would permit. Accordingly, the churches and other buildings which he projected were made according to the best plans he could procure; and he succeeded in infusing into others, especially the native Superintendent of Hoffman Station, his own taste in this respect; so that the grounds and gardens there are perhaps better improved than at any other place in the Mission.

But his attention to these things was only incidental. His great absorbing work, from the beginning to the end of his missionary career, was to make disciples for Christ; to instruct and save the ignorant and the perishing.

Beginning at Cavalla, a comparatively old station, he was then, as ever afterwards, ready to preach on every

opportunity in English, or through an interpreter to the natives. But as this work was chiefly that of an older missionary, Mr. Hoffman at once directed his efforts prominently to the children connected with the Mission-schools, and to those in the heathen towns. The former he assisted to teach in school, and gave religious instruction morning or evening of each day. The latter he gathered into vernacular schools in the different villages, assisted by teachers and elder scholars.

He carried out the same system at Rocktown, and subsequently at Cape Palmas. At the latter place he found the widest scope for the exercise of this part of his ministry. In charge of the Orphan Asylum, and St. Mark's and St. James' churches, with day, boarding, and Sabbath-schools connected with them, he had constantly under his influence hundreds of children. And when, as occurred twice a-year, all our schools were examined, and sometimes all met together, his happiness in connexion with them seemed complete. I can never forget his glow of enthusiasm, when on one occasion all the schools were assembled at Cape Palmas. Marshalling them, to the number of ten or twelve, under appropriate banners, they formed and marched to a most picturesque place immediately in front of the Asylum on the sea-shore. Here the sea had elaborated a basin in the rugged shore, leaving at low tide an amphitheatre of disintegrated large rocks, enclosing the outer side; on each of these rocks was placed one of the companies or schools with its banner, and they sang responsively, as the waves dashed wildly around them, the ninety-eighth Psalm, having the words,

'Let the sea roar and the fulness thereof,' &c. Then Mr. Hoffman, standing in the midst with bare head, (at the imminent risk of sun-stroke,) apparently lost to all else, poured forth his soul in words of love, and gratitude, and cheer, for this goodly sight of Christian children, gathered from distant places and different tribes, thus amidst His grand and glorious works, to praise God's holy name.

But this was only an example of celebrations which he delighted to get up year after year, in connexion with Mission and Sunday-schools.

If, however, his interest was earnest and practical for the lambs, it was not less so for the sheep of Christ's flock. Indeed, he seemed to be ever, and among all ages and classes, 'seeking for Christ's sheep that are dispersed abroad, and for His children who are in the midst of this naughty world, that they might be saved with Christ for ever.'

He was successful in bringing children to Christ; and he was almost as much so in winning their parents, relatives, and friends. He laboured earnestly for the Liberian congregation of St. Mark's, and just as much so for the native church of St. James'. The former increased from a mere handful to over a hundred communicants; and in the latter he left nearly as many communicants, with a Christian congregation gathered from the heathen. In these churches, Liberian and Native, there were persons of all ages, from the child just come to years of discretion, up to the old grey-headed men and women. Wherever he could discern a spark of intelligence or interest, he cherished it by all means at his command.

Sometimes he would work and succeed where it would scarcely have occurred to others to make the attempt. Thus, once on a voyage down the coast for his health, he found on board the small vessel in which he was embarked a number of Kroomen, or native seamen, going in quest of employment. He at once began the work of instruction, and was so successful that ere the voyage terminated he baptized a number of them, the captain becoming sponsor.

And when once admitted to the communion of the Church, not more tenderly does a mother nurse her own children than were they nursed by this loving pastor. Not more truly did Paul 'travail in birth again' for his Galatian converts, 'until Christ should be formed in them,' than did this brother for his Grebo spiritual children. Publicly, and from house to house, did he command, exhort, reprove, with all long-suffering and doctrine. And then on every Saturday evening would he always see, if possible, the native Christians together, to review the week and to prepare them for the coming holy Sabbath day. Faults, failings, delinquencies, and defections, like Paul and all his successors in the ministry, and especially in the missionary work, he must of necessity witness from time to time. But he would not exercise severe discipline except in flagrant cases; and even then he never ceased his loving sympathy and efforts to reclaim the wanderer while the lamp of life held out to burn.

His active sympathy with the bodily sufferings of all with whom he came in contact was, with him as with the Master, a peculiar element of influence and power. It has

been stated that he built a general hospital, and commenced a home for the blind. He had also projected an Institute for Deaf-mutes. And just before his death he was anxiously considering with me some plan of organized Female ministrations, the more effectually to aid Christ's suffering ones.

A touching incident in illustration of his readiness, at any sacrifice, to minister to the suffering, occurred on his last return from Bohlen. He was so ill and exhausted when he reached his chamber at the time, that his wife was alarmed. But just then, as he had with difficulty reached his room, some one came to say that one of the inmates of the hospital was very ill, perhaps dying. He instantly repaired to the side of the sufferer, gave him counsel, and commended his soul to God, before he would do anything for his own relief and comfort.

And another incident, equally characteristic, was that he was disturbed in his last sickness because some Kroomen (native seamen), who had no claim for such accommodation, had not been allowed to come, as they had desired, to the hospital.

The picture thus far drawn of our deceased brother, describes him as friend and pastor, influencing and blessing individuals, ministering to their temporal wants, and leading them in the knowledge and service of Jesus.

I am now to speak of him in his relations with an organized mission of brother-ministers, catechists, and teachers.

One of the most obvious features of his character, viewed in this aspect, was his lively interest in every

department of the mission. He seemed to be almost as much at home, and to make the same earnest inquiries of Christians at Cavalla, and other places, as at his own station, and was always everywhere welcome.

But it was as he met with us in convocations and district meetings that his magnetic and pervading influence was chiefly felt and valued. In appearance, meek, gentle, courteous, his very presence was grateful. And whenever he spoke, it was as evident that the law of kindness was in his heart as that of love dwelt on his lips. In the deliberations of our business he was the representative and advocate of all that was decorous and orderly there, and in our general missionary operations. But while differing so kindly as at first almost to conceal it, he was the happy combination of the *fortiter in re* with the *suaviter in modo*. And then and ever firmly adhered to principles and plans which had received the assent of his deliberate judgment.

Our Convocations at Cape Palmas have some interesting features not found, so far as I know, in similar organizations elsewhere. Designed to develop missionary activities in converts just emerging from heathenism, or in others little acquainted with Church work, our convocation is composed of all ministers, catechists, teachers of mission and Sunday schools. We have therefore represented the foreign, the Liberian (Colonist), and native element; the native element from all the tribes in which Mission stations exist. Thus the knowledge and experience of the wisest and oldest instruct and encourage the weakest and the youngest. With foreign and Liberian mission-

aries are thus often brought ministers and catechists from several heathen tribes. All are required to give a written or verbal report at the missionary meeting held during Convocation, and to add such remarks as they think proper. Thus the whole mission field in its trials, successes and discouragements, is brought before us. It is difficult conceive of anything more profoundly interesting. Often have we lingered thus speaking of the 'things pertaining to the kingdom of God,' singing and praying without any sense of weariness, until twelve o'clock at night; and then retired to muse for an hour on these primitive assemblies of the people of the Lord.

The moving, animating spirit in these missionary meetings, it is not too much to say, was 'our beloved brother, Barnabas.' With a faith that never faltered, a zeal which knew no abatement, ever fresh from actual missionary work; his firm tone; his holy fervour; and constant experience of God's blessing upon his labours, ever nerved our strength and warmed our hearts, and urged us on to increased efforts in the service of our Lord.

The District meetings were another means of communicating his own spirit to others. The convocations embraced all ministers and teachers at Cape Palmas and parts adjacent, and met three times a-year; the district meetings only those under a superintending missionary. Mr. Hoffman's district included six stations. At the more prominent and central of these stations he gathered once a-month all the ministers and catechists at these stations, and spent with them an evening in consultation, exhortation, and prayer. Thus he had direct commu-

nication with the fellow-labourers of his own district once a-month; and with those in all that portion of the mission field every three months.

But it was not only by exhortation that he animated others; it was chiefly by his constant example that he excited to duty. He was emphatically what every minister, and especially every missionary should be, a *duke*, or *leader* (ἡγουμένος, Heb. xiii. 7). And above all things it was his delight to 'sound forth the gospel,' as he was wont to express it, among the ignorant and perishing heathen.

It was his efforts in this, his favourite work, which finally overtasked his strength, and brought on his fatal illness.

His journals of tours to Bohlen and the interior, indeed, only spoke of the beauties of nature, of people thronging to hear the Word, and of the open doors on every side, with ever-enlarging circles for evangelical ministrations. But the exposure to heat and rain, wading over swollen streams, and sleeping on earthen floors in small smoky huts, with often the poorest fare, and sometimes little or none for most part of the day, told sadly upon his delicate frame. His wife, after his death, assured me that he often returned home with feet so blistered and body so worn that days of bathing and nursing were requisite to restore him to comparative comfort. Yet such hardships he would bear to the last.

Just before his death he made a visit to Cavalla; and though a comfortable home was only five miles distant on one side, and our house only as far on the other, he slept in a native hut, on the clay floor, because only thus could

he visit the stations and preach in the villages between the two places.

No wonder that when such a good man died, five hundred missionaries, Liberian and native ministers, catechists and Christians, should follow him in tears to his grave, as their best benefactor, devoted pastor, most earnest and successful missionary—a very 'Barnabas' to Africa and the Africans.

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